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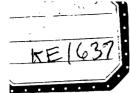
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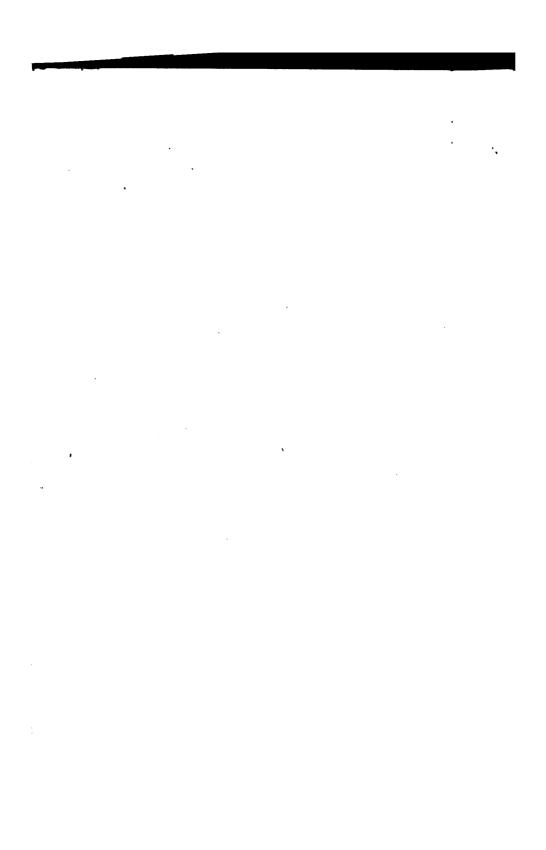
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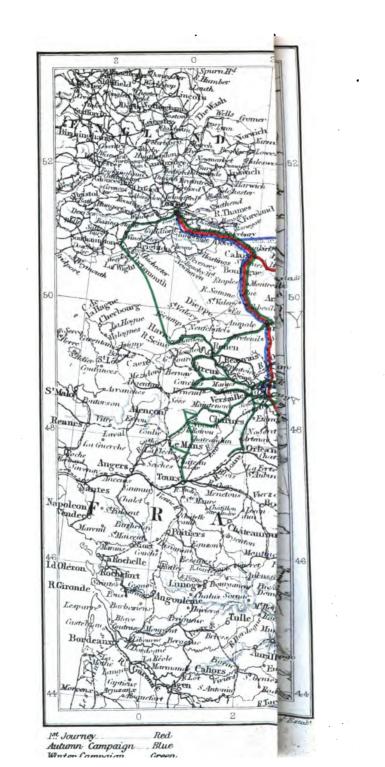
### STRUGGLES AND EXPERIENCES

OF

A NEUTRAL VOLUNTEER.

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O

OF

### A NEUTRAL VOLUNTEER.

BY

### JOHN FURLEY,

Member of the Executive Committee of the British National Society for Aid to Sick and Wounded in War.

Chairman of the Paris Committee of the English Seed Fund Society for the Relief of French Peasant Farmers.

Membre du Comité d'Action de la Société Française de secoure aux blessés, pendant le siège de Paris contre la Commune.

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IN

## FRANCE AMONGST

### GERMANS.

BY

JOHN FURLEY

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1872.

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TO

### THE HON. MRS. LOYD-LINDSAY,

AS A HUMBLE TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

FOR THE

GENEROUS AND UNVARYING MANNER IN WHICH SHE
ASSISTED AND ENCOURAGED THE EFFORTS OF HER HUSBAND,
COLONEL LOYD-LINDSAY, V.C., M.P.,

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE

CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE BRITISH NATIONAL AID SOCIETY,

AND IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE

OF THE WORK

WHICH SHE AND THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND PERFORMED

IN 1870-1,

TOWARDS THE ALLEVIATION OF THE SUFFERINGS
OF THE VICTIMS OF THE WAR.

. . ٠ •

### INTRODUCTION.\*

Six months have elapsed since I heard the last shots fired in the streets of Paris, at the close of the most terrible contest that has ever disgraced a civilized country. During this period I have been continually met by the same remark,—"Of course you will write a book." The fatigue consequent on the double campaign through which I had gone enabled me for some time to turn a deaf ear to all such allurements, but, now that I have enjoyed a little repose, a variety of reasons incline me to the belief that of course I must write a book. In adopting this decision I am far from admitting my competency to occupy a position at the side of those "Special Correspondents" who have so well sustained the character of the English press, and I am quite as far

<sup>\*</sup> No names have been used in these volumes without permission, except in a few cases, when they are supposed to be, more or less, public property.

from yielding to any sentiment of personal vanity; but I venture to think that I can throw some light on subjects connected with the Franco-German war which are of great importance in the maintenance of that Society of which I was one of the earliest advocates. At the same time, I possess notes which will probably be read with interest as coming from one who was actively employed amongst the French and German troops during the whole of the first war, and who made the journey between Paris and Versailles, by various means of conveyance, and on different roads, seventy-nine times between the 2nd of February and the 2nd of June, 1871, notwithstanding the reign of the Commune.

In order to give an exact idea of what people in France did and thought during these wars, I shall neglect no detail which will assist me in my object, and when an almost literal transcript of my diary will aid me in doing so, (as will be especially the case at the commencement and in that part of the book which relates to the Commune,) I shall not scruple to adopt this plan, my desire being to publish a book for my friends rather than for the critics.\* Let me at once avow that I pretend neither to the ability, nor have I the inclination, to write an exhaustive treatise on the work performed by the National

<sup>\*</sup> This book was at first only intended for private circulation.

Societies for the Relief of Sick and Wounded Soldiers, popularly known as "The Red Cross Societies."\* shall narrate facts as they occurred within my own personal knowledge, and almost in the language in which I noted them at the time, in letters written to Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, as Chairman of the English Red Cross Society, and to Lord Vernon, as President of the French Peasant Farmers' Seed Fund: and as I turned neither to the right nor to the left to consider what was passing at a distance, finding quite enough employment in attending to the work which I had set out to perform, I shall leave to others the historical record of a war without parallel in its magnitude, and the results of which no person is yet able to estimate. Having made this admission, I need make no apology for a continued use of the first person, which is a necessary consequence of my resolution to write only of what I myself saw or did, with an occasional reference to such other matters as are necessary to connect my story, and which I have learnt from the best secondary sources; and I must be excused if I constantly keep before my readers that

<sup>\*</sup> These societies being strictly national societies, with an international object, I will not adopt the mistake which includes them all under the erroneous title of "The International Society," A Communist mayor, into whose power I once fell, asked me to which "International" I belonged.

red cross flag under which I have had the honour to serve.

It may be well, perhaps, to say a few words as to my own personal sympathies during the Franco-German war, and thus anticipate a charge of entertaining an interest in one of the two belligerents, incompatible with the neutral position I occupied.

In 1864, I was in Denmark, a spectator of the unequal fight, the sad precursor of a series of wars of which we have not seen the last; and deep as my admiration is for the national and military greatness, which, in so short a period, has accomplished the union of Germany and the establishment of an empire, I am not yet prepared to admit that the end has justified the means. In my heart, then, I was opposed to Prussian policy. But on France rests all the responsibility of having committed the unpardonable blunder of creating an excuse for the war of 1870-1: the contest, sooner or later, was inevitable; but the political ignorance, which is daily made more apparent by those statesmen and generals who publicly attempt to exonerate themselves, and the national folly which hastened it on, find no apologist in me. Throughout the war, whilst I was a witness of the awful manner in which the French armies were cut up and captured, I could not be blind to the cost at which a rapid succession of triumphs was purchased by

the victorious Germans; and often my thoughts wandered from the mutilated forms around me to the homes in that Vaterland they had left, in order to repel a foreign invasion and to found an empire. the same time, I was in daily intercourse with families, from almost every one of which some member was missing, and who, in addition to the agony of suspense they experienced as to the fate of loved relatives, were living in the presence of the invader, the helpless witnesses of the tide of ruin and desolation which was flowing over their beautiful country. had nothing to do with the political questions involved in the struggle, and, as far as was possible, I banished them from my mind; and I can now conscientiously affirm that, when amongst the victims, we paid no heed to nationality.\*

The sight of suffering excludes every feeling except an intense desire to mitigate it, and there can then be

<sup>\*</sup> In justification of the attitude I assumed—for the nature of my work did not confine my attention exclusively to hospitals—I may remark that, at the commencement of the war, I was invited, as representative of the British National Society, to go to the Tuileries to be presented to the Empress, but I declined, on the ground that I was going to Berlin, and it was unadvisable to compromise my neutrality, even in appearance. And some months later, when it was kindly suggested that I might indulge myself a little in the sunshine of the German Court at Versailles, I refused to yield to the temptation, as I was living in France, and I desired to avoid the least cause of offence to those amongst whom I was residing.

no balancing of interests, and no calculation. The aim of hospital workers should be to administer impartial aid; and if this is always kept in view, as it can scarcely fail to be in the midst of a war, no 'time will be left for thoughts foreign to this labour.

A few words as to the circumstances under which the English Society was formed. Some weeks after the close of the Great Exhibition, on the Champs de Mars, in 1867, one of that series of magnificent deceptions promising a millennium which seems each year to recede farther into the future, I was staying at Brussels with Lieut.-General Renard, the then Belgian Minister of War. He had lately held the office of Vice-President of the International Conference, which sat in Paris, to consider and still further to develop the work established by the Convention of We often conversed on the subject, and the General expressed his astonishment that England, always so prominent in works of charity and usefulness, should in this matter have offered no signs of adhesion. On my return home, my friend, Captain Burgess, promised his co-operation; and, after many abortive efforts, we succeeded in forming a preliminary committee (of members of the English Branch of the Order of St. John), for the purpose of endeavouring to establish in this country a National Society for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers in war, and in

April, 1869, we went together to Berlin, to attend an International Conference, as representatives of this first committee.\* Deputy Inspector-General Longmore, C.B., Professor of Military Surgery at the Army Medical School, on behalf of the War Office attended this meeting, as he previously had assisted at those of Geneva in 1864, and Paris in 1867; and although his voice was not heard in the assembly, his acknowledged position and practical experience were of the greatest value in the preparation of some of the resolutions which were passed.†

In the interval between the Paris and Berlin meetings, Captain Henry Brackenbury had published two articles in the 'Standard' (January, 1868), which showed that a proficient in the art of destruction could also look upon the soldier as something more than a fighting machine. The distinguished artillery officer became one of the strongest advocates of the Convention of Geneva; and his eminent services in the cause of humanity during the late war are too recent to

<sup>\*</sup> The following is a list of the members who composed this committee:—Major-General Sir J. St. George, K.C.B., President; Lord Eliot; Sir E. A. H. Lechmere, Bart.; the Rev. W. B. L. Hawkins, M.A.; the Rev. T. Hugo, M.A.; Captain Burgess; Mr. J. A. Pearson; Mr. J. Furley.

<sup>†</sup> On the 16th of March, 1866, a lecture was delivered at the Royal United Service Institution by Professor Longmore, on the Geneva Convention of August the 22nd, 1864; Sir Harry Verney, Bart., M.P., in the chair.

make it necessary that I should now recall them. Captain Burgess, who had been engaged in a considerable correspondence on the subject, and had vainly endeavoured to obtain for it the recognition of the authorities at the War Office, continued the work at Berlin, and prepared himself for that position which he has since occupied with such advantage to the British National Society.

If I now allude, with some satisfaction, to the humble part that I played at the Berlin Conference, I think my vanity will be considered venial. Asked to speak—"If only that an English voice might be heard in support of so good a cause"—I promised, on behalf of my countrymen, that England would always be ready to hold out her hand to other nations in the honourable endeavour to avert war; but, failing in this, she would be found striving to mitigate its miseries, and to alleviate, as far as possible, the sufferings which war inevitably entails on its victims.\*

<sup>\*</sup> Vide 'Compte Rendu des Travaux de la Conférence Internationale tenue à Berlin du 22 au 27 Avril, 1869, par les délégués des gouvernements signataires de la Convention de Genève et des Sociétés et Associations de secours aux militaires blessés et malades.' P. 189.

### CHAPTER I.

"I will not stay my journey,
Nor halt by any town,
Near any sparkling fountain,
Where the waters wimple down."

THE manner in which the Franco-German war was provoked, and the events which so rapidly followed the challenge given on the part of the French Government, are so fresh in the recollection of everybody, that it is needless to repeat the story. Telegrams, and the letters of Special Correspondents, brought the news to our shores how almost the whole Continent of Europe had run to arms, and how battles had been fought, even before it was thought possible the rival armies could have met. Soon the details of terrible encounters were read in every home, and the deepest sympathies of our nation were evoked for the unfortunate victims.

People talked amongst themselves as to how they could best serve the cause of humanity in the

struggle which was imminent; and some at once prepared to leave England, as nurses, to join one of the two belligerents. But a leader was wanted; one who, having the necessary guarantees of high character and social rank, should, at the same time, possess the will and energy to assume the command, and to keep it until the objects in view were accomplished.

War was declared on the 15th of July, and on the following day Captain Burgess, as Honorary Secretary of the Preliminary Committee of Help for the Sick and Wounded in War, published a letter in the morning papers, inviting assistance and co-operation. On the 22nd of July, I called on Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, and after a short conversation on the subject, he wrote a letter to the 'Times,' inviting the attention of the people of England to the proposed field of labour for neutrals. As a proof that he was in earnest, he gave the magnificent donation of £1000 towards the fund. This letter was, in truth, the key-note for which people had been waiting. There were a few persons who had a faint idea of the objects of the Convention of Geneva;\* there were many

<sup>\* &#</sup>x27;Help for Sick and Wounded,' being a translation of 'La Guerre et la Charité' (Ouvrage Couronné par le Comité Central Prussien de Secours pour les Militaires blessés et malades), by MM. Moynier and Appia; translated by John Furley, together with other writings on the subject by Officers of Her Majesty's Service, was published in June, 1870.

who had never heard of it; but all were equally ready to respond to an appeal which, besides evoking the best natural sympathies, plainly showed that there were not wanting men to give a practical direction to those fountains of charity which were already overflowing. The trumpet was sounded by Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, and an army of men and women who feared no sacrifices was immediately on the alert.

The British National Society, of which Her Gracious Majesty the Queen is patron, sprang into existence as if under the influence of a magician's wand; and Central, Provincial, and Ladies' Committees and Sub-Committees were formed in every part of the kingdom, to work under and in conjunction with the Central Committee, of which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is the President. Men, women, and children vied with each other in their anxiety to give something, and that speedily; the poor, as well as the rich, contributed to the fund and to the stores for the use of the sick and wounded. In no war-not even in that of the Crimea, when our own army was engaged-was the feeling for the sufferers more general; never had a quarter of a million sterling been so easily collected; and never had a large fund of money, and an almost unlimited supply of gifts in kind, been so rapidly brought under an organization, which had the power to utilize it in accordance with the generous wishes of the givers.

The first general meeting of the British National Society was held at Willis's Rooms, on the 4th of August, His Grace the Duke of Manchester being in the chair; and I was requested to go to the Continent, to ascertain in what manner we could best assist in relieving the wounded of both armies.

I undertook this mission, and left England the same evening. I found Paris in a great state of excitement, but I remarked nothing like depression At the Palais de l'Industrie, in amongst the people. the Champs Élysées, where the Central Committee of the French Red Cross Society then had its headquarters, the greatest activity prevailed. The principal officers were at their posts, and through the office was passing a continuous stream of men who were entering their names as candidates for hospital work. The first volunteer ambulance train, complete in all its details, had just been sent off to the army, amidst great enthusiasm, and another was being prepared. Everything about them looked smart and workmanlike, and there were not wanting those touches of bright colour which the French understand so well how to use. In a portion of the building, surrounded by wooden shelves, divided into compartments, were some of the leading members of the Ladies' Committee, including the Countess de Flavigny, Madame de Canrobert, the Baroness de Bourgoing, and Madlle.

Hocquigny, superintending about twenty other women, who were busily arranging every kind of under-clothing, sheets, blankets, table-linen, lint, bandages, etc. In another department, men were engaged in packing wooden cases and painting a red cross on each as it was sent out.

After a halt of six hours, and having seen Count de Flavigny, President of the French Society, Count Serurier, Vice-President, and Count de Beaufort, the Hon. Secretary, and obtained from them the information I required, I left for Geneva, in order to confer with M. Moynier, the President of the International Committee, which was formed to act as a bond of union between the various national societies.

It was at the Paris and Lyons Railway Station that I first began to realize the actual state of France. Men in various uniforms were mingled with a crowd whose turn to march had not yet arrived. There was a perfect Babel of sounds, the voices of women and children not being entirely drowned in the songs and discordant shouting of the youths who were off to some place which they called "the front;" but the direction of which could have been scarcely apparent to them, judging by the quantity of stimulant which, in the course of the journey, they imbibed at the expense of those who were waiting about at every station, on the chance of picking up a scrap of news. On

arriving at Dijon, in the middle of the night, I tried to obtain a little rest during the two hours I sat balancing myself on a couple of chairs; but this was rendered impossible by the arrival of troops from Algiers; and the officers seemed to have as vague an idea of their destination as the conscripts who had come from Paris. At last they were all packed off somewhere or other, and I was glad to separate myself from such noisy companions. The weather was most delightful, and the Swiss lakes and mountains were looking in their loveliest beauty as I passed from Neufchâtel through Berne and Lausanne to Geneva.

It was Sunday morning when I arrived, and M. Moynier was in the country, at a short distance over the French frontier, so I drove out to his château. It struck me as extremely comical, when, on crossing the invisible line which separates Switzerland from France, I was compelled to give an account of myself, or rather of my horse, to a gendarme, who informed me that it would be a breach of neutrality to sell the modest-looking quadruped in the shafts for the service of the French cavalry. After the necessary formalities, I was allowed to proceed, and on my return, two hours later, I received a polite acknowledgment for my attention to the neutrality laws, which the Swiss Government was so anxious to maintain.

It was a strong temptation for me to linger at

Geneva, but my duty would not admit of delay, so, after spending six hours within sight of Mont Blanc, and feasting my eyes on the radiant beauty of which nature is here so lavish, I turned my face northwards and made for Berlin.

At Geneva there had been reports of fresh French reverses, but these gained but little credence. frequent telegrams, however, which a few hours later reached Lausanne, Berne, and Zurich, would not admit a doubt. The steamers on Lake Constance were gaily decked with flags, and at night bonfires, and occasional rockets on the German shore, testified to the joy of the inhabitants. In the early morning, in answer to the summons which rang forth from every spire, along the hill-sides and through the valleys of Bavaria, hundreds of men, women, and children were to be seen wending their way to the churches to join in a general thanksgiving. on, every station was filled with an anxious crowd, and each fortunate possessor of a newspaper was the centre of an attentive group, whilst the interiors of the railway carriages were eagerly scanned by those whose interest concentrated itself on a particular uniform or regimental number. Soon the terrible reality of the news became painfully evident, as hundreds of wounded men arrived from the front, and long trains of French prisoners were seen on their way to Ger-

man fortresses. In the opposite direction, through the day and night, other trains were bearing fresh troops, batteries of artillery, thousands of sheep and oxen, and tons of provender for man and beast. journey was slow but full of interest, and every mile exhibited additional proof of the complete state of Prussian arrangements in anticipation of war. railways were under military control, and time-tables had no longer any signification. At Bamberg, for instance, I was told to leave the train in the middle of the night, and no information could be given me as to when I should be able to continue my route. There was nothing to be done but to sit in the station for two or three hours on the look-out for a chance to move forward, and when another train was dispatched for Leipsic, I took my place in it.

At all the principal railway stations along the lines traversed by the troops, were to be seen piles of lint and bandages ready for the wounds of soldiers on their way home or to hospitals, and tables laden with refreshments suitable for them. These stalls were under the charge of ladies, doctors, male and female nurses, and other volunteers, all of whom were distinguished by the red cross *brassard*, bearing the official stamps, to indicate that the wearers were authorized by the military authorities, as well as by their respective committees. Day and night, men

with the same badge were to be seen in every train, and waiting at every station, ready to assist invalids on their journey or, if desired to do so, to accompany them to their own houses. Nor must I forget to mention the activity and earnestness of the Knights of St. John, who had the control of the greater part of this philanthropic machinery.

Berlin was in a state of happy excitement; but I am sure that, notwithstanding the gaiety and cheerfulness apparent in the streets, many an aching, anxious heart was breathing fervent prayers for gallant men who had gone forth for the Fatherland, and already laurels were being plucked to deck distant graves in a foreign land. At the Berlin central committee room of the Berliner Hülfsverein I found the work going on as at Paris, and Baron von Sydow, the President, and his staff were acting with energy equal to that I had witnessed on the part of the Count de Flavigny and the Paris com-At the great central market, where the mittee. stores and the Liebesgaben, "gifts of love,"-I like to use the word—were received, arranged and packed, I was very kindly received by Count von Eulenburg, the Master of the Household to the Crown Prince, who with the Countess von Eulenburg had undertaken the management of this vast depôt. Everything here was practical, systematic and workmanlike.

During the afternoon the first column of French prisoners arrived, and there was great curiosity naturally manifested by the Berliners to see some of the soldiers of that army, which, a few days before, they had thought might by possibility soon appear on German territory as conquerors. One could not but be struck by the large proportion of these men, especially the officers, who were unwounded.

I dined with Mr. H. Dering, the second secretary at the English Embassy, whose great services to the French prisoners during the war have since been acknowledged by the English and French governments.\* Later, we went to the Zoological Gardens, where a military concert was given. Here, for the first time, I heard performed that spirit-stirring march, "Die Wacht am Rhein," every bar in which now belongs to history, as Prince Bismarck, little as he yields to sentiment, has since admitted.

<sup>\*</sup> The magnitude of the work undertaken by Mr. Dering will be best understood from the fact, that he managed the entire correspondence with nearly 12,000 officers and 360,000 men, whose requests were of the most varied character. Mr. Dering had to read, minute, or answer more than one hundred letters a day. He also acted as Paymaster-General to this enormous number of French prisoners, who were scattered over the whole of Germany, and he was obliged to keep the accounts in duplicate, audit them, and transmit them weekly to Versailles: all this was independent of his ordinary labour at the Embassy. Mr. Dering subsequently received the official thanks of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; M. de Remusat also wrote to him a flattering letter and, in the name of M. Thiers, the President of the French Republic, presented him with a dinner and dessert service of Sèvres porcelain.

Shouts of applause greeted the well-known strains, and again and again the popular music was repeated.

If my journey so far had been slow, when I left Berlin on the following morning it was still slower. Two Foreign Office bags, with which I had been entrusted, perhaps gained for me a little consideration, which otherwise might have been wanting, though they had no effect on the speed at which I travelled.

It was evident that the German generals meant to risk nothing, and therein lay in a great measure the secret of their success. Casual observers might have thought that the first victories were a sufficient indication of what the final result of the war would be; not so the Germans, so weak points were being made strong and strong positions were being strengthened. I could not suppress a regret when I saw, at Cologne, the ruthless way in which the beautiful trees in the suburbs were being cut down. After spending forty-one hours in travelling from Berlin to Aix-la-Chapelle, I was compelled to make a halt in the latter town for want of means of locomotion.

Early on the following morning, I availed myself of the opportunity to call on members of the local Red Cross Society, to ascertain the position of the military hospitals at which wounded men had already arrived. The next day I reached London, after a most interesting run of two hundred and fifty hours.

#### CHAPTER II.

"O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel; The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs; And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men, In undetermined differences of kings."

I was astonished by the progress which had been made by the British Society during my short absence; and I was glad to find, when I went to report myself to the Committee, that the Government had evinced an interest in the work, by placing at its disposal a block of three houses in St. Martin's Place. Workmen were busy knocking down walls to facilitate communication between the different offices, and carpenters were mending floors and constructing shelves. Appearances were quite secondary to convenience.

I shall never forget this return home. It did my heart good to see the energy with which every one was engaged in fighting the battle of humanity. At their posts in the Committee Room, sat our Chairman, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, Lord Shaftesbury,

Lord Overstone, Lord Bury, Sir Harry Verney, Mr. N. de Rothschild, Captain Brackenbury, and Captain Burgess; and in another room was Major de Winton, who seemed to have suddenly become the General Traffic Manager of the Consolidated Railway Companies of Great Britain.

I am sure I shall be pardoned if I make a brief allusion to the occupations of some of the The Honourable members of the Ladies' Committee. Mrs. Loyd-Lindsay, in the midst of the dust, noise, and confusion, the effects of the rapid transformation which the houses were undergoing, was giving her directions with that clearness and precision which during the continuance of the war never deserted her, and which contributed so materially to the success of the Society's efforts. The Lady Agnes Campbell, on a lofty stool in front of a counter, was surrounded by bales and packing-cases, looking perfectly calm and most amiable, whilst questions were being poured on her from packers and unpackers, porters who had brought things, and others who were waiting to take something away. Equally active in their special departments were Lady Gomm, Mrs. Nassau Senior, Miss Verney, and Miss de Winton.

Nothing was ever carried out in a more popular manner. The highest ladies in the land worked cheerfully side by side with the humblest of their sex, and H.R.H. the Princess Christian emulated the example of her sisters, H.R.I.H. the Crown Princess of Prussia, and H.R.H. the Princess of Hesse Darmstadt. The health of the Princess Christian unfortunately prevented her from giving all the personal assistance she was so willing to render. I only express a general feeling when I venture to add the hope that Her Royal Highness may at the close of the present winter return to England, to continue, in common with all the daughters of Queen Victoria, to set that good example which exerts so beneficial an influence on our nation.

Busy, too, in their respective offices, were several officers and *employés*, each of whom I should like to be able to name, who never ceased throughout the whole continuance of the war to show, by the most persevering industry, the active interest they felt in the work, to the success of which they so powerfully and unostentatiously contributed.

It was no time for making notes, but this scene impressed itself vividly on my mind, and made me prouder than ever of my country. My first remark rather surprised those to whom it was addressed. I said that the three houses were not big enough, and that a place like the Charing Cross Railway Station would have been more suitable. Of this I was reminded when, at a later period, not only our three

houses, but the vaults of St. Martin's Church were filled with stores, and it was necessary to cover in a part of the churchyard, and to accept the use of a wing of the Workhouse of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

But every one had his or her own work to perform. The field was a large one, and at this time each individual agent of the British Society, especially when he was out of England, was compelled to act more or less on his own responsibility, and without reference The undertaking was quite a new to any one else. one in this country, and a great deal of pioneering was necessary, as the war rapidly assumed proportions of immense magnitude. The Convention of Geneva had been adopted by both of the belligerents in theory. This was a question Would they admit it in practice? to be solved, and there were many points of detail on which it was necessary we should be informed.

Meanwhile, representatives of the Society were doing their best to aid the wounded indirectly, by gifts of money and hospital necessaries to those who were in charge of them; and after I had been three days in London, making purchases to the extent of £300, the sum accorded to me by the Committee, I returned to Paris with Captain de Kantzow, R.N.

We had now a foretaste of the difficulties of transport. Twenty-three cases, which ought to have arrived with us, were delayed four days on the road.

If this happened on a line so far from the seat of war, what would it be later? On the day of our arrival, we attended a meeting of American gentlemen, at Dr. Evans's, and a wish was expressed that we should co-operate with them, as they had plenty of excellent material ready. De Kantzow and I were quite willing to do so, but we insisted that in the event of an ambulance being formed, it must go forward to meet events, and not remain at Paris to wait for them; and at a subsequent meeting, two days later, at which Dr. Frank and Mr. Blewitt, who had just arrived from England, and Dr. Pratt were present, De Kantzow and I consented to go to Châlons to ascertain the exact state of affairs, as no dependence could be placed on official announcements.

With brassards on our arms, stamped by the Minister of War, General Count Palikao (for at this time the English Society had no recognized official stamp), and military feuilles de route, we started on our journey. The line was very much blocked, owing to the number of persons retreating before the enemy, the batteries of artillery moving towards Rheims, and the troops which were being pressed forward in the same direction. After a journey of nine hours, the last mile or two of which we performed on foot, as being the most rapid way, we reached Châlons-sur-Marne.

Great confusion prevailed here, rendered worse by

constant and contradictory reports; and in the neighbourhood of the Hôtel de Ville, crowds of soldiers were clamouring for their billets. Inside the building were large piles of bread, the distribution of which to the troops added to the tumult. Although we would not accept the free quarters to which we were entitled by our feuilles de route, we thought it safer to have billeting-papers for our rooms at the 'Cloche d'Or.' On the following morning, we called on the Mayor and M. Bornot, the President of the local Comité de Secours. Living in the house of this gentleman, we found Dr. Aubin, one of the first detachment of doctors sent out by the English Society, and who had been appointed chef de service in the Salles Ste. Eulalie et de la Conception, with a French interne, of five years' experience, as his associate. These gentlemen were in charge of sixty beds, occupants for which were hourly expected. Mr. Thomas, whom I again met at a later period, was at work in a hospital established by M. Labougarde. Altogether, in this town, there were one thousand beds ready for the wounded, and only a few of them were then oc-The three other members of the English mecupied. dical section in this district, Messrs. Cooper, Horner, and Millsom, had left during the morning for the camp of Châlons, with the Duc de Fitzjames.

The report of the previous evening, that portions

of the Crown Prince's army were at Bar-le-Duc and St. Dizier, and that they had pushed a reconnaissance almost up to the walls of Châlons, having been confirmed in the morning, and MacMahon's army having raised the camp of Châlons, after setting fire to the buildings there, and being now at Rheims, it was evident to us that the Germans would very soon be at the gates of Paris. In this case hospitals would be required at Épernay and Château-Thierry.

There was no time to be lost; one more train would be allowed to leave Châlons; the bridges which were already mined would be destroyed, and some point near Paris would then be selected as the tête de ligne. We obtained visas on our feuilles de route for Château-Thierry and Paris, and left Châlons in the middle of the day. We made inquiries at Épernay, and a large château was placed at our disposal. In this respect there was no difficulty, every one was anxious to mount the Red Cross flag, in preference to having a number of combatants billeted in their houses.

De Kantzow remained at Château-Thierry, to look out a suitable site for a hospital, and I went on to Paris. It was evident on the following day that I had the best of this arrangement, for a young lady called on me, and informed me, in a very private and confidential manner, that my friend was in difficulties, and that he was looked upon as a Prussian spy.

It seems that the chief officer of gendarmerie at Château-Thierry had received a telegram to the effect that a man wearing the Red Cross was in the neighbourhood, acting as a spy for the Germans, and my good friend De Kantzow's appearance excited the energy and suspicions of this local functionary. "Faites voir votre passe-port, on dit que vous êtes un espion," was the polite demand. The innocent De Kantzow appealed to the Préfet, and for the moment the matter was arranged. On the following day he went to Meaux, and was there twice captured as a spy, and most insolently treated. However, his detention was of short duration, and at night he came on to Paris without further adventure.

On the following day we held two meetings of the Anglo-American Committee, the English element having been strengthened by the arrival of Mr. Mac Cormac and Captain Douglas Galton.

There still being a division of opinion as to the course we ought to adopt,—Dr. Evans's party being in favour of remaining in Paris, and the English members of the Committee, with Dr. Pratt and Dr. May, maintaining that it was our duty to go to those places where battles were imminent—I again volunteered to go out *en éclaireur*. It was almost, if not quite, impossible to obtain reliable information in Paris, and no time would be lost by the proposed arrangement, as

several days would be required to complete an ambulance. From what I had gathered at Châlons, I felt convinced that the spot for real work must be between Metz and Mézières, and the little Committee in Paris, to which I now felt myself more especially attached, having left me perfectly unfettered, I started for that district the same night, immediately after our second meeting.

At this time, and, indeed, throughout the continuance of the war, everybody who was not a Frenchman was looked upon as a Prussian, and I had grown quite accustomed to the sensation of being regarded with suspicion. I was not, therefore, surprised, before reaching the Belgian frontier, to be told that I had a very Prussian cast of countenance.

I had intended to stop at Arlon, but circumstances decided me to go on to Luxemburg, where I arrived after a journey of eighteen hours. Not being able to find the President, or any of the members of the Central Committee of the Red Cross Society of Luxemburg, I made my way to the ladies' department, where I found the same activity prevailing that I had noticed amongst the societies elsewhere; and on this day, as on every subsequent occasion when I required aid from them, it was always given in the most kind and willing manner by the ladies of Luxemburg.

The terrible battle of Gravelotte had been fought a few miles from the frontier, and over the open country, further than the eye could reach, thousands of wounded men were lying, a large proportion of them without beds, food, or even water.

I met one or two doctors who had striven to do some good, but they had been starved home again. I began to lose my temper when men told me how futile would be any attempt to carry aid to places where even water could not be purchased, or even to exist where so many poor wretches were dying in the fields beyond Briey. My expressed determination to establish, if necessary, daily communication over forty miles helped to convince them that the English Society would not be stopped by trifles, and I obtained all the information I required.

A very little consideration proved to me that, geographically, there could be no better base of operation for our work than Luxemburg. The communication with London was direct and expeditious, and on the other side there was open intercourse with Germany; in front was Metz, and a vast field of suffering under the names of Gravelotte and St. Privat; and to the right lay Sedan and Mézières, in which direction it required no great military experience to discern that another serious battle was imminent. I therefore telegraphed to the English Embassy at Paris,—my only means of communication with Dr. Frank,—begging that the Anglo-American Ambulance might immediately leave Paris for this neighbourhood;\* and I also wrote to Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, asking for additional help.

Anxiously waiting for replies from Paris and London, my impatience found a safety-valve in the preparations necessary for an expedition which I determined to make to some of those places, where, as I learnt from reliable authority, a very little aid might be the means of saving many lives. The whole of the following day, therefore, assisted by M. Hastert, an inhabitant of Luxemburg, to whom, with his family, I can never be too grateful, I was occupied in purchasing all the beds, pillows, and blankets which could be obtained in twenty-four hours; also food, cooking utensils, lamps, candles, wine, spirits, cigars, etc. Meanwhile an exchange of telegrams was going on, and it was evident that no move could be made by the Anglo-American Ambulance until instructions had been received from the London Committee, to obtain which De Kantzow had gone to London. evening, after I had telegraphed to Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, "Pray allow immediate and independent action," I completed my arrangements to start on the following morning for Briey.

<sup>\*</sup> The Anglo-American Ambulance left Paris for Mézières on the 28th of August.

# CHAPTER III.

### A FIELD OF DEATH.

THERE were a few scruples to be overcome before a carriage and horses could be obtained, especially as there were rumours that shots had been exchanged during the day very close to the frontier. Men did not like to trust their carriages and horses, and wives had still stronger objections to make. However, all was arranged, and early in the morning a curious crowd was exhibiting much interest in a calèche, as it was being packed in front of the Hôtel de Cologne. The interior of this vehicle resembled a child's puzzle, and wherever there was the smallest empty space, the women and children discovered it, and filled it in with contributions of lint and linen bandages. sufficient room in the carriage was left for three persons. I offered one of these to M. Toutsch, the President of the Tribunal of Luxemburg, who was charged with a mission to Metz, to endeavour, if possible, to obtain the release of four surgeons, and three other Red Cross volunteers belonging to the Duchy, who were shut up in that fortress. M. Hastert kindly volunteered to accompany me. The coachman looked as if he were driving some newly invented war-chariot, as he sat in an embrasure of bullet-proof bedding. A little before noon we arrived at Esch, a mining village just on the frontier, where we stopped to bait the horses.

Now for the first time I mounted the Red Cross flag. A few hundred yards from the inn door a notice-board, marked 'Grand-Duché de Luxembourg,' and guarded by two or three douaniers, armed with the old brown Bess, marked the frontier line.

The scenery here is rocky and wild, but the red ironstone forms a good contrast to the background of green woods. Evidently the irrepressible Uhlan had been seen here, for we were constantly surprised by breathless peasants and miners, who, starting up from the earth, like inhabitants of lower regions—in fact, most of them do spend the greater part of their existence down below—informed us of the danger of proceeding further; but this not being apparent, we disregarded all warning.

At Aumetz some Prussian Hussars had just arrived, and they were making themselves quite at home. We met with no interruption, except that caused by two showers of hail, which would have put to shame any mitrailleuse that ever was invented; and after driving through some very pretty pastoral scenery, at five o'clock we passed the double sentries of the 9th Regiment of Jägers, and entered the town of Briey. Every house seemed full of soldiers, but a little diplomacy procured all that we required, including a shed. In this we locked up our well-laden carriage, and then went out to seek information.

The concierge of the Tribunal volunteered to take us through some of the hospitals, and we visited five or six, in all of which the patients were evidently well looked after by female nurses. The thing chiefly wanted was wine, the invaders having cleared the cellars. We distributed cigars, the devoted women, who had not yet had time to realize their position—so much were they occupied in relieving the sufferings of others—looking very grateful for this small luxury to their patients.

Most of the houses in the town were closed, but at every turn was to be seen the Red Cross flag.

Briey is in a beautiful position; and it ought to be healthy, placed as it is on a very steep slope, with a river running below; but its streets were now encumbered with sick and wounded men; and the number of surgeons was quite insufficient for the care of daily increasing sufferers. The powers of the two local prac-

titioners, on whom the chief labour had devolved, were taxed to the utmost, and they welcomed the arrival of three Swiss military surgeons, who had just come to their assistance. I met a Swiss gentleman, M. von Erlach, who told me where to find the Honourable Having done so, I was presented Auberon Herbert. to Count Bothmar, a Johanniter Ritter, and chief of a Sanitäts column, who, with a number of officers, was sitting at dinner in the house of a brewer. I considered a most fortunate meeting, especially as the Count asked me to join the party, an invitation of which I gladly availed myself, it being then between eight and nine o'clock. The conversation was very interesting, and many incidents of the late sanguinary battles were related.

In concert with Mr. Herbert, I agreed to join Count Bothmar's column on the following morning the more readily, perhaps, as his influence might be of advantage to me in future work.

I rose at five o'clock and visited several hospitals, a convent in charge of sœurs de charité being unquestionably the best managed, though in every house I entered I witnessed the same loving care and devotion. At eight o'clock, M. Hastert and I were with our carriage at the appointed rendezvous, down by the river. Count Bothmar's lieutenant, the Baron von Bieberstein, was busy concluding the preparation

of a train of twelve waggons, when counter-orders were received, and it was not until two hours later that we were in motion.

We passed Moutiers and mounted the beautiful slopes above Auboué, every foot of ground giving evidence of war. Soon we reached the plain, bordered by luxuriant woods, which had been so recently the scene of one of the most sanguinary battles of modern times. We halted in the village of Sainte-Marie aux Chênes. Here a little discussion arose between the Knights of St. John and myself, they wishing me to hand over everything that I had, for them to distribute, while I maintained that it was my duty, as a representative of the English Society, to preserve a certain amount of independence; to judge for myself of the wants of all, both French and German, and to distribute accordingly. My stores during this journey were not large, but they were of some importance, in view of the vast extent of suffering before us, and I was unwilling to establish a precedent on the very slight experience I then possessed. After consulting with Mr. Herbert, I gave up about one-fourth of our hospital comforts, and we then felt more at liberty to bestow the remainder as we pleased.

Almost every house in this village was a hospital, and walls, doors, and windows bore marks of the recent fight. The mayor's house, a large and

conspicuous building, had suffered the most, the upper story being nearly unroofed. French and Germans lay there, side by side, and Death had set his mark on nearly every one of those who were stretched in lines on the floor. Two or three military infirmiers were amusing themselves in one of the rooms, but there was a complete absence of the soothing voice, the gentle hand, the loving intelligence, that anticipates each want, even though unexpressed. Not a groan was uttered, yet silently, lives, the value of which was only known in far distant homes, were passing to the fatal shore. Mr. Herbert and I did what little we could amongst the poor fellows, and to each one we gave something. The tobacco was much appreciated, and great was the pleasure of some of those who were asleep, to find, when they awoke, five or six cigars on their pillows. At the very moment I was offering a cigar at one bedside, the soul of its occupant departed.

In the garden, stiff and ghastly bodies lay waiting for sepulture; their nationality only to be guessed by the great coats thrown over them.

We remained here about an hour and a half, and then moved on to St. Privat, the spot where the most violent struggle took place on the 18th. The church and houses were almost all destroyed. The picture was a fearful one; indeed, nothing that I saw after-

## ST. PRIVAT.

wards in any degree effaced my first impressions of the field of Gravelotte. I have witnessed many terrible scenes since, but none of them could awaken the same painful feelings as I experienced when standing on that awful field of death. Happy were those who had died in the moment of victory or defeat; but, oh, how sad the lot of those who had to linger on for days, stretched on a floor barely covered with straw, tended by men whose language perhaps they could not understand, dying without the chance of being able to send one last message to dear friends, and then to be laid in a grave all trace of which would soon be effaced by the plough.

Outside, in the little street, the picture was no less sad. A vast plain, terminating towards the horizon in verdant woods and undulating pastures; in the midst, a heap of blackened ruins; a few huts, whose very insignificance had saved them from total destruction, gardens trodden down, trees torn with shot, all around bursting graves, rudely-constructed crosses, refuse of bivouacs, dead horses, broken tumbrils, arms, chacos, empty ammunition barrels; whilst in front of crumbling walls, which a few days before had enclosed contented homes, sitting on bare stones in the mute agony of despair, were to be seen poor women, to whom nothing was

left but the memory of what had been. May God save England from such a scene as this!

Here we visited all the wounded, and to each one we gave a cigar and a lump of chocolate, of which latter, with some bread, we were able to spare a little for the few poor children whose eyes wistfully followed us from door to door. The gratitude of the recipients afforded me some of the happiest moments I have ever experienced.

In one house, called the French hospital, were lying crowded together a number of men, every one of whom had lost an arm or a leg, in some cases both; all were on straw, some of them quite naked, with only a great coat or a rug to cover them. Between twenty and thirty French military surgeons here were virtually prisoners.

Now this arrangement, so contrary to the Convention of Geneva, as it was accepted in 1864 by the Prussian and French Governments, struck me at once. The German surgeons were kind and courteous to these gentlemen, and a Saxon doctor had already won the hearts of several Frenchmen whom I saw scattered through the village. But how much better would it have been to have given over all the French wounded to the care of their own countrymen, and to have removed some of these superfluous doctors to other neighbouring villages, where so many men

were needing their care! With the French surgeons, who were in an utterly destitute state, we left all that remained of our private store of ham and white bread.

During the day I fell in with General Stabsarzt Loeffler, Surgeon-General of the Prussian Army, and Dr. Appia, the Secretary of the International Committee at Geneva, with both of whom I was already acquainted.

It was getting late, and we were obliged to think of our horses; so, notwithstanding Count Bothmar's wish that we should continue with his column, I thought it not only prudent, but my duty to return to Briev. On the way, we fell in with part of the army of Prince Frederick Charles. Saluting our flag, the officers moved the troops to the right of the road, and allowed us to pass the column, which extended for some miles. On another road, to the left, could be seen a second column, also moving towards Briev. It was most picturesque to watch the long snakelike line zigzagging down the steep hill, over the bridge, and through the village of Auboué, each band halting as it arrived in the street to play its regiment through. The men marched cheerily along with a firm step, and I could not but believe that most of them were destined soon to see Paris. the pomp and beauty of the scene could not repair the ravages of war, which were visible on all sides, nor could it make me forget the desolated hearths, the scattered and starving population, the mangled bodies, and the nameless graves I had left behind.

On the following day I posted to Esch, and thence continued my journey to Luxemburg by rail. During this drive, I was able to appreciate the German cavalry, usually, though erroneously, included under the general title of "Uhlans," which had already done so much good service. A small detachment was this day pushed right up to the frontier, where half-adozen hussars, under a young lieutenant, were standing by their horses on one side of the frontier post, whilst two excise officers guarded the other. Standing out dark against the sky at the horizon, these troopers could be seen in every direction on the watch, while not an object seemed to escape their attention. The roads at this time were so deserted that it was rather an agreeable distraction to have two or three of these gentlemen occasionally pounding over the fields from different points of the compass to inquire our business. I often used to think what a very different reception they would get from an English farmer, even if they succeeded in understanding our system of hedges and fences. A Kentish yeoman, for instance, does not often object to a foxhunter who knows how to take his fences in clean style; but though I do not anticipate the day when hostile cavalry will be seen on English fields, still, if they should venture, this Prussian system must not be attempted, if commanders have any regard whatever for the skulls of their men. The day, I trust, will never arrive, when the spirit of Englishmen will be such, that even the smallest of our villages might be taken by six or seven troopers.

## CHAPTER IV.

## A SECOND VISIT TO GRAVELOTTE.

AT Luxemburg I met Mr. Norton, Mr. Sewell, and Mr. Lyman (all surgeons), who had just arrived from England, and at a later hour, De Kantzow. We spent the following day in making purchases, and in frequent visits to the Luxemburg Committee, to whose kindness we were indebted for four stamped brassards and some flags, as well as for the use of a large storeroom.

On the following morning, horses and carriages having been sent forward, I accompanied the three surgeons whom I have just named, by rail to Esch, having with us two vans laden with stores. I need not describe the difficulties which had arisen in Luxemburg, and which were continued here, between the custom house officers and De Kantzow and myself relative to our cases. It appeared that Luxemburg,

though included in the Zollverein, could not extend to our stores the same privilege which all other States in Europe accorded to the property of the Red Cross Societies. On the preceding day, De Kantzow and I spent some hours endeavouring to gain some concession, and we were led to believe that everything was satisfactorily arranged; but here at Esch we were again met by the inflexible douaniers. After a long struggle, the dispute ended in a compromise. luggage vans had not been opened since they came into the Principality; and, therefore, we were allowed, under guard, to take anything of an excisable nature over the frontier without duty. The mattresses, and such things as could not be taken on at once, were locked up at the inn. I paid 300 francs for the transit of the goods, and agreed to pay an excise officer, who was to mount guard over the remainder of the excisable goods, until they could be removed out of the territory. But it may be readily imagined, that even with horses, waggons, and the additional assistance of eight able-bodied men, all this was a work of time, especially as the inn, where we established a temporary depôt, was at some distance from the station.

I am happy to be able to acknowledge the assistance and support we received from the President of the Luxemburg Red Cross Committee, who happened to be present, and who kindly authorized us to requisition his horses at any time we might need them. Indeed, at all times when we were in want of their aid, M. de Scherff, and the members of the Luxemburg committee were most generous allies.

De Kantzow, all this time, had displayed that unflagging zeal and energy, which, on so many occasions at the commencement of our work, were of the greatest advantage, and it was with much regret that I separated from him, when other duties called him back to Luxemburg.

We left Esch at about three o'clock in the afternoon, some hours later than we had intended, and I registered a vow that I would never again take stores through Luxemburg. It was pleasant, however, to feel that our calèche, and two well-laden waggons, were bearing aid to those who were in so much need of it; as, with flags flying, and bells jingling on the horses' collars, we rattled along at a good pace, forming a very cheerful little procession. A party from Luxemburg had intended to accompany us with a large supply of provisions, but they were diverted from their intention by the news that, just over the border, some German troopers had been surprised and killed during the night by Gardes Champêtres in the village of Audun le Tiche.

There was evident excitement and a great exodus

of the inhabitants, owing to a threat that this village should be destroyed. Whatever may have been the reason, the posts were certainly less advanced this day than on my last visit, and it was not until we were approaching Aumetz that we again found troopers of an inquiring disposition.

Before reaching Briey, we came upon an encampment of cavalry, a park of artillery, and a pontoon train. Men were busily occupied cutting down the trees at the roadside; others were interlacing the branches and forming temporary huts; the horses stood in long lines, picketed to ropes pegged into the ground; the commissariat department was busy over slaughtered oxen, which were already finding their way into the camp-kettles. On the left of the road were dark, cumbrous-looking pontoons, on their waggons; little flags marked out the ambulance carriages; and on the other side of the road were the guns. a pretty scene; every object stood out clearly defined against the sky in the horizontal rays of the setting sun, except where obscured by the smoke which rose from the numerous fires.

On our arrival at Briey, our first care was to place all the luggage under cover, though we were compelled to leave the carriages in the open air. The horses came in for the first consideration; without them we should have been useless, and ordinary bars and bolts were, in these days, of little protection. Before we had time to settle ourselves, Hospital-Inspector Lehmann found us out. He was in great want of beds and certain drugs. Dysenteric cases were hourly increasing, and he had 170 on hand. Mr. Norton was able to give him much assistance; and for opium and carbolic acid the German doctors were most grateful. I did as much as I could in giving beds and blankets, without prejudice to the poor fellows at St. Privat, for whom, having regard to their isolated position, my share in the expedition was particularly intended.

There were no lamps in the street, but, with the aid of a man and a truck, I contrived to convey some red wine and cigars to the Mairie, and I was delivering these to the nurses for equal distribution in that hospital and amongst the neighbouring houses in which there were sick, when a German medical officer pounced upon me and demanded my written authority. In answer to a variety of questions, I thought it as well to pay black mail, in order that the sufferers might not lose everything on account of a dispute. There was much sickness in the town and neighbourhood, and I could not blame those doctors who used strong measures to obtain what was necessary for their patients. Perfect neutrality, or—to borrow the more felicitous expression which Mr. Graves, the

member for Liverpool, employed at the first public meeting of the English National Society—"perfect impartiality," was the object which I intended to keep in view, and, amongst the victims of the war, I never felt any difficulty in observing it.

Before we settled down for the night in our hotel, Mr. Norton, Mr. Sewell, and Mr. Lyman had gained a footing amongst their German confrères; in the first place, through the valuable contributions they were able to make in drugs and surgical necessaries (although these were comparatively small), but more especially by the readiness to do serious work which they displayed, and the intelligent energy with which they seconded the efforts of those whose powers were already overtaxed by incessant labour.

Early the next morning I visited three hospitals, and saw many whom I almost looked upon as old friends, although I had only seen them once or twice before, and I promised to convey letters for the patients, if they could have them written during the day.

At ten o'clock we started for St. Privat. At the depôt in this village I left a dozen of wine, some cigars, lanterns, candles, and matches, which I had promised to give the doctors, and this smoothed the way for us to the French hospital, where the twenty-five French surgeons, the almoners, and the wounded were very glad to see us.

Although in one building forty-five of these poor sufferers were lying on straw in the manner already described, I was glad to hear from Mr. Norton that he considered the hospitals surprisingly pure, notwithstanding the nature of the wounds, the fact that all had undergone operations more or less grave, and that they had no covering but the clothes they wore during the battles of the 14th, 16th, and 18th. We left them twenty-one mattresses, twenty blankets, twenty pillows, red wine, cognac, Robb's biscuits, chocolate, cigars, etc.

We had luncheon in the kitchen, which served the doctors as a mess-room. There was little evidence of the luxury which one usually associates with an officers' mess, and it could not produce more than two or three knives, forks, and spoons. A ham, three yards of bread, and some coffee and sugar, which we had with us, were most gratefully received by these gentlemen. It was with great regret that I left this French hospital. Irrespective of the acute sufferings of the unfortunate wounded, the surgeons seemed placed in such a very painful position, and the few paces to which their daily walks were limited were surrounded by everything that is most sad and desolate.

Early in the afternoon we drove to Amanvilliers, and here we met with similar scenes. Our flag soon attracted all the doctors, and we unloaded in the middle of the street. Leaving my companions to attend to the distribution of medical stores, I accompanied Dr. Boll, a young volunteer from Berlin, through some of the houses where sick and wounded were lying, and we also visited the little church where, from the western porch to the altar, wounded men were lying on straw.

I wish I were an artist able to paint the pictures which will ever remain graven on my memory, and to place upon canvas all the detail which would surround with so much warlike movement those painful groups to which the object of my mission compels me principally to refer. I feel that the result would be popular, for war to many people only excites ideas of pomp and victory. How few think of death and My picture now, for instance, would show a broad landscape under an afternoon sun, just between summer and autumn, chequered by long-trailing shadows of batteries of artillery and baggage trains, and flecked here and there with the glitter of lances, cuirasses and bayonets. But my aim on the day of which I write, though I was not blind to the picturesque incidents, was not to look out for the brilliant phases of war, but to seek in common with others, as far as was in my power, to lessen and alleviate some of the sad results by which I suppose

a great deal of glory was purchased. Some of the maimed wretches to whom I spoke quite brightened up when, pointing to their medals won in Denmark and Bohemia, I told them there was still room left on the uniform for another cross.

When we had almost exhausted our stores we returned to Jerusalem, the point where the roads meet close to St. Privat, and after a parting conversation with the German surgeons, who I think were beginning to appreciate the English plan of independent action, we pursued our journey to Ste. Marie aux Chênes. Having found that we had something still left for the Johanniter depôt, we obtained permission to make another personal distribution of chocolate and cigars which we had expressly saved. Here again some of the poor fellows recognized me; three had died during the morning, and in one case I felt very sick at heart as we tetanus had set in. left this necropolis; I knew that at a short distance from us an iron grip was tightening round Metz, and we could hear the steady boom of the guns sounding through the evening air.

Driving back to Briey through the village of Auboué, an officer ran after us, with a polite invitation from General von Kettler to join a party of officers who were sitting round a table in the street, drinking beer and listening to the strains of a fine military band. The General laughingly told my companions that they must consider themselves prisoners, as they had not the proper Prussian stamp on their brassards, and that I was the only one en règle. I replied that if he looked a little closer at my stamp he might think I was the most eligible of the party for a prison, as the stamp on it was that of General Count Palikao, the French Minister of War. This was one of the many occasions on which I was impressed with the futility or absolute inutility of some of the articles of the Convention of Geneva, as they are now interpreted, and of the utter uselessness of the brassard.

But of this I had had very striking proof the same morning. Whilst going round the hospitals, I was suddenly called away by some women to see how wounded Frenchmen were being forcibly taken from their beds to make room for German sick, a large number of dysentery eases having been brought in. I should be the last person to oppose myself to legitimate authority, especially supported by military law, nor would I venture to set up my opinion, in the face of qualified medical officers, as to the treatment of patients, but the acts which I was asked to witness were not in any way justified either by military or medical authority. The beds were wanted for Germans, therefore the French were compelled to leave them. A number of soldiers bearing stretchers went

to each house; a few small detachments, each man wearing the brassard on his arm and carrying a pistol, accompanied them; they entered and carried off the poor fellows, many of whom suffered an agony in the removal.

The women, whose devotion and kindness to the wounded I saw displayed to its fullest extent in Briey, struggled to retain their patients and succeeded in keeping some of the worst cases. Later in the day, those who had been taken away were again brought back, as no shelter could be found for them.

I began to think that my position as a "benevolent neutral" was becoming very serious, and more particularly so on the following morning, when, as I was leaving the town, a magistrate ran out of his house and begged me to go in and try to maintain the articles of the Convention of Geneva against some German soldiers, who were about to remove a wounded man, at the same time using threats towards himself if he offered any opposition. I went in and saw that the poor fellow could not be taken away without danger, but I had no authority to interfere. I ventured a remonstrance, and I hope the subject of the dispute was allowed to remain in his comfortable quarters.

Perhaps I shall never again revisit the pretty town of Briey, but it will always preserve a bright place in my memory, and this because it was the first place during the war where I experienced the courage, devotion, and loving care of French women for the wounded. Had they been the mothers, wives, or sisters of those whom they nursed, regardless of their nationality, they could not have been more unselfish and self-sacrificing. The slightest service rendered to one of their patients was a personal favour to themselves. It was beautiful to see them, as they performed their work with patience and cheerfulness, and with a perfect forgetfulness of all their own great troubles.

Mr. Sewell accompanied me back as far as Esch, to return on the next day with the stores which we had left there two days before.

# CHAPTER V.

#### SEDAN.

I had now done as much as it was possible to do with the means at my disposal; and as Mr. Norton and his party were independent of me—indeed, it was only by accident that we had met—I did not hesitate to leave them, particularly as they were fairly started, and had means of direct communication with the committee in London. I felt this to be the more imperative, as, during the whole journey, there was heavy firing towards the north-west, and there could be no doubt that a serious battle was being fought at no great distance. The country was covered with troops, and it was evident that I could render more service by running back into Belgium, forming a new expedition, and making a fresh start.

At Luxemburg I again fell in with De Kantzow, who was exhibiting an extraordinary amount of energy in

assisting Mr. Andressen to purchase carriages for an ambulance to be sent to Pont à Mousson, where a portion of the personnel was there ready to join it. In the course of the morning they had bought eight carriages of various shapes, including an omnibus, as well as eleven horses, with harness; they had also engaged drivers, and when I arrived they were occupied in completing the carriage furniture, etc. I was not entirely disinterested in wishing to see Mr. Andressen and the Johanniter Ritter with whom he was associated, complete their arrangements, as I was anxious to detach my old colleague—at such times, days act like months—and to enlist him in fresh work, so I tried to make myself useful to them. Late in the afternoon the whole was ready for a start, and drivers, horses, and carriages were paraded for a preliminary trial, and then were handed over to Mr. Andressen.

This being settled, De Kantzow and I were at liberty. I had not received any message from the Anglo-American party, but I had no doubt that they were *en route*. Communication with Paris being interrupted, it would have been worse than folly for me to attempt to find them.

We left the same night for Arlon, this being a better point from which to work, now that the war was daily being carried towards the west and south. Arlon was full of Belgian troops, and, at the late hour at which we arrived, it was no easy matter to find a bed; indeed, I am indebted to an officer of carabineers for allowing me to sleep in his room.

My predictions had been verified; and the great battle, the anticipation of which had hurried me from Paris, had been fought at Sedan. The reports which we received were very conflicting, but it was certain that the French had again yielded to the disciplined battalions which, a few days before, I had watched as they streamed along every road in the neighbourhood of Metz, conscious of their strength, proud of late victories, and anxious for fresh ones. When I heard the continuous roar of the cannon, I felt my utter powerlessness, knowing how impossible it would be for me, even if permitted to pass the dense column of troops, to be of service, unless aided by others. I had an ally, than whom I could not desire a more generous and hard-working associate. Our arrangements were speedily made, and early in the morning we were travelling as fast as four horses could take us towards the frontier.

The committee in London had promised to send out more personal assistance, and we knew that they were straining every nerve to keep pace with the impatience of the English public, who were so liberally supporting them: but the cry for help on the field of battle was too real to allow us to hesitate, and it was necessary for those whom we expected might arrive at any hour that the way should be marked out. We had, therefore, enlisted four English volunteers, including a lady and her maid, all of whom were most anxious for employment amongst the wounded. We had with us some drugs, linen, chocolate, and cigars, and on the road we bought bread, red wine, and cognac, and every corner of the carriage was stuffed with useful packets.

On our arrival at Florenville, the last village on the Belgian frontier, I was fortunately recognized by a lancer as a friend of his commanding officer, and we soon found Colonel Charmet, who informed us of the actual state of affairs. He also told us that permission had been given to receive wounded men on Belgian territory; and he placed at our disposal the schoolhouse and other large buildings, in case we should wish to use them. But no wounded had been brought in, so, leaving our female volunteers at Florenville, we determined to push our reconnaissance a little farther.

As we approached the frontier, the general excitement became more and more apparent, and unfortunate refugees, with their household gods, were crowding in upon the *no man's* land which stretches between France and Belgium. Soon we were in France. At the first village we were directed to the

schoolhouse, where a hospital had been rapidly and most admirably extemporized by the schoolmaster, aided by a carpenter. Here eight Frenchmen were lying, but they required no additional assistance.

As we advanced, the terrible effects of the fighting were manifested in all their horrible intensity: here a dead soldier, lying on his back, with eyes wide open and hands extended; there a peasant, a victim to his nationality; and a little further on, a horse, with as much expression on its face as on that of its late rider, lying stretched at its side. All around, waste and destruction; tumbrils, guns, waggons, small arms, and broken material of all kinds, strewn as far as the eye could reach, and overhanging all, a dark canopy of smoke, which rose from the burning village of Bazeilles.

At Douzy we went into several hospitals, and distributed comfort as far as it was in our power to do so; the German surgeons told us that we were most welcome, as their duties were quite beyond their strength, and their stores could not last more than two days, even with the most rigid economy.

Again the sœurs de charité were conspicuous by the complete manner in which they had converted their houses into a hospital, and for the care and love they were bestowing on the sufferers left in their charge. But night was closing in, so, notwithstanding our wish to enter the town of Sedan, which was just in front of us, we felt that our duty was to return into Belgium, and thence to forward additional aid. It was nearly eleven o'clock P.M. when we arrived at Florenville, and leaving our companions with Belgian friends, who promised to commence a campaign of usefulness with them in the morning, De Kantzow and I changed horses, and started at midnight for Arlon, which we considered as our future base of operations.

Florenville is a compact village, with an ordinary population of 2000, but this night about 8000 refugees were thrown upon the hands of the inhabitants. Substantial food could not be obtained, and we had to satisfy ourselves with bread-and-butter. Straw was being spread in every available corner for the unexpected visitors. M. Nothomb, and his brother M. Gustave Nothomb, were at Florenville for the shooting season, and they gave up their own beds to our party. This was only one of many proofs of the kindness and hospitality we received from these gentlemen, and to which I shall have other opportunities to refer.

The night was what a Frenchman would term un véritable temps de chien; rain and hail fell in torrents, and it was fortunate that our carriage had a hood to afford us some protection. Keeping back to back, in

order to retain as much warmth as possible in our bodies, we found occasional amusement, sometimes in picturing to ourselves the position of the four unaccredited volunteers we had left behind us without any resource whatever, except their own willing hearts and the hospitality of our newly found friends, but more frequently there was subject for laughter in the fears of our coachman, whose nerves were considerably shaken by the scenes he had witnessed, and by the constant challenge of the Belgian sentries. often since remarked that to pass the Belgian lines at this time was more difficult than to pass the German or French lines at any period during the war. gian soldiers literally swarmed along the frontier. At least twenty times we were brought to a stand by the words, "Qui va là?" and in reply to the answer "Ambulance Anglaise," (a most comprehensive title), we received permission to pass. A few steps further on, "Halte là!" and a sentry stood at the heads of the horses, with his rifle at the charge; while another had his muzzle directed towards the coachman.

Somebody was seen coming from a hut, where the officer on duty was trying to beguile the slow hours of the night, and after our faces had been scanned by the aid of a lantern, I had to go to the cabin to verify my assertions. The officer and myself proved to be old acquaintances of the Camp of Beverloo, and

after a little wine, which was very acceptable, we were allowed to proceed, with the additional advantage of a soldier on the box with the coachman, until we had passed all the military posts. The coachman scarcely liked the weapon near him, and he said, in the most comical manner, "Je ne suis pas accoutumé à ça." Soon after five in the morning we drove up to our hotel at Arlon, after a run of twenty hours.

Leaving De Kantzow busy hiring waggons and horses, I went on at noon to Luxemburg to make purchases, which extended from lucifers at two sous the box to fifty beds complete with blankets and pillows; from a packet of salt to fifty dozen of wine, from a pound of candles to a hundred-weight of chocolate.

And here, in explanation of the responsibility my colleague and myself assumed, I may state that we were in complete ignorance of the state of the funds in the hands of the Committee in London; all the money that had been entrusted to me, as well as my own private resources, was exhausted. But to this we gave little thought; if ten thousand pounds had been necessary to alleviate the terrible sufferings we were witnessing, I should not have hesitated to spend it, for I had perfect faith that England would support us. Meanwhile De Kantzow placed £300 at my disposal from his own purse.

At Luxemburg I met Mr. and Mrs. Chater and Mr. Lloyd, who had just come from England, and their arrival was encouraging proof of the energy of the London Committee. They returned with me in the evening to Arlon.

Early in the morning, two heavily laden waggons having been sent on during the night, we all started for Florenville.

Here we were joined by those whom we had left behind us two days before, and who had not only spent the intervening time labouring on the battlefield of Sedan, and in obtaining much useful information, but they had also succeeded in making several friends amongst the German medical officers. wounded men had yet been brought across the frontier, so we went on to Douzy with our personnel and matériel, the "amateur" element being further supplemented by the two brothers Nothomb, who were of the very greatest assistance to us. A young Saxon doctor aided us to find rooms in a house for our party of ten; a room upstairs was given to the ladies, and one below was appropriated to the seven men and the stores; the kitchen served also as diningroom.

Within half an hour we were established: one swept the floors, another opened bales and packages, which our drivers assisted us to carry into the house, a third arranged the stores, leaving a clear place in the centre of the room in anticipation of bedtime. Appeals for help came in before the waggons were unloaded, and three or four of the party hurried off with pails of wine and water, and baskets of bread and biscuit. All worked well and cheerfully.

Our establishment was far from complete, and it was necessary to go out on a foraging expedition; for although the villagers were most ready to help us, particularly as we paid ready money, and that in their own coin, there were certain things which it was impossible to purchase, and the want of which we had M. Nothomb, who amongst not had time to foresee. his other offices, had kindly undertaken that of chef de cuisine, with the lady's maid as assistant, required many things, and firstly, fuel for the fire. candidly own that I was the first to appropriate property of people who had fled, and I am sure they would not blame me for taking that which, under the circumstances, was sure to pass sooner or later into the possession of others. The deserted railway station, which bore signs of a recent bivouac, was filled with débris, straw, and broken pieces of stale food, and in it I came upon quite a valuable mine of coal, and the secret of this I only confided to two persons. found some crockery to add to our very limited stock, and in another place a spade, with which the indefatigable M. Nothomb dug up some potatoes, which a short time afterward I saw him washing and paring. Nor was his brother less industriously employed; he held various offices, of which the principal was Master of the Horse.

A large railway shed, about three hundred yards from our door, was full of Germans ill with fever, chiefly of a typhoid character. Opposite were two or three houses filled with wounded men, and one in which the fever was decidedly of an infectious character.

That evening we did not carry our investigations very far: it was evident that food was the relief most required by the patients, and we devoted ourselves to satisfy this important need.

We were just concluding our day's labour (the words day and night at that time had little significance, except that one meant darkness and the other light), and our dinner was emitting a most agreeable odour under the experienced management of our cooks, when a spendid specimen of humanity, in the form of a white guardsman, mounted on an equally fine specimen of horseflesh, arrived with a letter from an officer of the Crown Prince of Saxony's staff, requesting that one of us would immediately go to Mouzon, to take charge of the property which had belonged to poor Colonel Pemberton, who was shot

on the 1st near Bazeilles. Horses were at once har-M. Nothomb insisted on accompanying me (his duties in the kitchen being over), and we started off, under the guidance of the aforesaid guards-A brisk trot—our driver was too cautious a man to allow much distance to intervene between himself and the white uniform - brought us to Mouzon in less than an hour, and we rattled through the old archway and along the narrow and tortuous streets, which were thronged with soldiers endeavouring to find shelter for the night. Our conductor halted in front of a house (an apothecary's shop in ordinary times) where a Knight of St. John had established himself. Count Arnim, who was riding with Colonel Pemberton at the time of his death, a Saxon doctor who assisted to pick him up, Major Holleman, and other members of the Prince's staff, came in, and gave us all the information in their power as to the death of one who, though so recently a stranger to them, had evidently made himself a great favourite. They also expressed the great regret that every one felt, that poor Pemberton's property, which, by the orders of the Prince had been locked up in what was thought to be a safe place, should have been pillaged during the night. As it was the wish of the Prince that I should take away the horses and such things as had not been stolen, Nothomb and I availed ourselves of Freiherr von Albedyll's invitation to sleep on the floor of one of his rooms. Our horses were fastened to a tree in the centre of a bivouac, and our man was confided to the care of a number of drivers who were lying round a fire close by.

Provisions were evidently scarce, for our host, though a man of rank and position at Head Quarters, could only offer us some potatoes; but, as he said, when his orderly shot about three gallons out of a sack in a corner of his bedroom, "they are excellent, and they come from Germany."

Soon after four o'clock in the morning, trumpets sounded in all directions, and there was a general movement of troops; the Saxon army was to continue its march towards Paris. At six o'clock, I presented myself at the house occupied by the Crown Prince of Saxony, and permission was given to me to remove Colonel Pemberton's property, and an officer was told off to attend me. His Royal Highness expressed the great sorrow he felt at the sad occurrence, which was perfectly unexpected, as all firing in the neighbourhood where Pemberton fell had apparently ceased.

It was a curious circumstance that I found a friend in Captain von Planitz, of the Saxon Guard, whom I remembered as a boy some years ago, when I was on a visit to his father on his estate near Dresden. I also met with another friend, Dr. Roth, the Surgeonin-Chief of the Saxon army.

As Colonel Pemberton's German servant was strongly supected of being the thief, I insisted that he should be taken into custody and examined by the field-police; but nothing was found on him, except evidence that he had been pillaging a poor woman's house, which was confirmed by the woman herself.

Having completed our business, Nothomb and I put into the carriage five wounded men whom we met dragging themselves along the road, and we mounted the ownerless horres and rode back to Douzy. On arriving our friends soon provided us with some soup, which was very acceptable, as we had tasted nothing but potatoes and coffee for twenty hours.

## CHAPTER VI.

"Wheresoever lay the wounded
Hospital, or Church, or Shed,
Waved therefrom the glorious symbol,
Waved the White Flag Crossed with Red."

During my short absence much had been done towards the establishment of an English hospital. A deserted café had been annexed; and with such little help as could be enlisted, our small staff had washed out the rooms, unscrewed the iron tables, and cleared away all superfluous furniture. Straw beds had been made upon the floor, male nurses had been engaged and instructed, and at 7 p.m. thirty-seven wounded men of both armies were given over to the care of Dr. Chater. De Kantzow, with that generous energy I so much admired, but which I advised him to economize and devote to a smaller field, as he could not hope to administer personally to thousands, had gone off at five o'clock in the morning with Lloyd, in

charge of a waggon laden with surgical dressings, brandy, wine, water, and cigars. They came back to us in the afternoon with sad stories of the scenes they had witnessed.

As it was necessary that somebody should return into Belgium to organize a system of transport, and I felt that I could best be spared, I set off at once for Florenville, where I parted with De Kantzow and Nothomb, who had gone thither to purchase fresh food. Having changed horses, I drove on to Marbehan Railway Station. Here I found Mr. Crookshank, whom I at once sent to Douzy, as a valuable addition to our medical staff.

At Arlon I was delighted to hear that Captain H. Brackenbury had arrived at Luxemburg, and in reply to a telegram, he joined me in the evening.

I cannot describe the pleasure I experienced in seeing Brackenbury arrive. I felt at first as if he had saved my life, and I am not quite sure now that I do not owe him a renewal of its lease. During thirty-three days I had travelled many hundreds of miles, and had laboured incessantly. I had felt that, although at the commencement of the war England had no complete organization to direct the generous sympathy which was certain to be evoked, and which was now flowing through innumerable channels, she would before long show that her people

were not only liberal but practical. Still, when entering upon the work, it was far from my wish or intention to take any prominent position. I started from England as a simple pioneer, having the advantage of personal acquaintance with the principal leaders of the Red Cross movement in the other European States: responsibility and authority had been thrust upon me by circumstances, and I did not hesitate to retain both as long as it was almost indispensable I should do so. In fact, I was in a position from which retreat would have been disgrace.

But now Brackenbury had arrived on the scene, fresh from home, armed with unlimited powers by the Committee of the National Society, and what is even more to the purpose, with the will, energy, and capacity to fulfil the mission that had been entrusted to him, I gladly handed over to him reins which fatigue and exhaustion rendered me unfit to retain, and which in a few hours I felt must fall from my The work had been at the highest pressure: but I avail myself of this opportunity to express my recognition of the able manner in which Colonel Loyd-Lindsay and the committee endeavoured to support me, and all those who, like me, were treading on new ground, and striving to keep pace with the philanthropic impulses of our countrymen at home. Now relief had arrived, supported by the committee with a liberality that was fully authorized by the financial state of our society, and I felt that I might retire for a time from the anxieties of a novel and responsible post, though I still hoped to be of some use to those with whom I had been associated.

The morning after my arrival at Arlon, Brackenbury came in from Luxemburg, and the same afternoon we left by train for Marbehan, where my carriage ought to have been, but this had been appropriated by a friend who did not expect that I should so soon require it. We therefore had to avail ourselves of the *malle*poste, in which we reached Florenville at midnight.

This little town was more crowded than ever with troops and refugees, and we had great difficulty in procuring any supper. A bed seemed a luxury impossible to obtain. After wandering about in the rain without in any way improving our position, I became desperate, and thinking that one of the brothers Nothomb might by chance be in his apartment we unscrupulously knocked at the door. Mr. G. Nothomb was there, with another gentleman, and they insisted on giving up one bed to let us lie down.

My carriage being here with a fresh change of horses, we went on in the morning accompanied by the Hon. Reginald Capel, whilst the stores of which he was in charge followed us, under the care of two surgeons, Mr. Duncan and Mr. Watson who had just arrived from England.

During the morning we held a little meeting, at which I was asked to act as Director of the Douzy hospital, with Chater as principal medical officer, and to this arrangement I consented, on condition that I should be released when the hospital might be in working order.

De Kantzow came in with the welcome news that he had discovered Dr. Frank and Mr. Blewitt in a hospital at Balan, the branch of a greater establishment which the Anglo-American party had established at Sedan. I had given up the hope of being again associated with this ambulance, and was quite ignorant of its whereabouts, and it was a great pleasure to hear that it had arrived at Sedan on the very eve of the battle.

Although it was never my good fortune to be on the muster-roll of the Anglo-American ambulance, I am quite sure that not one of its members will grudge me the satisfaction I feel in having been, with Dr. Frank, Dr. MacCormac, Dr. Pratt, and Captain De Kantzow, one of its original promoters. Even in the most doubtful days of its existence, I always maintained that if the Anglo-American ambulance had fair play and moderate encouragement it must come to the front, and I shall have another opportunity to show that my faith in it was well-founded.\*

<sup>\*</sup> As an instance of the uncertainty of communication, it was even

Late in the afternoon, in a light cart purchased for speed, Brackenbury and I drove to Balan. We passed along an avenue of trees, unbroken, except where bivouac requirements and shot had lately removed a few of them, to Bazeilles, which is between one and two miles from Douzy. Traces of the recent battle were evident on every inch of ground, and the mitrail-leuse cartridge-cases plainly indicated where these infernal machines had dealt slaughter amongst the German troops.

Bazeilles must have been a pretty and a prosperous village, the walls of the church and nearly all the houses being of yellow sandstone, well cut and with considerable ornament. The fine château of Montvillier (the property of the Comte de Fiennes), then occupied by an ambulance from Luxemburg, surrounded by beautiful gardens and large forest trees, stands almost in its centre. With the exception of this mansion, I only counted one house that was not utterly destroyed: bare, blackened, and crumbling walls stood in grim contrast with the luxuriant verdure of the trees in the château gardens, windowframes and gutter-pipes hung down, swinging to and fro in the wind; masses of stone and heaps of débris

after this time that I received a card from Dr. Frank, to the effect that the Anglo-American ambulance had arrived at Mézières, and requesting me to join it.

of all kinds encumbered the road and made it very difficult to pass. Nothing in Bazeilles was left as it was but one short week before; the placid Meuse alone seemed unaffected by the blast of waste and desolation that had swept along its banks, and its waters were flowing on tranquilly to other lands which had been spared the misery of this worse than pestilence.

In the mairie at Balan we found Dr. Frank and Mr. Blewitt hard at work, and as I watched them from bed to bed, I felt that if our Society had no other work to show than that here exhibited, we might well have reason to be grateful. The building bore many marks of the perils to which these gentlemen, and those who aided them—namely, Mesdames Godefrin and Marquez, M. Sauvage, a dyer of Balan, and the two daughters of the schoolmaster of the village, who managed the culinary department—had been exposed on the eventful day of Sedan.\* The windows were shattered by bullets which, passing on, had left their traces on walls and furniture; here and there, too, heavier metal had penetrated.

In the *mairie* and neighbouring houses were 120 patients, among which there were many cases of ex-

<sup>\*</sup> Mr. Blewitt, early on the morning of the 1st of September, had gone into Sedan at great personal risk with forty wounded men, whom in anticipation of other arrivals at Balan it was necessary to turn out, and it was not until the morning of the 2nd that he was able to rejoin Dr. Frank.

treme gravity. One man who was walking about was pointed out with evident satisfaction by Dr. Frank; he had been brought in on the 1st of September with a deep shell gash in the neck, and the Doctor, under fire and single-handed, succeeded in tying the common carotid artery.

Dr. Frank and M. Sauvage, in another gig, accompanied us into Sedan. Pretty villas, surrounded by gardens, then filled with horses and baggage-waggons, border the short road which leads from Balan to the city. Although Sedan was literally packed with French and German troops, the shops were open, business seemed flourishing, especially in the boucheries hippophagiques and the general provision shops. Everybody was apparently, if not really, gay. This perhaps arose from the fact that the battle had been fought, the short siege raised, and peace was expected.

We passed through the town, and mounted the steep hill to the Caserne d'Asfeld, where the Anglo-American ambulance had four hundred beds.

Here we found Dr. MacCormac, Dr. Webb, Dr. Wyman and Mr. Hewett (surgeons), and Mr. Scott and Mr. Ryan (dressers), who constituted the English section of the establishment; Dr. Marion Sims, who in conjunction with Dr. MacCormac was Surgeon-in-Chief of the ambulance, Dr. Pratt, Dr. May,

Dr. Tilghman, Dr. Nicoll, Mr. Hayden, Mr. Wallis and Mr. Harry Sims, who formed the American contingent.

Everything was in admirable order, and Englishmen and Americans were working most harmoniously together, all justly proud of their work. Darkness was setting in, and our engagements would not allow us to remain very long here, so promising immediate aid, we started off on our return journey.

This little excursion was not without exciting in-It was very dark when we left the hospital, cidents. and rain was falling in torrents. Frank and Sauvage were leading the way in a gig; Brackenbury and I followed, he driving, and I holding a lantern in one hand and a finger of the other in the neck of a bottle of chloroform, the stopper of which had been lost. Crossing a drawbridge, flanked on each side by stone posts, we came in contact with one of these passive but objectionable guardians: up we tilted, and over went Brackenbury, as I thought, into the ditch. Fortunately, however, this was not the case; he had fallen on the bridge, and still clinging to the reins he speedily righted himself. I clung to the cart and saved the chloroform; but the lantern, the precious loan of Dr. Webb, was in many pieces.

On arriving at Balan, Brackenbury discovered that he had lost a small travelling bag with a considerable sum of money in it.

M. Sauvage volunteered to go back with me to look for it; and just at the entrance of Sedan I said to him that as he was acquainted with the town he had better take the reins. We were swinging along at a good pace, and as we were approaching the city gate I was on the look-out for stone posts, when I saw one of the monsters just ahead of us. Scarcely had the words "a droite" passed my lips when there was a crash; my companion was dashed violently to the ground. The cart recovered its equilibrium, and I was still in it; but not liking my helpless position, for my friend had carried the reins away with him, I jumped out and succeeded in catching the horse by the head. Believing that I had another case for a hospital, I was delighted to hear the voice of M. Sauvage, who assured me that he was not hurt beyond a few bruises. Our vehicle, strange to say, was uninjured, and we again got into it, passed through the city, borrrowed a lantern at the gate, found the purse in a puddle of water just where Brackenbury had fallen, and drove back to Balan.

Here we had supper, with Frank and his Staff, in the room of a wounded French officer of the 19th battalion of chasseurs, and who, though in bed, joined not only in the conversation but in the meal. Thence we drove to Douzy; Capel, Brackenbury and De Kantzow left the same night for Arlon. As I have already hinted, I now considered myself comparatively free and at liberty to enjoy a little leisure.

Mr. and Mrs. Chater, who had gone into a house opposite to our head-quarters, kindly allowed me to make up a bed on the floor of their sitting-room, until I could find other quarters. This apartment had evidently been the home of a railway official until the war drove him and his family away. There was a tracing-board, with plans and papers on it; writingtable, with railway statistics, etc.; a sideboard with glass, china and plated articles. Nor must I forget a suspended cradle, from which it was easy to conclude that the late occupant was a père de famille. Hanging on a peg was the coat with embroidered collar of a railway chef, and below it were the poor man's slippers.\* We endeavoured as little as possible to disturb the arrangement of the room; yet I could not but think, as I rolled myself up for the night in a rug, with an air cushion brrowed from the store for a pillow, that it would be rather awkward should the lawful occupant arrive.

The next day, in compliance with the request of the housekeeper of a lady who had fled from the village, and was most anxious to have a member of

<sup>\*</sup> It is such apparently insignificant details which enable us to fathom the real miseries war entails.

our society as a protection to her property, I took possession of the house next to Chater's. This arrangement suited me admirably. I had a large and comfortably-furnished bedroom, from which I could speak with the occupants of the depôt.

Evidently kleptomania was one of the diseases which prevailed at this time. On the previous day we had lost a horse and saddle, and during the night my reins had disappeared, and I was obliged to substitute a rope. Complaints were almost useless, as all things seemed to be more or less in common, and within a few hours the lost steed was replaced, without purchase. French cavalry horses were scattered over the fields, and of these the Germans took as many as they required for remounts; others wandered about, and it was a kindness to take compassion on the poor ownerless brutes. Often have I seen them lie down patiently to wait for death, when unable to find a tuft of grass on the wasted fields. We bought horses at prices varying from five shillings to five pounds, with saddle and bridle complete; and many of my friends had horses given to them by officers who could not find food for them. Thanks to M. Gustave Nothomb, who frequently rode into Belgium to purchase fodder for us, all our horses were in very fair condition.

## CHAPTER VII.

## TEN DAYS ON THE FIELD OF SEDAN.

And now I must try to give an idea of the way in which we spent the days at Douzy.

In a little room, attached to our own quarters, we had a young Bavarian officer who had received a ball through the chest, and he was attended by a most faithful servant. We all felt the greatest interest in the poor fellow; but from the first we had little hope that his life would be spared. His answer was always the same, to the question as to how he felt, "Gut, ganz gut." After a few days we telegraphed to his parents, but the poor lad was dead before his father arrived, and we buried him a few yards from our house, where so many had been placed before him.\*

\* Twenty hours later, the body was exhumed. The poor father (Herr Knittel), who had arrived from Bavaria, uncovered the face and recognized his son. Here, again, at the grave humanity reasserted itself, when the aged French Curé endeavoured, through an English medium, to speak words of comfort to a German.

In the opposite houses we had two Germans and three Frenchmen, and in the building we called our hospital there were thirty-three wounded men—all, with four exceptions, Germans. Mr. Chater and his staff were also working with a German doctor in another hospital, in which there were forty-five patients, for whom we also furnished food. Nearly all our patients were on straw; but this, after my experience at Saint Privat, would not have troubled me, had we been able to procure enough of it. Independently of those I have enumerated, not a day passed but we had to supplement the meals given at other hospitals, and in a stationary train of railway waggons in which sick men were lying.

The work commenced each morning at six, when we carried round coffee and bread and butter to the different houses. The doctors then began their regular labours; and when dressings had been finished, and operations performed, they were always ready to lend a helping hand to their German confrères. We met together in the kitchen for luncheon at twelve and dinner at seven. The night-work, of course, depended on the state of the patients.

The ladies were indefatigable; and though, in the course of my narrative, I may sometimes seem to be opposed to the presence of ladies with an army, I will anticipate any chance of being misunderstood, by at

once admitting that here, in my opinion, they were in their proper sphere. Under some circumstances they materially encumber an ambulance, but in sedentary establishment they are of the greatest advantage, as nurses for the sick and wounded, and as housekeepers.

It would, perhaps, be an impertinence in me to express all the gratitude which, as the lay director of the English hospital at Douzy, I felt towards Mrs. Chater, the wife of our excellent "Generalstabsarzt," and the recollection of whose services will always preserve a large place in my memory. This little record of our work would not, however, be complete, if I did not acknowledge, in an especial manner, the services of this ladv. From early morning until a late hour at night, she was always busy; and I can, I think, say nothing more true than that she displayed the courage, versatility, and adaptive power of a Frenchwoman, united with the best qualities of an Englishwoman.\*

One lady was there whose active energy, unflagging zeal, and kindness of heart brought comfort to many a bedside. She laboured afterwards at Sedan, and died a few months later of an illness contracted in the hospitals.

Nor must I omit to mention the English servant,

<sup>\*</sup> Mrs. Chater is a native of France.

whose assistance in our kitchen and elsewhere confirmed my belief that English ladies'-maids are like their mistresses. When there is work to be done—especially such employment as we were then engaged in—they are equal to men in energy, and surpass them in perseverance.

I have thought it right to acknowledge these services, because they were performed by persons who were not members of our society (Mrs. Chater was enrolled a little later); and their aid was given, without hesitation, at a time when it was of inestimable value to the poor fellows lying at Douzy, and when I should have been almost useless without it.

My holiday consisted of ten days in Douzy, in the most blissful state of dependence on Brackenbury and Capel for all important supplies. Sedan could furnish us with many things; and almost every day I rode into the town, to forage for hospital comforts and little alimentary changes for our own table. On each of these occasions I visited the Anglo-Americans at the Caserne d'Asfeld, and Dr. Frank at Balan.

One day I met Sir Henry Havelock at Sedan, and as he told me that Mrs. Mason, Miss M'Laughlin, and Miss Neligan were at Donchery, I rode thither on the following day. Sir Henry, who has a way of making things move which is peculiarly English, and which at this time was of great advantage to the

little party he was directing, joined us at luncheon, and I spent a very agreeable hour comparing notes and experiences.

It is quite unnecessary for me to describe many of the curious places I saw at this time. Sedan itself deserves a volume: the spot where Napoleon III. surrendered himself a prisoner; the captured guns, over which a single sentry was deemed to be sufficient guard; the prisoners' island, etc. All these matters have been accurately described and illustrated by accomplished writers and artists, and I will not weaken the vivid impressions they have conveyed.

The weather was now most unpleasant; drizzling rain permeated everything, and the roads, which the constant passage of troops had ploughed up, were converted into rivers of mud.

The German plan of quickly removing the sick is good in principle, but often during the war I had occasion to think that too little discretion was used by those who directed these movements. I saw wounded men taken from hospital to hospital in Sedan, through rain and wind, and the same answer invariably met them, "Not an empty corner available." In the entrance hall of the Theatre I saw men with fever lying on stretchers in a cold draught, whilst the bearers were running about for instructions. Much better would it have been for the poor fellows had they been

left in the country cottages from which they were brought. I do not write this by way of throwing blame upon any one, as I well know that in war we must not expect to meet with perfect systems, except those which are intended to realize the objects for which wars are undertaken; I mention such facts simply to indicate one phase of the suffering which war necessarily entails.

Another day, with the object of ascertaining whether help was required at Bouillon, whither the wounded were then allowed to be removed, I rode across country to that town. As I passed over the deserted fields, I was able to understand many circumstances of the fight of which I was before ignorant.

A few men here and there were still occupied making graves for the dead, and in some places the bodies of horses were thickly strewn.

It was quite a relief to me, after passing through La Chapelle, which had only received a few shots, to reach the high ground above the village, and to see before me the lovely undulating lines of the Belgian Ardennes, with its thick fringe of dark pine woods relieved with small plots of bright green pasture. What a change from the misery and desolation I had just left! The pretty little town which nestles in a bend of the river Samoy, at the foot of the rock on which stands the old castle of Godefroi de Bouillon,

was completely blocked with ambulance waggons, filled with French and German wounded.

My friend, Colonel Charmet, being then Commandant of this town, I soon found him out, and he accompanied me through the comfortably arranged hospitals, in which Belgian charity and sympathy were so admirably displayed. My companion seemed quite a friend of all the patients; he had a word for each, and distributed amongst them French and German newspapers. At a later hour, he rode with me to the frontier, and pointed out the place where a few days before he had called on a group, which included the Emperor Napoleon, to surrender themselves, as they were on neutral territory. He was afterwards appointed to escort the Imperial prisoner through Belgium to Germany.

I returned by a different route, and passed through La Givonne, the scene of some of the hardest fighting on the 1st of September. Hearing the voice of a lady exclaim from a window, "Ah, voila Monsieur Furley," I pulled up, and found some friends from Brussels in charge of a few patients.

Sedan, this day, was more blocked than usual, and it looked as if the streets never could be cleared without the intervention of the A Division. I was astonished at the number of friends I encountered at the Court House, every room in which was converted

to the purposes of a hospital. I met with General Pletincks, Vice-President of the Belgian Society, who, with his staff of volunteers, was established here; and in the street I met Miss Pearson, who had just arrived from England, whither she had been to ask for more aid; then Dr. Parker; a little further on M. de Leu, Echevin of Ghent, and M. Cornet, of the Belgian office of Foreign Affairs.

It is impossible to exaggerate the amount of good that was accomplished by the Belgian people, especially during the few days which followed the battle of Sedan, in consequence of the permission which was given by the belligerents for the passage of invalids across the frontier.

On one of the Sundays I spent at Douzy, some of our party went out for a long walk over the battlefield, our principal object being to identify, if possible, the grave of Colonel Pemberton, about which I had received several communications.

It was certainly a most melancholy walk; we rambled for three or four miles amongst the *débris* of the fight, the frequent graves marked occasionally by a name, a helmet, or a sword. Amongst the few persons whom we met in the course of our walk was Mr. Scott, the Chamberlain of the City of London. We returned through Bazeilles, calling on the way at the Châteua de Montvillier, which was then used as a Bayarian

The gardens were in great disorder, but hospital. their beauty still remained. Some trees had been cut down to allow of the passage of artillery and baggage trains; others had been stripped of their branches to the height of fifteen or twenty feet; bivouac huts, knapsacks, arms, and camp litter of all kinds were strewn over the ground. The margin of the lake was used as a washing place, and for watering horses. The court-yard was full of ambulance waggons, and the turf was dotted with new graves, some of which bore signs of considerable care and affection; here, a rudely constructed cross of wood, surrounded by flowers transplanted from neighbouring parterres; there, a space hedged with laurel, in its centre a needle-gun, stuck into it muzzle downwards, with a chako hung upon it.

Amidst the ruins of the village were still to be seen the charred remains of human beings, and at the corner of one street we found some bones, and the remains of a hand and a foot, a cartouche-box and some metal buttons, all that was left to show that here a soldier had been burnt. While exploring the interior of one of the houses,—if I may use such an expression with regard to ruins that almost prevented the possibility of distinguishing one property from another,—we were creeping cautiously over the stones to avoid the danger of falling into a cellar, or bring-

ing fragments of wall upon us, when amongst the rubbish we saw a charred body looking more like a mummy than anything else, but the buttons proved that the man had belonged to the *infanterie de la marine*. At his side were the burnt remains of two cows and a pig. I met with a man glad enough to earn a little money by providing graves for all that was left of human beings who had perished in the flames of Bazeilles.

I have only indicated some of the horrors which we daily witnessed; I might fill pages with an account of them, but to what purpose? I could do no good, and should only shock the feelings of others, at the same time reviving in my own heart the sad impressions which I then experienced. A few such details must be given, or else some of those for whom I am writing would fail to realize in the smallest degree what war really is, and that to be left dead on the battle-field is not the worst thing that can happen to a soldier.

Much has been written about the burning of the village of Bazeilles. I can only regard it as one of those terrible events which are inseparable from war, but I will not pretend to justify it. It is possible that some of the inhabitants may have fired on the German troops; but soldiers, when they are in an enemy's country, must not expect to be received with

I was talking to a German officer on the open arms. subject, and he said that civilians had no right to take up arms against an invader, and that the example given at Bazeilles would be repeated over the whole of France, if it were necessary. I told him that I should feel ashamed of my own country if I thought that, in the event of an invasion, every hand would not be raised to repel it; and if every inhabitant, when obliged to retreat before the enemy, would not be ready to sacrifice his own property rather than allow it to be used as shelter for a foe. Military critics may not share in my views, for the reason that they would look first to their own position when acting on the offensive, if such irregular warfare were permitted, whilst I am expressing the sentiments of those who look upon self-defence as the first law of nature, and who still believe that "dulce et decorum est pro patriá mori."

Take the position of an honest and hard-working labourer or mechanic, who troubles his head little about politics: he hears of wars and rumours of wars, and perhaps at the village inn or his club he likes, as he smokes his pipe, to listen to accounts of battles as somebody reads scraps from the letters of our "Special Correspondents;" and he wonders what the fools can be fighting about, thinking it much better to live at peace with all the world. If an invader were to ap-

proach the home of this man, in all probability he would be one of the first to furbish up any old rook gun he could find, and because the indiscretion of such an one had compromised the whole village, therefore the enemy turns aside to destroy every house in the parish.\*

The real truth will probably never be known about Bazeilles, which was utterly destroyed; Mézières (Seine-et-Oise), where sixty-three houses were burnt; Ablis, where 103 houses were burnt, and other places; but my heart is filled with sorrow when I think of the hundreds of innocent persons who suffered on account of the acts of a few individuals, who, in their ignorance, thought they could help the soldiers of their country.† Their ignorance is pardonable. Should England ever be subjected to the miseries of an invasion, if I am not attached to any other force, I hope I shall be found amongst the *ignoranti*.

<sup>\*</sup> I am not taking an exaggerated case. In France I have seen a villager with a double barrelled breech-loading shot gun going into a field to practise, as he told me, ready for the arrival of "ces sâcrés Prussiens."

<sup>†</sup> I shall take another occasion to allude to the *francs-tireurs*. Their proceedings I separate entirely from such acts as those to which I have above referred.

## CHAPTER VIII.

" Quis talia fando Temperet a lacrymis?"

HAVING heard that Colonel Campbell and Major Barrington were on their way from England to search for the body of Colonel Pemberton, I rode out one morning to make another attempt to find the grave. The indications given by the Crown Prince of Saxony and his staff were very precise, but the instructions given by His Royal Highness as to a memorial stone had not been attended to. I inspected the ground in every direction, but without obtaining any clue. Near Daigny I reached the spot where a battery of mitrailleuses had been placed. The position at first was a good one, and judging from the quantity of cartridge cases lying about, the fire from this point must have been pretty hot. But there was no doubt that the German artillery found it out; the ground was ploughed up with shells and surrounded by graves, each of which held from fifteen to thirty bodies, whilst the carcasses of dead horses were thickly strewn around, filling the air with the odour of putrefaction. On leaving the hills, after another fruitless search,\* I called upon our friends at Balan, all of whom, as usual, were very busy.

I will leave the *mairie* now, with its comparatively large wards and numerous patients, and try to convey an idea of the domestic life of Balan on the 11th of September, 1870.

And first, we enter a house with a stone front, which stands at a few paces from the village square; within it are lofty rooms, brightly papered, and with floors of perfect cleanliness. Here, in one room we have a man whose right arm has been amputated at the shoulder; he regards the poor stump with the satisfaction of an artist, and there is not a trace of pain upon his face. His neighbour is a man whose right leg has been taken off just below the knee; the dressing seems to cause him an agony of pain, and he cries and whimpers like a child; but a cigar soon puts him all right again, and he settles himself composedly on his pillow to enjoy its fumes. In the opposite room is a somewhat similar scene, but the patients

<sup>\*</sup> I was glad to learn, after my departure from this district, that the wish of Colonel Pemberton's family had been realized. The body was found and removed to England.

there are more numerous. In a small chamber behind is a poor fellow beyond all hope in this world. His head was struck by a piece of shell, and the whole of the left side of his body is paralysed; painless and unconscious he lies, his eyes closed, his cheeks sallow and sunken, and his emaciated chest heaving violently with every breath. He is not destined to see the dawn of another day; let us trust his soul will speedily find its rest in a happier place.

Two doors from this house I enter a cottage, all the rooms of which are tenanted in a similar manner. Frank and Blewitt are busy at their work. amongst others, are three men shot through the chest. One man, into whose left shoulder a bullet has gone, smashing two or three ribs and lodging in the back, smilingly beckons the doctor to him, and, holding his hand, he says, "Monsieur le Docteur, entendez la musique." This music, which every respiration causes in his chest, sounds like the gurgling of a narghileh, and to such an accompaniment the brave lad is steadily advancing to his grave. A number of females are assiduously nursing these poor fellows, and it is almost droll to hear each sufferer calling for his special Mademoiselle (probably from fifty to sixty years of age), and refusing to have any other assistance, because she alone knows how he likes to be raised in the bed. These cottage hospitals are excellent, and to-day the bright sun and gentle breezes are coming in together through the windows, before which branches laden with fruit hang almost within reach, whilst at the bottom of the meadow the Meuse is flowing silently on its course. I am glad that the sufferers here have something bright to look on; were they on the other side of the house, they would see blackened and crumbling walls, to which, however, in some places the creepers are still clinging. The gaunt poplars offer a double aspect: on the one side, green, on the other, dusky brown, where the flames have singed the leaves. It is not every leaf in the conqueror's wreath that will be green. On the one hand, we have what we think is glory, on the other, what we know to be death.

In one case I had taken an especial interest. A Chasseur de Vincennes, named Lyon, had been wounded by a Bavarian bullet, and he remained forty-eight hours in a ditch. Dr. MacCormac and Dr. Frank amputated the thigh. He was a fine-looking man, and his cool courage may be imagined from the fact that, just previously to the operation, he asked for a cigar: he laid this down to inhale chloroform. On his return to consciousness, after the leg had been taken off, he remarked that he might as well finish the cigar whilst the doctors were getting ready, and when told that the leg was off, he said,

"If that is all, I do not mind how many legs you cut off." A few days afterwards, tetanus set in and the poor fellow died, after—as Mr. MacCormac remarked—he had been subjected to pain, exposure and privations enough to kill three men.

I have endeavoured to give a general idea of what was daily going on in the temporary hospitals around Sedan, and I might cover pages in a similar manner, but I think I have instanced a sufficient number of cases for the non-professional reader to realize to some extent the nature of the work that was being performed.

The brave and conscientious manner in which the members of the British medical profession always discharge their duty is too well known to need any confirmation from me, but I wish that many others could have heard from the self-sacrificing women of Balan, as I did on the occasion of the visit I have just described, their testimony to the zeal, patience, and kindness of Dr. Frank. His presence carried a brightness with it that was reflected in the faces of all his patients who were in a state to recognize him, and I am quite sure that Mr. Blewitt, and all the subordinates who so ably and willingly supported him, will always feel proud of having worked under such a chief.

Whilst I was at Balan, a packet was shown me, to

which I cannot resist the temptation of giving publication, as it was never my lot to see a more touching memorial of a brave man.

The little parcel contained a pocket-book, the cross of Officier de la Légion d'Honneur, and the Mexican medal. The book had been perforated by a bullet which had also made a hole through a letter written in pencil, but the name and address were fortunately spared, and the precious souvenir was as soon as possible forwarded to the widow, whose address it bore\*.

"SÉDAN, 1º Août. [Evidently intended for September.]

"Au milieu de la bataille, entouré par les balles, je t'adresse mes adieux. Les balles et les boulets qui m'épargnent depuis 4 heures ne me ménageront pas plus longtemps.

"Adieu, ma femme bien aimée. J'espère qu'une âme charitable te fera parvenir cet adieu. Je me suis comporté bravement, et je meurs pour n'avoir pas youlu abandonner nos blessés.

"Un baiser,

"H. V."

\* A copy of this letter was, a few days later, shown to M. Borda, "Officier Comptable de l'Ambulance de la 4. Division du 1º Corps d'Armée," who recognized the writing of the officer under whom he had served. M. Borda, Mrs. Chater, and Mr. Lloyd went out in search of the body. They found it half-buried in a ditch at the side of a brickfield close to Balan, and they removed it to the cemetery of Bazeilles where it was decently interred.

Besides my almost daily visits to Balan and Sedan, I made regular rounds in the village of Douzy. We had friends in all the hospitals, and we were able to be useful, in giving such things as we could spare from our store.

The Luxemburg society continued to keep a small flying column running backwards and forwards; and this performed untold good work in carrying fresh food to the outlying places, which sometimes were apparently forgotten by the army purveyors.

The ladies had found out the old curé, and we paid him several visits. The poor man, who, previous to the war, had lived in comfort with an aged servant, had seen all his linen, and everything he most valued, carried away, and he was very grateful for the small contributions we daily made to his own table, and also for the benefit of the poorest of his parishioners. The beautiful modern church close to his house had been converted into a guard-room, and this was a sad trial to him.

I have already alluded to the depredations to which we were exposed; as we found these were on the increase, we kept a sharper look-out.

One morning, as our waggons were about to leave Arlon, I went into the stable for my own nag, intending to go into Sedan, but was astonished to discover that it was missing, and still more so, when I was told that it had been sold a few minutes before. Having ascertained the direction in which it had been taken, I gave chase, and caught the purchaser outside the village. He showed me his receipt, but I insisted on his giving up the horse to me. The thief, whom we already suspected, proved to be the brother of our landlord.

I could not resist the temptation to apply a little physical force to the thief. We then reported him to the commandant de place, who said that the only way to settle the matter was to shoot him, and on our remarking that we did not wish to demand the full penalty, he said "Well, if you press the charge, I have no alternative but to shoot him." Under these circumstances I decided that I would constitute myself the magistrate, and, in consideration of punishment already inflicted, as well as the moments of suspense he had since passed through, I condemned him to remain a prisoner in his own house during the remainder of the time there might be an English hospital in Douzy.

The philosophic calm of the culprit's family during this short trial did not say much in favour of the prisoner; they were so sure he would be shot that they quietly settled amongst themselves how his children should be provided for, a sister-in-law agreeing to take two of them, and another relative a third. Strange to say they were soon called upon to carry out these arrangements, as the man died of smallpox within a week.

This reminds me that we had one French patient with the same disease. He was marching past our house, in the midst of a large column of prisoners, when illness compelled him to fall out, and the officer in command permitted us to keep him, and we made him up a bed in an outhouse.

One of the most painful sights we had to endure was that of the long gangs of prisoners, guarded by cavalry, tramping through the village on their way to Germany. They were of all ranks, and in every variety of uniform—engineers, artillery, cavalry, and infantry, Zouaves and marines, Spahis and Turcos. Some were without any covering on their heads, and all looked dirty and unkempt; few had any baggage, beyond, perhaps, a small blanket over their shoulders, or a camp kettle, with nothing to put into it. The poor fellows had had a hard time of it, and the frequent rains had sorely tried their constitutions.

On they went, through wet and slush, like a flock of sheep, in the midst of an escort of dragoons, each man with a pistol in his hand. Sometimes we were permitted to give them bread and water—of course, we could not attempt to give to all—but generally their drivers would not allow them to receive it, and

more than once I was afraid that their conduct would exasperate the villagers and cause bloodshed. Occasionally a military band preceded the melancholy cortége.

On the 15th of September I had ridden over to Bazeilles, to see if I could be of any use to Dr. Frank in the two châteaux he had taken over, full of wounded men, from the Bavarians; and after I had seen him, I went on to the Château Montvillier, where the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Capel, who had just arrived, was busily occupied in adding to the comforts of the patients. I met Mr. Capel, and arranged to leave with him for Arlon; galloped back to Douzy, packed up my small kit, and was ready when he arrived. We reached Arlon just before midnight.

# CHAPTER IX.

### A VISIT TO SAARBRÜCK.

THE Douzy work—at any rate, that part of it in which I could be of use—was over. Some of our staff had gone on to Balan, Donchery, and other places, where additional aid was required: Mr. and Mrs. Chater had very few patients on their hands, and these would probably soon be removable.

I had for some days meditated a retreat, as I felt that I was not yet sufficiently recovered to commence fresh work; and although I regretted leaving those, between whom and myself such friendly feelings existed, I thought that the staff which was acting under Captain Brackenbury, and whose energies had not yet been taxed, might well spare me.

But I did not altogether strike work. Brackenbury wanted information respecting the Saarbrück district. I volunteered to go thither, and early on the following morning I left for Luxemburg. After a delay of a few hours here, I went on to Trèves, where I slept, and the next day continued my journey.

No signs of war then disturbed the beautiful valley of the Saar, and I can imagine nothing more bright and peaceful than it appeared to me in the early morning as the mists from the river gradually cleared away and exposed the fine panorama of hills, clothed in luxuriant foliage, and the rugged sandstone rocks, which add such pleasing variety to the landscape.

Remembering the reports which, at the commencement of the war, had circulated throughout Europe as to the bombardment of Saarbrück, and the damage consequent thereon, I was very much surprised, on entering the town, to see that the stones remained just where the builders had placed them; and, with the exception of a few shot-marks on the railway station, the destruction of a stone balcony on another house, and a few indentations here and there, I could discover few traces of the terrific piece of work which so excited the imagination of certain correspondents.

I first sought out Dr. Hardwicke, and he assisted me to ascertain the state of the hospitals in the town, and also whether it was desirable to establish an English depôt or hospital there.

I also made a round by myself, and visited the

Dutch Hospital, which was under the direction of Baron von Hardenbroeck, whom I had known at the Hague. This day he was absent, having gone towards Metz, but I afterwards met the Baron von Tuyl, who belongs to the same society.

I heard excellent reports of the work of the Dutch Society, which, at a subsequent period, I was able to confirm by personal experience. It did not attempt the formation of ambulances, properly so called, but its endeavours were confined to stationary hospitals, in which Dutch system and regularity are always sure to produce good results.

Just previous to my visit, the Dutch had occupied a large riding school in the cavalry barracks; but this had become too cold, and the patients had been transferred to the upper storey of the barrack, where all the arrangements looked most comfortable.

Had I counselled the creation of a temporary English Hospital here, I should have immediately taken the discarded Riding School. Perhaps there was a good reason for the change made by our Dutch colleagues, but at small expense this building might have been heated and made comfortable enough for any season.

Later I met with the Baroness de Crombrugghe. The last time I had seen this energetic lady, she was in the midst of large bales of lint and linen, in the conservatory of the Botanical Garden at Brussels. accompanied her to the Belgian Hospital. sisted of ten wooden pavilions, raised between two and three feet from the ground, and placed opposite to each other, with a lane between them. pavilions were alike, admirably ventilated at the top, and with swing windows at the sides, and each held eighteen bedsteads of rough deal. Beyond these pavilions were others for the kitchen, laundry, deadhouse, etc. At this time, 125 of the beds were occupied, principally with cases of typhus and dysen-Everything seemed well arranged, and the terv. ladies, of whom several were sœurs de charité, evidently shrank from no office, however menial it might be.

The building and beds, as well as the greater part of the provisions, in this hospital, were furnished by the Germans.

At the Johanniter Depôt I made the acquaintance of M. Dubois de Luchet, the chief superintendent, who presented me to his chief, Baron Furstenberg; and I was informed that no encouragement could be given to the formation of an English hospital at Saarbrück. The baron gave me the "Legitimations Karte," signed by Prince Pless, which not only enabled me to travel free over the German railways—a favour which was of little service to me—but frequently proved to be the most convenient form of laisser passer.

I also called on two ladies who had shown themselves indefatigable in their devotion to the victims of the war. They and a physician of the town suggested that we should build a temporary hospital in connection with one already established; but this I could not consider advisable, especially as, after it had been built, it might be left empty at the will of a Prussian official, and I had already noticed that there were a large number of beds still available.

During the morning I had culled a variety of opinions, not one of which had changed the opinion I had formed on entering Saarbrück. Having arranged a little meeting for the evening, I went out with some gentlemen whom I had met, to the summit of the slope above the town, on which stands the little inn called "Bellevue," where, on the 20th of July, the aubergiste received notice to quit, in the form of three shells, fired from the Spicherenberg, which rather injured his trade for the time being, though I should not hesitate now, as a speculation, to give a considerable sum for the freehold.

Of course, we visited the tree at a few yards to the right of the "Bellevue," which will for ever be memorable as the place where, on the 2nd of August, the Prince Imperial made his first and last appearance in the war of 1870-1. We then went towards Spicheren. How battalions, much less batteries, could have

clambered up these precipitous heights, as they did on the 6th of August, in face of a hot fire, is almost beyond comprehension.

In the evening I met representatives of the German, Belgian, and Dutch Societies, and we had a long discussion, from which I gathered that there was little inclination on the part of the Prussian Knights of St. John to accept our services in Saarbrück.

The next morning I went by rail on an expedition with Dr. Hardwicke and a representative of the German Society of London. We passed through Forbach, in which village the houses bore conspicuous marks of the violent struggle which had taken place there in the early days of August. We saw few troops until we reached Remilly, and here soldiers were visible in every direction, and long columns were moving westward.

We arrived at Courcelles after a long and tedious journey of nearly five hours, which I could have accomplished in less time on foot; here everything was very warlike, and thousands of men were marching towards Metz, which is at a very short distance. We visited the church, and also several cottages, all of which were filled with sick and wounded men.

There was a large temporary wooden building filled with stores, and there was no lack of anything, judging from appearances and from what the superintendent told us. Indeed, I saw tons of bread in railway trucks, which had been kept too long, and was totally unfit for food. I also saw a large quantity of salt meat, to which the soldiers were helping themselves as they pleased. But it was quite impossible to buy anything fit to eat; so we went into a cottage, converted into a hospital, and here, in return for a little of the patients' soup, we left some packets of cigars, the only acceptable compensation we could make.

It was dreadful to see the poor sick fellows lying on the platforms of the railway stations, under shelter of planks, which had been put up for the purpose. They were mostly suffering from dysentery, and fever of a typhoid character, and here they had to remain until places could be found in a train for them. The sanitary arrangements, or it would be more correct to say, the absence of them, rendered these stations most offensive, and I made the suggestion to Dr. Hardwicke, that we should make an effort to remedy this state of things.\*

At night, on my return to Saarbrück, I received a visit from Mr. Ernest Hart, and two or three English gentlemen; and a proposition was made to me that

<sup>\*</sup> Some months later, I was the means of introducing in a French camp Moule's dry earth system, for hospital and camp purposes. I had made many efforts to obtain its adoption, and I am glad to be able to add, the experiment was attended with admirable results.

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the English society should take upon itself a hospital at Saarbrück with 150 beds.

I was also requested to provide 1000 litres of red wine, and other things, the cost of which would amount to £150. I gave this sum on my own responsibility to Dr. Hardwicke, leaving it to him and the other English gentlemen present to spend the money in the manner which to them might seem best, only suggesting that I considered it would be best applied in the villages round Metz. The question of a hospital I left entirely to Captain Brackenbury.

Though fully admitting the value of the suggestions which at this period were offered by well meaning tourists, who hovered on the outskirts of the war, I cannot avoid remarking that to listen patiently to them one needed to possess the endurance of cast steel. They used to slip over the frontier and see the state of one or two villages in the neighbourhood of a recent battle-field, and then retire again into a neutral state, and complain of the little that was being done to relieve the victims of the war. Some of these gentlemen did good service during the few hours they devoted to the wounded, and if they had repeated their visits and their efforts, they would soon have learnt that a perfect system to relieve the miseries incidental to war may be devised, but it can never be carried out in such a way as to meet the daily changing circumstances.

I could name persons who came out with the very best intentions, and with a determination to do all the good in their power, and they wondered that any one should be puzzled to know how to proceed to the relief of those who, perhaps at a short distance, were lying in every house, on every road. They believed, too, that they had only to enter a hospital to find immediate work; or, perhaps, for the first time, they visited a Feld-lazareth immediately after a great battle, expecting to find everything as comfortably arranged as it should be in a city hospital in time of peace. With these ideas, such warm-hearted individuals, as those to whom I refer, often went away with the impression that, because they were not allowed to do something, the sufferers must be cruelly neglected. Such a conclusion was entirely erroneous, and any one who has experienced the difficulties which properly accredited and accepted hospital helpers met with in the last war, will quite realize my position, when, as was often the case, most excellent volunteers offered personal assistance as well as advice, and I was compelled to decline their services.

And now I must add a few words with regard to my special mission to Saarbrück. I had received a great many suggestions, including that eminently practical one which was the almost invariable response given by the chevaliers of the Johanniter Orden, "the best thing will be to hand over the gifts of your society for our distribution."

My honest opinion is that the English nation, in its generous sympathy for the French and German victims of the war, adopted the objects established by the Convention of Geneva, without giving any consideration to the articles of that agreement. God forbid that I should seem to grudge one penny of the sum that was spent! I believe had the National Aid Society been formed some months before the war broke out, England would have given away even more. As it was, thanks to those who directed the work in London, the agents of the society on the Continent were able to perform an amount of good that was not surpassed by the volunteer representatives of any other nation.

I make no criticism on our own efforts which does not apply to the conduct of all the Red Cross Societies; and in venturing to express one, I feel that the value of our labours will be in a great measure lost, if we do not endeavour to improve on the experience we have gained.

War can never be made without causing suffering of every conceivable kind to the belligerents; this is a penalty which must attach to it. Towards the relief of this, help will always be forthcoming; but the object of the Convention of Geneva, the spirit of which has been so unanimously adopted, is to supplement the hospital staff and the purveyors' department of the respective armies, at times when the requirements are beyond the power of the military system.

Holding this opinion I could not give any encouragement to the formation of an English hospital, so far in rear as Saarbrück was at this time. It is a most convenient thing for belligerents to find "benevolent neutrals" to take a few hundred sick and wounded men off their hands, and thus enable them to advance with greater freedom; but they ought not to expect it, nor should the volunteer helpers accept such a position.

Let it be understood that this remark would not apply to hospitals which were established in districts of France and Germany remote from the war, and which were supported partly or entirely by foreign residents or visitors. The various National Societies might fairly be asked to assist these temporary institutions. I allude only to such as were formed at a distance from the actual scene of hostilities, in the name of the societies of neutral States, and frequently at the expressed wish of those who could have found the necessary assistance amongst their own countrymen.

I saw no want at Saarbrück which the Germans were not able to supply, and the authorities showed no disposition to receive personal assistance. The small gift which, on the part of the Society, I made through Dr. Hardwicke, was for the purchase of necessaries of which there was no longer any stock, and of those simple luxuries which add so much to the comfort of an invalid; it was also given as an encouragement to earnest workers, and to show them that aid would be given without stint and without delay wherever it was absolutely required.

From the point of view which I have thus briefly indicated, Saarbrück, at this time, was not a place on which volunteer societies of neutral States could be fairly asked to concentrate much assistance.

Its position as a station for agents of the Red Cross Society was, however, completely changed after the 26th October by the capitulation of Metz, as it was from that town that aid could be most promptly carried, and I was not surprised to hear of the energy displayed by those who had charge of the English depôt, which was formed in anticipation of the conclusion of the siege.

It was no part of my duty at this early stage of the siege of Metz to provide for possible and perhaps remote contingencies. The next morning I left Saarbrück, and in the evening met Brackenbury at Arlon, and on the following day travelled *viā* Brussels and Ostend to London, where I arrived at five A.M. on the 21st of September.

# CHAPTER X.

#### A JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO VERSAILLES.

I now felt a strong desire to come to an anchorage in a place where I could still be useful without the fatigue of constant movement; and my wishes were directed towards Paris, for I considered that a representative of our society ought to be there during the siege. It is true that Dr. Wyatt and Dr. Gordon were there, but they had been sent out by the War Department, and their mission was unconnected with our work.

At the Foreign Office my hopes of being allowed to enter the French capital did not meet with much encouragement, but the sympathy displayed by Lord Granville in our work was most gratifying. Count Bernstorff and M. Tissot, the French chargé d'affaires, furnished me with letters, and on the night of the 23rd of September I again left England with the resolution to use all legitimate means to attain my object.

In the Calais station there were a number of men who had evidently been drawn for the conscription, and had come to that town to show reasons why they should be exempted.

I had settled myself down, intending to sleep, when the only other person in the carriage began, in rather an incoherent manner, to describe to me how the Calais people had refused to change his thousand-franc notes. Like an Irishman defying his neighbour to tread on the tail of his coat, my companion, after spreading out his notes, remarked to me that "in these days a man ought to be on his guard, and to know something about those persons with whom he travels," significantly adding that he had a revolver. As he had evidently not confined his potations to soothing syrup, I thought it better not to give him an occasion to draw out his six-shooter, but, instead of sleeping, I also kept on my guard. Fortunately, this troublesome individual left the train at Boulogne.

At Amiens, where I discovered that I was the only passenger, there was a delay of an hour, and I then went on with the mails to Rouen. My companion, now, was the Vicomte de Sapinaud, who occupied in the French Red Cross Society a somewhat similar position to that I was then holding in the English Society. We separated at Rouen, and I was just in time for a train destined for Dreux.

The few preceding weeks had very much increased my stock of philosophy, and I had learnt to make as straight as I could for my object without being surprised by obstacles. As the sequel will show, this resolution was soon to be tested.

In the middle of the day the train stopped at Serquiny for an hour, and I was able to refresh the inner man for the first time since I left Calais, as the once famous buffet at Amiens was deserted. Between three and four o'clock the train reached Conches, and I was told that the next departure would be at ten.

Shouldering my knapsack, I walked into the town, and having ordered dinner at an inn, I went out for a stroll. Conches is a very primitive place in a beautiful situation, its one long street curving and undulating with the short and steep line of hills on which it is perched. I was looking at the sunny view from the little terrace near the church, when a current of animal magnetism, or something else which I do not pretend to understand, brought to me the conviction that I should be a prisoner before I reached the hotel. "Prusso-phobia" was in the air, and as I walked up the street people regarded me with evident suspicion.

I went into the church, which is a very curious but much neglected old structure. As soon as I made my appearance in the street again I was surrounded by francs-tireurs, armed with rifles of various patterns and fixed bayonets, and one of them demanded my papers. I declined to give them up, except to properly constituted authorities, and as they said they had no officer, I asked to be taken to the mayor or the commissaire de police.

In the midst of the Conches irregular contingent I was marched off to the mairie, where I underwent an interrogation, every inhabitant who chose to do so being allowed to cross-examine me. My interlocutors could not understand why I went into the church and examined all the monuments; and they tried to substantiate a charge against me of making drawings and notes when standing on the terrace. I told them it was false, and that in the midst of war I was not such a fool as to make notes in a public place. also made it an offence that I had asked one of my guards whether he was a mobile or a franc-tireur; nor was much faith placed in my reply, that, wishing to make myself agreeable, I had endeavoured to open a conversation. It was decided that I was an espion Prussien, and that I should be immediately shot. One elderly and corpulent bourgeois was in a state of frantic excitement that I thought must end in apoplexy, and he declared that if I were not a Prussian spy he would burn off his right hand.

was in no way calmed when I pointed out a fire to him and told him he had better try the effect at once.

The position was becoming critical. The mayor and commissaire declared that they considered my papers to be satisfactory; but they evidently had no authority, and I was obliged to tell them that their conduct was increasing the excitement and placing me in danger, and that they were responsible for my safety.

Guarded on all sides, I was marched back to the inn, and my knapsack and papers were all carefully scrutinized. My Rob-Roy looking-apparatus looked a very infernal machine, and its appearance was highly compromising; but there was something even worse than that—Count Bernstorff's letter. Upon this document all the intelligence of Conches was brought to bear, but no one could decipher it. Fortunately, M. Tissot's recommendation to French authorities, which was read aloud, served as an antidote to the Prussian Ambassador's letter, which nobody could make out, and at last a more conciliatory counsel prevailed. I was allowed to dine, and whilst thus occupied the inhabitants examined me through the open windows, and made their comments as if I were an animal of a I called out once "Vous vous very rare species. amusez, messieurs." "Ah, oui, beaucoup, beaucoup," said a youth. To which I replied, "Eh bien, je suis

It was decided that I should be taken to Evreux to be examined by the préfet; so in the midst of a large crowd, which contained several boys, who, notwithstanding the frowns of their seniors, insisted on showing their sympathy by clambering into the carriage to shake hands with me, I was driven off a prisoner to Evreux in the custody of the commissaire de police. Fast trotting accomplished the journey in two hours. It was late when we arrived, but the préfet, his secretaries, clerks, and many other officials were very busy. An interpreter was sent for, and it was agreed that the letter was not of a dangerous character, but simply a recommendation to Prussian military authorities. The préfet, with many apologies, told me I was free, and he gave orders that I was not to be molested in the town. Of course I was bound to say something polite to M. le Préfet, and I told him that if all France had been as much on the alert as the brave people of Conches were, she would not have reached the plight she was then in.

I was expected to pay for the carriage that had brought me from Conches, which I did, under protest, and I then invited my keepers to supper, premising, however, that this time I would pay all expenses, but that in future I should look for more hospitality from Conches.

As I strolled out of the "Grand Cerf" the next

morning, the town was looking very bright and pretty. It was Sunday, and the fine old cathedral was filled with worshippers, the majority of whom were the friends of *mobiles*, who at a later hour marched out of the town.

Having with some difficulty obtained an open carriage and a strong pair of roadsters, I continued my journey.

Nothing disturbed me as I travelled along the grand Paris and Cherbourg road, between lines of heavily-laden apple-trees. Once a labouring man beckoned to me, and, thinking he had something important to communicate, I pulled up. He only wished to shake hands with me, and to greet me as citoyen. Already Egalité and Fraternité were popular ideas, even in the provinces. Liberté was not much more conspicuous since the change of government on the 4th of September, except, perhaps, in some districts where the liberty to shoot any amount of game was unchecked. Everything was looking bright and most peaceful up to a certain point, where occasional trenches, cut across the road, began to indicate that some resistance was contemplated.

I had got well through Pacy, when I heard some cavaliers bearing down upon me at full gallop. These were French dragoons; they surrounded the carriage, and demanded my papers, and having shown them the letter from M. Tissot, I was allowed to proceed.

As I descended the steep hill at Bonnières, and looked over the lovely landscape through which the silver line of the river Seine is visible for so many miles, it was hard to realize the immediate proximity of war.

I arrived at Mantes about five o'clock, and while eating, studied the map and talked to the postmaster, who, after a great deal of persuasive eloquence on my part, agreed to drive me to Flins, if I would ensure him a safe-conduct. Of course, I agreed to anything, (it was so easy for me to write a laisser passer,) and between six and seven we started for the next stage in a cabriolet, with an excellent horse. Two days before, the Germans had pitched a few shells into this town, for what reason nobody could understand, as there were no troops there.

On leaving Mantes, we were ordered by some *Chasseurs d'Afrique* to turn back, but I insisted on seeing the officer in command, to whom I explained my mission, and he allowed me to proceed. Half an hour later we met a German patrol, consisting of four dragoons, who were riding along as leisurely as if they had a whole division within a few yards of them.

At Mézières, a small village through which we drove, I witnessed a scene similar to that which Bazeilles presented. Two nights before, some German

troops, as a warning to Frenchmen who had resented certain requisitions which had been made, had burnt to the ground more than sixty houses, of which nothing remained but the blackened walls. What became of the poor inhabitants I cannot tell.

At Flins I halted for the night in the humblest publichouse it was ever my luck to stay in. However, I tried to make myself agreeable to the inhabitants, who—as, no doubt, is customary on Sunday evenings—had congregated at this, the principal hostelry of the village. Billiards and conversation, bad smoke and worse brandy, were assisting to pass the time, and yet it was not known whether the village was within the French or the Prussian lines. The four dragoons I had met were sufficient proof to me as to the position we occupied, but it was not to my interest to speak on the subject.

The dormitory in which I passed the night was a most primitive little place, with a tile floor, gritty with sand. The rough deal door was covered with hieroglyphics in chalk which it taxed my ingenuity to decipher. Perseverance was rewarded by my finding out the amount of gibier shot by a certain chasseur, who had evidently been my predecessor in this room. I noticed that against some days there was the candid word "manqué." At six o'clock in the morning I heard a noise in the street, and, looking

out, saw four Prussian dragoons, each with a pistol at full-cock in his hand. They carefully looked up and down all the roads and round the corners. A few minutes later they were followed by an officer and two men, and all returned in the same order.

After café au lait à discrétion, which was served in a soup tureen with a big ladle, mine host harnessed his horse to a two-wheeled cart with high sides and a sheepskin seat, slung by strong straps, and we started off for St. Germain. We struggled on in a shambling sort of trot to our destination, the monotony of the road being occasionally relieved by a party of smart Prussian hussars, and after a drive of between two and three hours we reached St. Germain.

The town was very full of troops, and there was no lack of animation in the streets; for although many of the inhabitants had fled, all the provision shops were open, and a very fair trade was being carried on.

I had not given up my intention to get into Paris if it were possible; so after breakfast I called on the commandant of the town, General von Redern, who received me most politely, and advised me to go to the Crown Prince's headquarters.

Whilst a horse was being harnessed, I went on to the superb and unrivalled terrace, and never shall I forget my first view of besieged Paris, as it appeared to me on this bright morning. I little

thought, then, that month after month would pass away, the glorious beauty of the autumn would be succeeded by snow and frost, and that the end of the winter would still find me almost daily looking down upon that unfortunate city.

There were many persons on the terrace, civilians as well as soldiers, straining their eyes to detect the movements of the few troops which could be seen dotted about the landscape. Occasionally the heavy sound of a cannon boomed through the air. We noticed such things then; we were soon to become familiarized to stranger sights and sounds than these.

Having reached the Préfecture at Versailles, then the residence of the Crown Prince, I was taken into the garden, where the Prince and his staff were smoking after déjeuner; but as their conversation promised to last some time, I went away and called on Mr. W. H. Russell, who soon put me au courant as to the state of affairs in and about Versailles. I also made an appointment with an aide-de-camp of the Crown Prince, who then, as on all other occasions when I had the pleasure of meeting him, was most kind and courteous.

But I must candidly avow that, had I not always kept the object of my mission steadily in view, I should have resented the manner in which, as a civilian, I was sometimes treated by officers attached to Prussian Royalty. I use this qualification advisedly, as, with the exception of Versailles and Ferrières, I never met with officers whose conduct towards myself was other than that of gentlemen.

Of my personal experience of the army generally, both officers and men, I can only express myself in terms of satisfaction and admiration; and the small exception that I make may therefore be taken rather as a compliment than otherwise. During the five months I was at Versailles, although I was the chief representative of the English Society for this district of France, and by far the greater part of my time was spent amongst German soldiers, I only went three times to headquarters on business connected with my duties; and I did not once ask a favour, except on this occasion, when I felt that I might, without impropriety, request to be allowed to represent the English Society in Paris.

Having been informed that I should meet with a firm refusal from General Blumenthal and Colonel von Gottberg, to my request to enter Paris, I decided not to place myself in the position to receive an answer that would prevent me from applying at the fountain-head, and therefore I decided to go on to Ferrières, the headquarters of the King.

The same evening I met Sir Henry Havelock, General Walker, and Mr. Austin (the special correspondent of the 'Standard'), and we dined together at the Hôtel des Réservoirs.

As I looked at the army of officers around me, I could not but wonder how long the supply of *poulets* aux champignons, and "Roederer," at 12 fr. the bottle, would hold out.

Later, I joined Mr. W. H. Russell, Mr. Landells (special artist of the 'Illustrated London News'), and Mr. Skinner (the special correspondent of the 'Daily News'), whom I had last met in Denmark during the war of 1864.

This was the first of those evenings which, in my estimation, formed one of the most agreeable features of life in Versailles.

# CHAPTER XI.

## AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO ENTER PARIS.

Orders had been given that no carriage was to be let out, under any pretence whatever, without special permission from head-quarters; this at first sight seemed to put an end to all my hopes, which for the moment were concentrated on Ferrières.

I was very weary, so I sat down on a stone bench in the Avenue de Paris, and soon fell asleep; but my doze was of short duration, and I awoke to see the Crown Prince and his Staff ride out.

Condemned to inactivity, I removed myself to the garden of the Château, where I strolled in the avenues, and lounged on the borders of the Bassin de Neptune, watching the floats of those who were plying the "gentle craft." Horsemen were riding about in all directions to see the gardens, fountains, and statues, of which they had so often heard, and

which they now compared to Sans Souci and Potsdam; the gardeners looked on in silent sadness, as they contemplated the hoof-marks from which their trim alleys and soft turf had hitherto been held sacred.

And what a change for that palace, dedicated "à toutes les gloires de la France!" The greater part of it had been converted into a hospital, and on the terrace, looking over the garden, some of the wounded had been carried out on their beds, and were enjoying the warm sun. In the richly decorated galleries, Germans writhing in pain had some revenge for the sufferings of their fathers, as they lay tended by the most devoted care of the sœurs de charité of the rival nation, while all the marshals of France were looking down upon them from their gilded frames.

A good friend provided me with a light open carriage and horses; and the next morning, after a long consultation with Sir Henry Havelock as to the feasibility of making a central depot at Versailles, I left for the king's headquarters.

The route was through Palaiseau, Longjumeau, and Corbeil, where two temporary wooden bridges supplied the place of the fine stone structure which had been recently blown up. A little beyond Corbeil I made a halt under some trees, close to a large mansion occupied by a Prussian general. Whilst the horses were feeding, I studied the map, and talked to a soldier

who had been a clerk in an office in Manchester, and spoke English very well. As he possessed the only pail, all the other buckets in the village having been left at the bottom of the well, he watered my horses, and I then shared a bottle of Bordeaux with him and one of his comrades.

Thence through Lieu-Saint to Brie-Comte-Robert, where I arrived between seven and eight o'clock, after a journey of more than forty miles. Here I thought it better to remain for the night, more especially as the state of the roads, owing to the trenches dug, and the trees thrown across, rendered it a hazardous experiment to attempt further progress in the dark.

After I had eaten something in the kitchen of the inn, in company with soldiers who had billets in the same house, I called on the commandant de place. I found him with other officers in the house of the juge de paix, who, with his son, assisted to show me hospitality. The officers were very polite, and I was able to reward them with a little news of that world in which postal and telegraphic communication was still possible, and newspapers were allowed free circulation. The king was living within a distance of twelve miles, but these gentlemen were not aware of it.

Early the next morning I drove on through Chevry and Ozouer to Ferrières. The latter part of the road was through the beautiful woods of Baron Rothschild. On arriving I called on Count Abeken, Count Bismarck's private secretary, to whom I carried a letter; he referred me to Colonel Werdy, major of the Staff who, when he had finished his breakfast, at which he was engaged with several other officers, told me to return between five and six for an answer.

An idle day was before me, and, as is often the case under such circumstances, my inner man began to complain that he was badly used. A most courteous Proviantmeister, to whom, on my arrival, I had applied for a place for my horses, not only gave them stabling with his own, but he also provided fodder for them, and food for the coachman. I was less fortunate, and not being able to find anything to eat, I appealed in my desperation to the cook of General von Stosch, and as soon as he had attended to his master and the staff, he shut me up in a bed-room, and brought me a beefsteak and a bottle of wine, for which I was deeply grateful. For dessert I went into Baron Rothschild's garden. Never in my life had I eaten more delicious fruit, and as the worthy proprietor could not enjoy it, I felt no more hesitation in helping myself than I now do in confessing it.

After I had wandered about the park attached to the magnificent château, and visited the stables, the farm, the pleasure-gardens, the potager, etc., I sat myself down near a fountain, behind the house, under shelter of a marble Venus, and a little belt of shrubs. Here I spent the afternoon, reading, dozing, and reflecting on the vanity of earthly things. My thoughts did not exclude a feeling of sympathy for the rightful owner of this splendid property, but I was glad to see that there was no damage done either inside or outside the château which could not be speedily made good.

Between five and six I returned to Colonel Werdy for the answer to my request, and for which I was quite prepared. "Circumstances would not authorize the military authorities to grant me permission to pass into Paris."

I had done my best and failed. But I was not discouraged, for there was still a field of usefulness open to me.

The same evening I returned to Brie-Comte-Robert; and the coachman being evidently under the impression that the forest of Ferrières was very dangerous after dark, the twelve miles were performed very rapidly.

In the morning I left Brie for Versailles; and, as it is one of my rules always to take as straight a line as possible, I chose a shorter route than that by which I had travelled two days before.

This change very nearly got me into difficulties. Suddenly I found myself in the midst of a considerable uproar, which every moment threatened to become worse. My line had taken me a little toc near Villejuif, from which a sortie was being made; hence all the hubbub. As there were battalions behind me, battalions in front, and troops of cavalry scouring the country, I did not wish to be any impediment to the game, so I told my coachman to leave the road clear, and pull off into the field. After a short period of suspense, he meekly requested to know whether Monsieur expected him to remain with his carriage drawn up as if he were on a champs de courses? Monsieur replied that he certainly intended to remain there himself, until he saw the road clear for a retreat; and as he meant to keep the carriage and horses, he concluded that the cocher would also stay. The hoped-for moment was not long in arriving, and we made tracks for a safer place than within gunshot of the forts.

On the pontoon bridge at Villeneuve St. Georges, I met Captain Johnston going off, viá Sedan, to England with despatches.

I was not the only person whose arrangements for the day were rather altered from the original programme. The Crown Prince was on his way to Ferrières to see the King, and His Royal Highness was obliged to make a slight deviation from his intended route.

At Longjumeau a Bavarian sentry refused to let me pass, but I obtained from the commandant the requisite stamped paper, which satisfied him.

On arriving at Versailles, I spent the remainder of the day in distributing amongst the hospitals the few stores I had, and all the money I could spare; and the next morning Sir Henry Havelock and I left for England.

Having found other horses, I retained the same carriage, in which Sir Henry and I travelled, whilst the servants followed with our *impedimenta* in his brougham. He had also engaged the services of a railway guard *en retraite*, whose portly form would have made a much better target than our united bodies. This man acted as courier. We looked upon him as a sort of lightning conductor, in case we fell amongst—an objectionable word had nearly escaped me—in the event of our finding ourselves amongst *francs-tireurs*.

We left Versailles by the Lac des Suisses and St. Cyr. At Pont Châtrain we halted for breakfast, and then continued to make our way towards Dreux; but there were other places on the road which we soon found out were not to be ignored, and at Houdan we were stopped by francs-tireurs, who marched us to the

mairie. The mayor pronounced our papers to be satisfactory; but by the time he had finished his examination, a large crowd had collected round our carriages, and insisted on examining our baggage.

Clothes, books, papers,—everything was thrown out on the road, and carefully examined by men, women, and children. A small homeopathic case excited most suspicion, as those things which people cannot understand always do. At last Sir Henry suggested that they should test it for the benefit of their stomachs; but I am glad that they did not adopt the recommendation, especially as the bottle under examination contained a supply of nux vomica. After much execration from the man who had constituted himself the magistrate of the mob,—a burly marchand de bestiaux,—in whose presence the Mayor was an unknown quantity, we were allowed to proceed.

The people about here were very funny. At the next village we were again stopped; and a ruffianly-looking fellow, who displayed under his blouse a crossbelt, with brass breastplate of the First Empire, and an ugly-looking dagger, took stock of us. However, our railway guard explained everything to his satisfaction.

Between two and three o'clock we reached Dreux, and here we visited the ruins of the castle of the Comtes de Dreux and the beautiful chapel built by Louis Philippe. Many times since, when there was

fighting in this neighbourhood, my thoughts returned to the sculptured marble of the Princess Marie d'Orléans, and the exquisite painted glass which adorns the crypt in this royal mausoleum.

Twice during our short stay at Dreux we were called upon to show our papers; but the demand was so politely made, and the armed citizens were so courteous, that it was a pleasure to comply. After dining, we started again by rail at seven o'clock, and travelled, viá L'Aigle and Conches, to Rouen. Arrived here at four in the morning, and walked about for two hours to keep ourselves warm, for there was not a house open; thence to Amiens, where we were just in time for another train to Calais; the same evening we arrived in London, after a very rapid run of thirty-six hours, which, in those days, was considered extraordinary.

# CHAPTER XII.

### COLONEL LOYD-LINDSAY'S MISSION TO PARIS.

During the ten days I had been absent from London a resolution had been passed by the Committee that £20,000 sterling should be handed over to Prince Pless (Royal Commissioner, and Military Inspector of volunteer hospital helpers with the army in the field), for the sick and wounded soldiers of the German army; and that an equal sum should be given to General Trochu, on behalf of the French, for a similar purpose. Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, as chairman, was deputed by the Committee to take over the £40,000: and after I had spent three days in England I set off with We travelled via Southampton to Havre, where we arrived on the morning of October 6. Mr. Monod, the Director, and several members of the French Protestant ambulance, with a considerable quantity of material, were on board with

us, also Mr. Edis, who was going out to join Lord Bury.

We were met on landing by Mr. Shee, who was acting as secretary to the Woolwich ambulance, then in course of formation, and Mr. Langstaff, the English Consul, and they accompanied us to the Hôtel Frascati. Lord Bury was absent purchasing horses for the ambulance.

We walked through the town, which had evidently not yet made up its mind to receive Germans. Lying just outside the harbour were several ironclads and gunboats; the streets were full, business seemed to be going on as usual; though, probably, men and women behind counters could have told a different tale. The whole town bore the usual bustling appearance of a large seaport, and even the parrots were maintaining their usual chatter, and indulging themselves in that choice language which they learn at sea, and, of course, never forget.

But armed men were drilling everywhere, and gardes mobiles and francs-tireurs were in every street and on every open place; here, applauding the enthusiastic address of an excited disciple of Gambetta, and there, learning the manual and platoon exercise from some old soldier en retraite, who, doubtless, felt himself quite at home when instructing the recruits to "take the cartridge between the forefinger and

thumb of the right hand, bite off the end of it and pour the powder carefully into the muzzle of the gun." Breech-loaders were in a minority.

I looked for peace in my own room, and sat down to read; but I had not been there many minutes before I was nearly shaken off my seat, and for the rest of the afternoon, big-gun practice was carried on within a few yards of my window.

At a later hour Lord Bury came in, accompanied by an English veterinary surgeon, and a French horse dealer, having succeeded in purchasing more than 100 horses in two days. A large foundry had been made ready as a temporary stable, and thither we went; the horses were brought in, the money was paid and receipts were signed.

I am inclined to believe that the English milord was suspected of being about to offer a regiment of cavalry to the government of Tours. A so-called Irish ambulance, which had just arrived at the same port, afforded ground for the hypothesis that the Red Cross Flag did not always cover neutrals.\*

The next morning, a barouche and horses having been put into the train for us, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay and I left Havre, our destination being the furthest

<sup>\*</sup> I shall have an opportunity of describing how I went with some members of the Ambulance Irlandaise during the war of the Commune.

point towards Versailles to which the Railway Company would carry us. We passed through Rouen to Saint-Pierre, which was then the terminus. A courier was sent back to Lord Bury to give him the result of our experience, for the benefit of those who were to follow, and we continued our journey in the carriage.

At Andelys we came up with some French troops of the line, and chasseurs d'Afrique were drawn across the country en vedette, but no one interrupted us until we reached Vernon, where we were politely stopped and requested to go to the mairie to show our papers. A guard accompanied us to the Hôtel du Lion d'Or, and having left the carriage and ordered dinner, we were conducted to the mairie, and thence to the Commandant of the National Guard, Colonel du Château, a distinguished officer who was wounded at Inkermann. We met with the most perfect courtesy; but we were not spared some remarks, uttered more in sadness than reproach, as to the manner in which England had treated her old ally.

We left Vernon on the following morning, and near Bonnières joined the road which I had taken on my previous journey. At Mantes, we visited such of the local authorities as still remained at their posts, with a view to smoothing the way for our *great* 

ambulance, which we expected would soon be en route. The handsome bridge which here crossed the Seine had been blown up; it was of very massive construction, and it had rolled over into the river in four or five huge blocks.

That evening we reached La Rocheville, the beautiful residence of Miss Coutts-Trotter, at Saint-Germain, and here we met with a most kind and hospitable reception.

Late in the evening we looked upon one of the many lovely scenes, which, culled from the war, are now treasured in the picture-gallery of my memory. The heavy rain which had been falling during the greater part of the day had ceased, and the moon was shining brilliantly in a dark blue sky, flecked with silver cloudlets. Not a sound was audible, except that of the drops as they fell from the leafy canopy upon the gravel walks below, or into the silent fountains. The trim Italian terraces, the screens of orange and citron trees, the straight lines of gleaming architecture, and the grotesque forms of unhewn rock, overshadowed by a tangled luxuriance of massive foliage, formed a most perfect ensemble. Who could have told that we were in the midst of war? In the plain below, the Seine looked like a burnished silver wand, its shining waters broken only by a thin black line, which denoted a bridge of boats; near to this, five camp fires marked the positions of German bivouacs. On the right were the dense woods of Marly, and before us, that dark, frowning sentinel, the grim fortress of Mont Valérien, keeping his ceaseless watch over the city of Paris.

The next day we reached Versailles, and were fortunate in finding good quarters at the Hôtel des Réservoirs.

During the afternoon I left letters with various persons, and in my round I was frequently reminded that even here, where everything was comparatively cheerful, there was a background of misery, to which it was very easy to penetrate.

After dinner I accompanied Colonel Loyd-Lindsay and Mr. W. H. Russell to the Casino, as the little club was called, where the Duke of Saxe Coburg received every evening, in his apartments at the Hôtel des Réservoirs. I almost need the Almanach de Gotha to give a list of those who were there, and with whose appearance I was not then quite so familiar as I have since become. The company was almost entirely composed of princes and their aides: the Hereditary Prince of Würtemberg, the Duke of Schleswig Holstein Augustenburg, the Hereditary Duke of Mecklenburg, Duke Max of Würtemberg, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern (the casus belli as he was called), etc., were there. Count Solms sat down at the piano,

and soon the majority of those present were occupied at the card-tables. Later in the evening, the French favoured us with the music of their heavy guns.

Two days afterwards, Colonel Lindsay having handed over £20,000 to Prince Pless, received permission to go into Paris to deliver an equal sum to General Trochu. Both payments were made on the distinct promise, and express understanding, that the money should be devoted to the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers, and solely for that object; and the guarantee, given by the high personages to whom this was confided, was quite sufficient to set at rest any doubts which might have been entertained as to the application of the fund.

The gentlemen who were associated with General Trochu have since forwarded to the English committee a detailed statement of the expenditure of every part of the £20,000 thus given to them. I need not further allude to this visit of the chairman of the National Society to Paris, as he has already published a most interesting account of it.

Having been appointed the chief representative of the English Society at Versailles, I spent a few days in visiting the principal persons with whom I was to be connected, also the hospitals; and in studying the geography of the district. The latest and most accurate maps were of little service at this time: bridges were blown up in one place, roads were cut across in another, and there had been a wholesale felling of trees, which certainly did not tend to facilitate progress. As an American general observed to me one day: "I suppose somewhere in some book the French have read that the proper thing to do in war is to cut down trees, and so they've cut 'em." Besides the interest attaching to excursions at such a time, the knowledge of the country thus gained was of great service to me at a later period.

The value of independent action was again made evident, and this before I had been five days in Versailles. His Serene Highness Prince Maximilian of Thurn and Taxis, Vice-President of the Bavarian Red Cross Society, told me that the Bavarian Hospital was in a very wretched state, and there were many men without blankets. I accompanied Count Butler to the Caserne de l'Infanterie, and there found 400 Bavarians, some of whom had been wounded, whilst the majority were suffering from fever and dysentery. The rooms were dark and insufficiently ventilated, the commonest necessaries were wanting, and the odour and suffocating atmosphere that prevailed cannot be described. A large proportion of these men had actually been brought down the day before from the large and cheerful picture galleries of

the château, and for what reason this was done I cannot understand.

The Bavarian stores at this time were almost exhausted, and as my supply was but limited, I called on M. Delaroche, the President of the Red Cross Society of Versailles. Indeed, I may describe this gentleman as the then President of the National Society of France; for although Count de Flavigny, son of the President, and Colonel Huber-Saladin, represented the society at Brussels, Tours, and subsequently at Bordeaux, the central committee was then shut up in Paris. M. Delaroche and I agreed to make a joint consignment of such things as were most necessary, and within two hours we delivered them at the hospital.

This was the first time—but, as I shall have occasion to show further on, it was not the last time—that M. Delaroche and his committee cordially co-operated with me in works exclusively for the benefit of the Germans.

During the Franco-German war my work was, from the position I occupied in the midst of the German army, chiefly devoted to Germans; and I can, with the greatest satisfaction, assert that on no occasion was French assistance refused to me during the five months I had my headquarters at Versailles; but, on the contrary, all the members of the committee acted towards me as if I were a colleague; and I was allowed to dispose of the services of the men in their employment, and also of their *matériel*, whenever I was in need of it.

# CHAPTER XIII.

#### VOR PARIS.

Colonel Lindsay having requested that his carriage might be sent to Sèvres for him, on the second morning after he had gone into Paris, Mr. Russell proposed that we should go out to meet him; and he kindly gave me a mount, in order that I might have the opportunity of accompanying him to the Palace of St. Cloud, the fire in which had caused much excitement during the night. Lord Adare and Captain Keith Fraser (1st Life Guards), who had piloted out, in most excellent style, a large convoy of stores intended for my depôt, were also of the party.

We rode through Viroflay and Chaville to Sèvres. The road, up to a certain distance, was full of military life, and in every house could be seen German soldiers making themselves thoroughly at home. But that part of the straggling village of Sèvres (the limits of

which I have never been able to distinguish) which was within shelling distance of the forts and ramparts bore a different aspect. All the houses were closed, and dirt and depression prevailed. We found the carriage well concealed in a curve of the street, opposite to the main guard, and there we left our horses.

Our papers enabled us to go on a little further, and at the guard-house three officers came down and received us most politely. A table and chairs were brought out and planted in the middle of the road, and wine and eigars were produced.

The position was certainly a curious one: just in front of us was a roughly-constructed barricade, and in a waggon behind it stood a soldier peering over the top; close by were the piled arms of the guard. Remarking that the sentinel had a red cross brassard on his arm, I asked whether it was intended he should act as *Krankenträger*, after he had wounded somebody.\*

The look-out men on the top of the gilded dome of the Hôtel des Invalides, whom we could see with our

The system in use at the time of the Danish war, in 1864, was slightly

<sup>\*</sup> The very large number of men in the German army who wore the brassard during the late war, having led to numerous mistakes, and, I may add, having assisted to bring the red cross into much disrepute amongst those who do not understand the field-hospital transport arrangements of the Prussian army, it may be well that I should offer a few words in explanation.

glasses, must have been rather astonished by our appearance. Evidently it was thought we were of sufficient consequence to be worth a little outlay of powder and shot, and some shells were plumped into the street very near our table immediately after our departure. One of these projectiles so frightened Colonel Lindsay's coachman that he took it as notice to quit, and returned to Versailles with the carriage and horses.

changed before the Bohemian campaign in 1866, and it has since undergone further modifications. It may, however, be briefly described as follows:—

Attached to each division of an army corps there is a body of bearers, numbering 120 men, under the command of a major. These are selected from such men of the line regiments as have gone through a regular course of instruction, from medical officers appointed for the purpose, in the best modes of picking up and transporting wounded men.

To each of these companies are attached four mounted orderlies, whose duty it is to assist in searching for the wounded, and to carry orders.

The object of these trained companies is to prevent combatants from leaving the ranks during an engagement; but, complete as the organization undoubtedly is, the necessity for auxiliary bearers from the combatant ranks still exists on extraordinary occasions; and hence the anomalous spectacle of a sentry on duty with a red cross on his arm.

The brassard is a badge of neutrality, according to the Convention of Geneva; but during the late war, conspicuously armed neutrals were very prevalent.

Full information on the hospital system of the Prussian-army will be found in a "Treatise on Ambulance Transport," by Deputy-Inspector-General Longmore, C.B.; and in the "Report on the Medical and Sanitary Services of the Prussian Army during the Campaign in Bohemia in 1866," by Surgeon-Major J. A. Bostock, Scots Fusilier Guards, in the seventh volume of the "Army Medical Reports."

As there was no appearance of anyone on the way out from Paris, we left Sèvres and turned up one of the pretty lanes leading to Ville d'Avray, and thence into the park. Curiosity led us to look into some of the deserted villas, and all were in the same condition: from basement to attic they had been ransacked, but there is no doubt that the soldiers were not the only pillagers.

In the middle of the park we came upon a strong infantry guard, encamped under canvas, a very rare sight amongst the Germans. As the French earthworks were in view at the bottom of the avenues, and the sentries were cautiously posted behind trees, we were reminded that we were within easy range, though the manner in which the turf was ploughed up, and the fragments of iron, and, worse still, the great unexploded shells which were here and there visible, might have afforded a sufficient warning. Leaving the range free for the French gunners, we threaded our way in single file through the wood at the side of the avenue, and thus reached the Château of St. Cloud.

Who on this gloomy autumnal morning could have recognized the favourite house of so many monarchs, the scene of so many great historical incidents, the popular resort of the holiday seekers of Paris, and of tourists from every part of the world? There remained only the blackened walls, from which dense smoke was sluggishly rising through the drizzling rain. Luxurious furniture of every style, tapestry and silks from the best looms in France, marbles, bronzes, clocks, mirrors, articles of *vertu* of all kinds were strewn about on the wet gravel, under the trees, at the back of the palace.

We were warned not to show ourselves more than we could help, as an incessant fire was directed on moving objects, and at the time there was rapid practice going on at our left.

Permission having been given to us to look at the books which had been saved from the library, we tied up our horses and entered a lodge where they had been placed. Never were Englishmen placed in a position of greater temptation. It would have been so very easy for each of us to carry away a small volume, stamped with the *fleur-de-lys*, Royal or Imperial crowns, N's, L's, or imperial eagles and bees, and the words "Château de Saint-Cloud." That we did not do so speaks highly for the manner in which our moral courage bore the test of the general demoralization which prevailed.

The virtue of one of our party was subsequently rewarded, and he received a volume "by command."

Thence we rode to the château of General de Béville, and having stabled our horses we went into the house, which, like almost all others in the neighbourhood, had been subjected to a domiciliary visit of a most searching character. There was not a door, nor a drawer, which had not been opened, and judging by the floors several annexations had been accomplished.

The finest view of all was obtained from the château of Baron Anton Stern, which had been scrupulously respected, on account, I suppose, of the nationality of the owner. The gardener and his wife, who remained there, also spoke German, which in these times was no slight advantage. This beautiful residence was frequently used as an observatory, and the greatest care was taken that no groups should be formed so as to draw fire from Fort Issy, the guns of which could soon have demolished the pretty house, and made a wilderness of the garden, which as yet nothing had disturbed. From an wil de bouf in the roof we had the whole of Paris before us. We could see the engineers busy on the fortifications; and in another place drill going on; the drums and trumpets, too, were distinctly audible. Occasionally a shot. reminded us that we must keep out of sight if we did not wish Baron Stern's chimney-pots, or even something heavier, to be flying about our ears.

After the housekeeper had given us some wine, bread, and most luscious fruit, we returned to Ver-

sailles, through the Bois de Fausses Reposes,\* a name which often struck me as being most appropriate, especially at a time when Trochu's sorties did cause some excitement.

The next day, General Walker having sent to inform me at what hour I might expect Colonel Lindsay from Paris, I drove to Sèvres, picking up Mr. Russell and Mr. Landells on the way.

The same ceremony having been gone through at the main guard as on the preceding day, we were allowed to go on to the post opposite the porcelain factory, where we found our friends of the 82nd regiment.

Almost directly afterwards Colonel Lindsay arrived at the barricade, accompanied by the Count de Flavigny; who, though armed with Count Bismarck's permission to visit Versailles, was not allowed to proceed any further.

German military commanders never allow their own orders to be annulled, even by the Chancellor himself; and the powerful name of Bismarck had seldom any influence with soldiers, when it was in opposition to orders they had received from their own officers. The admirable discipline of the German army leaves very little to the judgment or discretion

<sup>\*</sup> It is perhaps necessary to observe that I am not responsible for the orthography of this curious name. On the Cartes des douaniers de la Couronne, in 1783, it was "Fausses Reposes," and this is still the name.

of the individual soldier, and herein lies one of the principal elements of its success.

We had reached Chaville, when a lieutenant-colonel asked for our papers; but after a few questions he allowed us to proceed. A little further on we were brought to a halt by the young lieutenant of hussars who had met Colonel Lindsay at the river; he came clattering after us at full gallop, and insisted that Colonel Lindsay should have remained where he was, until, having seen Count de Flavigny back again over the river, he himself could have reported him to the officer commanding the post. Under the circumstances, Colonel Lindsay was obliged to return; the rest of us having an extra carriage went on to Versailles.

The most absurd incident of this affair arose when one of our party asked Colonel Lindsay, in English, whether he should go and tell General Blumenthal of the difficulty. This led to an explosion of wrath on the part of the two German officers, who prohibited us, in emphatic language, from talking before them in a foreign tongue. They also denied the right of any one to speak to General Blumenthal on a subject which only concerned themselves.

The next day I accompanied Colonel Lindsay to La Rocheville, where we again slept under Miss Trotter's hospitable roof, and in the morning he left for England.

I returned to Versailles to continue the work, with the assistance of Mr. Kleinmann, who had been sent out from London, and who, as courier and storekeeper, rendered me very efficient aid during several months.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## LIFE IN OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES.

AFTER the 10th of October I considered myself established at Versailles.

My first depôt was in a coach-house in the Rue des Réservoirs, but the contributions from England increased to such an extent, that I was soon obliged to look out for a more important building.

Mr. Reichel, who had been acting as representative of the Ladies' Society of London, which was now merged in the British National Aid Society, kindly assisted me in this; and on the 12th of October we went together to the Petit Séminaire, in the Rue de la Bibliothèque, which was formally handed over to us by the Bishop of Versailles, to be used as a hospital or a storehouse; but a request was made that, if possible, we should avoid bringing infectious cases there, as it would alarm the parents of those whose

education within the walls it was hoped might soon be resumed.

This large house was built by the celebrated architect Mansart for himself. The hall or refectory was admirably adapted for our purposes, being lofty and well warmed with flues.

The centre, or high table of the masters, was appropriated to surgical appliances, medicines, and boxes of food. Flannel shirts covered three long tables, linen shirts the same number; and clothing, socks, slippers, and charpie occupied the rest. There was also one room filled with the tents belonging to the Woolwich ambulance.

With regard to the personnel acting under my directions, I continued until the end of the war as I had commenced. The committee in London would have granted me any assistance of which I might have been in need, but I felt that it would be superfluous to bring personal aid from England to a town like Versailles. I made it a rule to utilize local assistance first; and the result, I think, proved that I was right. Not only was great expense saved, but a few English residents, both male and female, found a field for labour which satisfied their wishes, and enabled them to bear the troubles and anxieties incidental to war, which otherwise might have been almost unendurable.

I also had another aim in view. I could not divert the funds of those whom I represented, in favour of poor persons who suffered indirectly from the war; but by having the counsel of ladies acquainted with the most necessitous cases in the town, I could often place work in their hands, and thus with a small expenditure assist them to eke out an existence.

The first persons to volunteer assistance to me were Mr. Johnson and his family. These friends were not connected with the British Aid Society; but certainly no persons with whom I was associated gave more constant and unflagging help or did more to forward the objects of the society. Long before the end of the war, their kind and zealous help had imperceptibly led me to regard them as indispensable members of my Versailles staff; and I fear at times I was a very exacting director. I know it would not be consonant with their wishes were I to give greater prominence to their names, but there were many then in Versailles who would endorse all that I should like to write of them. for there was scarcely a hospital in that town where the patients did not know and love them. They were always ready to unpack and arrange the linen and clothing sent out from England; and their needles were constantly employed mending or making. When there were purchases to be made (and these extended

from a yard of flannel to eight or ten sheep and oxen), it was to the members of this family I invariably had recourse. Their reward was in the consciousness of doing good, and in the pleasure they felt in being able to afford moral and material comfort to the poor fellows who for so many months filled the hospitals and many of the private houses of Versailles. I may not add more, I could not write less, about those to whom I personally owe such a deep debt of gratitude.

Two other English ladies, the Vicomtesse de Roullée and Mrs. Inglefield, were constant visitors to the depôt, and throughout the duration of the war they seemed never weary of doing good. Thay were both members of the Versailles Ladies' Comité de Secours, of which Madame Delaroche was president and the late Marquise du Prat was treasurer.\*

I had not been many days at the Hôtel des Réservoirs, when in a ride to the outposts I called on Mr. Thomas, whom I had last seen at work in a hospital at Châlons. He had arrived here with four or five French ambulanciers, a waggon and horses, tents, etc., and a saddle-horse, the property of the Société de

<sup>\*</sup> The labours of Mrs. Inglefield did not cease with the war; and scarcely a Sunday has passed since the month of May last but she and her daughters have been at the gates of St. Cloud, collecting money from tourists and visitors towards the rebuilding of the cottages which were destroyed.

Secours, but which had been left behind at Sedan. Mr. Thomas had also discovered an unoccupied house. I readily acquiesced when he proposed that I should take for present use the Château du Moulin Rouge, at Port-Marly, and the servants, horses, and ambulance property he had left there; and in this arrangement the gardener and his wife and family were interested parties. They regarded me as a protector.

The great advantage I recognized in such a change would be that I should have more air and freedom outside the gates of Versailles than within them.

On the 17th of October, I moved to my new residence, which was on the hill between Marly-le-Roi and Port-Marly. Here I could at least be as useful as in Versailles. The situation was healthy, and I could enjoy an extensive view over both armies, particularly from the vineyard at the back of the house, where, on the first night, I selected my point of observation.

I certainly felt somewhat of an invader when, after the first night's rest in the Château du Moulin Rouge, I made an inspection of my newly acquired property, of which I cannot resist the temptation to give a slight description.

Halfway between the Seine and Marly-le-Roi are the gates between two pavilions; thence the road curves downwards through sloping banks of turf, then rises with a sharp ascent to the steps of the château which is a modern house in the Louis XIII. style. In the hollow before the house is a piece of water with a fountain springing from rockwork covered with ferns, where, when friends came to visit me, I offered them an exhibition of the "grandes eaux." On one side of this are the stables, coachman's house, etc., and on the other, corresponding buildings used as an orangery and for other purposes. Tall poplars, clothed at the time of which I write in the gorgeous livery of autumn, stand as sentries before the château, and form a vista towards the principal entrance, while similar stately guardians, interspersed with other trees and shrubs in every shade of green and golden yellow, entice the eye towards distant perspectives, and embrace views of the beautiful plain that extends far away to the west and north-west of Paris. the house the vineyards rise and considerably overtop the lofty Mansart roof and ornamental tower. interior of the château is worthy of the exterior, and though not large it is admirably arranged, and it possessed an excellent hot and cold water bath, a billiard room, and a very good piano, all of which luxuries were highly appreciated by some of my friends.

I had great fears for some of the furniture and the beautiful old Gobelins and other tapestries, but with regard to them and everything else in the house, I gave the strictest injunctions to the servants that everything should be as scrupulously regarded as if the proprietor and his family were at home.

For house rent and garden produce of course I paid nothing, but I may add that I paid for everything else.

When I first went to this house the Red Cross flag was flying from the balcony, but I ordered this to be taken in, as I would not occupy the place under false pretences. Although soldiers frequently called they always went away when they were told I was residing there, and it was in too isolated a position to be used for troops. The consequence was, at the end of the war the proprietor ought to have missed nothing from it but a few mattresses and blankets, which were fair subjects for German requisition; and I hope these formed the extent of his losses.

But my residence here was not of very long duration. The weather became cold and damp, and although on bright days the ride backwards and forwards was very agreeable, it was fatiguing when the work to be attended to in Versailles increased. Besides, there were one or two lively sorties, that threatened, if pushed much further, to garrison my pretty estate; and, after mature deliberation, I made up my mind that perhaps I was more useful at Versailles than I should be if taken a captive into Paris.

But I must confess that the strongest inducement

offered was by M. Van de Velde, the chief of the Dutch ambulance at Versailles, who, after having passed a night with me at Marly, persuaded me to join the Dutch mess at the château.

Here, then, I was installed in a suite of apartments in the palace dedicated "a toutes les gloires de la France," an arrangement in which M. Smidt, the régisseur du palais, kindly acquiesced.

I was thus relieved of a great deal of trouble in domestic matters, as the Dutch gentlemen kindly took the whole responsibility of the mess, the expenses of which were shared in common. They had engaged a cook, and some of the servants of the château attended on us.

Besides M. Van de Velde, the Dutch party consisted of Dr. Hermanides, Dr. Sneltjes, and M. Vrolik. One member of the Dutch ambulance, M. Smitt, unfortunately fell a victim to his devotion in the hospital, and died on the 10th of October, aged twenty-three. Staff Surgeon Dr. Pollack, of the German army, was also attached to this ambulance (what can I do but adopt the absurd name?), which was installed in the Galerie Louis XIII. and in some of the smaller adjacent rooms.

The château of Versailles may be a very agreeable place to live in during the summer, but I soon discovered that it is anything but pleasant when the

"wintry winds do blow, blow, blow." These ran up the grands escaliers and then down the back stairs, coursed along the corridors, tried to escape by the secret passages, and finally ran out with a whistling accompaniment through the joints in the old oak panelling.

Can any one be surprised that at a later period I did not hesitate when it was suggested that I should occupy a most charming suite of apartments in the Rue de la Pompe? It was to be feared that the luxury which surrounded me here would convert me into a perfect Sybarite; but I boldly risked the chance, my only regret being that I excited the envy of some of my friends who were lodged in places which did not quite offer "all the comforts of a home combined with the advantage of elegant and refined society." However, they were none of them to be pitied. The English colony was certainly very well housed.

# CHAPTER XV.

"Afflictions' sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss."

My work was of a very varied and extended character. At first stores were permitted to pass from Havre to our depôt at Versailles, but a seizure was one day made at Vernon of a convoy under the charge of Mr. Thomas.

There was a great outcry against this act, which was said to be in direct contravention of the Convention of Geneva,\* but in this I did not join. The people of Vernon might fairly object to allowing food and wine, etc., to go through their lines to Versailles, unless the same privilege was also accorded by the Germans to stores under the red cross destined for

\* I had given up the use of the red cross brassard, and I had long since come to the conclusion that the Convention of Geneva was no longer worth the paper it was printed on, except as a recognized excuse for good works.

Paris. This is a difficult question; but I cannot think the French were wrong in, at any rate, trying to blockade Versailles.

I also think that on this occasion a most liberal concession was made to us, as those who stopped the convoy allowed a very free interpretation to the words "hospital necessaries."

If food, in the form of barrels of meat and biscuit, be sent to an hospital when there is a scarcity of provisions in the immediate neighbourhood, it is not only the hospital which is benefited. Here is a very weak point in the Convention of Geneva, and one which, at present, I have no intention to discuss.

On one occasion Major Lewis Jones had almost reached me on the western side of Paris, when he was compelled to return with all his stores to England, whence he started again by the north, and arrived at Versailles on the eastern side.

Compared with what was done by some of the agents of the society, the distribution of stores which I made was very limited, but every detail of it was under my own personal control. I felt strongly that the English Society could not fairly be called upon to contribute largely to the hospitals in a place which was so favourably situated as Versailles, without a great abuse of the privileges supposed to be enjoyed

by the agents of the volunteer societies of neutral states.

Our duty was to supplement the assistance and supplies furnished by the Army Medical Corps and Intendance of the respective belligerents, and not to take their places. It was my duty also to judge to a certain extent, from the convoys which daily came into Versailles, as to what was most necessary, and not to make random applications to the London Committee, supported by a general assertion that I could manage to get rid of any hospital stores that might Pity and sympathy would have inclined be sent me. me to carry liberality to its utmost limits, but I endeavoured not to allow my heart to run away with my head. If I were again placed in a similar position, and entrusted with similar power, I should not change the simple and inexpensive plan I pursued at Versailles.

It was a very difficult thing sometimes to refuse, but it was necessary to do so. During the severely cold weather, officers daily came to me to beg warm clothing for their men who were in the trenches, and they remarked that "prevention is better than cure," and unless the men were better clad they would inevitably become ill. To such applications I was compelled to turn a deaf ear. I pitied the soldiers; but prevention was the duty of the chiefs, and it was

no part of my mission to add to the comfort of combatants in the trenches.

As an example of the extent to which I carried my rule, I may remark that I one day received an application for some porter for a Royal Highness. I refused to grant this without a medical certificate, and I have now before me the document which was sent:—

" Versailles," etc.

Every day I visited some of the hospitals. One of these the Hôpital Militaire, under Dr. Fropo, was then the only exclusively French hospital, but subsequently a portion of it was occupied by Germans. Another, the Lycée, was devoted to typhus cases, and fevers of a typhoid or gastric character, the usual number of inmates being from 600 to 1000. Then there were the château, the principal galleries in which were filled with German soldiers, and the Bavarian Hospital in the Caserne de l'Infanterie. These were the principal hospitals in the town, and to these I paid frequent visits; but several private houses contained wounded men, and these were constantly visited

by the ladies I have mentioned, who made notes for me of the small requirements.

Beyond Versailles there were hospitals in all directions—some extremely well arranged, and others where I sometimes noticed a total absence not only of comfort, but often of absolute necessaries, and to such I always endeavoured to render immediate aid.

I must not omit to mention a small hospital in the Couvent des Dames de la Retraite. On the arrival of the Germans, the Vicomte G. de Romanet, with whom I have since been intimately associated, made arrangements with the authorities that this building, which stands in extensive grounds at Montreuil, should be protected from intrusion and requisition. He established a small hospital here for fifteen or twenty men; and for a few months remained within the walls as director and principal dresser. M. Casilis lived with him as medical assistant. The surgeon to this little hospital lived in the town.

One of the most useful ladies at this time was an English sister of the "Congrégation des Servantes du Sacré Cœur de Jésus," and with her, and other members of her sisterhood, I made several little expeditions during the war.

The first of these was in the middle of October, when I accompanied her to the Palais de Justice, where she exhibited an order to set at liberty the curé of Bellevue and another gentleman, who had been in prison for some days, on the charge of communicating, by signs, to the enemy; an accusation which could not be substantiated. Thence we drove to Chaville, and visited the Couvent de St. Vincent de Paul, and the Hospice de St. Jean, where sick soldiers were being nursed; and we also visited the large establishment of the Dominican sisters. Here were eighty-five Prussians, all suffering from typhus and dysentery, and four wounded Frenchmen. In such visits as these we were always able to do some little good.

The same sister did not hesitate to accompany me sometimes on expeditions of a more adventurous character, and I must frankly own that she and her religious habit were more than once my best passports.

One thing I may remark, that whatever supervision I was compelled to exercise with regard to the demands of other hospitals, I always found that the French sœurs de charité were not sufficiently exacting. It was necessary to go and inquire into their wants, and then they always asked for too little, thinking it their duty to give consideration to other hospitals; and they were most grateful for the smallest aid.

Few people know what many of these excellent sisters suffered from cold and privation during this terrible winter, but they never complained, nor could any of the many sufferers whom they attended tell what agonies their gentle nurses were enduring.

Often as I watched them did the poet's words occur to me:—

"The form of religion is rind on the bole, The fruit of religion is love in the soul."

One lady, well known to many persons in England, Fraulein Rumpff, was also amongst those whom I very frequently met. At first she was in the Palace, and I never shall forget once finding her in the splendid Galerie des Batailles, in the midst of piles of soldier's clothing. The clothes of all the wounded men in the château were sent to this gallery, and under the direction of Miss Rumpff they were sorted and mended, so that every man on leaving the hospital should have his outfit; lost or worn-out under-clothing was replaced by contributions from the Johanniter or British depôt.

At a subsequent period I often saw Miss Rumpff in the Lycée, where there were from six to eight hundred men, the majority of whom were typhus cases, or sick with fevers of a typhoid or gastric character.

Such are the positions which try the nerve, patience, and courage not only of women but of men. Nothing can be imagined more disgusting than the scenes which they have to endure in the hospitals devoted to fever, small-pox, and dysentery. The sight of blood is less revolting, and nurses become more easily accustomed, I think, to witness surgical operations than to the offensive and menial offices which such wards constantly demand. All honour then to those who, secluding themselves from the change and excitement to be found in more conspicuous fields of labour, devote themselves day after day to this terrible employment.

The Petit Séminaire was considered to be too good a building for the English depôt; German officers had long had their eyes upon it, and I readily admitted that it ought to be used as a hospital. The Red Cross, in company with the black and white flags, were creeping down the Rue de la Bibliothèque, and one day the Union Jack gave way to them, and I transferred everything in the building to the Cour de la Smala.

I had searched through gallery after gallery in the château, when in my wanderings I came to the grand kitchen, built by Louis Philippe, and which, I believe, has only been used for two banquets: one in honour of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, and the other on the occasion of the visit of the ex-King of Spain. Here I made my stand; I knew it

could not be used as a hospital ward, and I would not see the objections that were raised against its occupation. I told the *régisseur* of the Palace that if he would allow me to do so I would bring in men and clear it in half an hour, and at last he consented. I may here remark that I always recognized the existing French officials where it was possible, to spare their feelings, although it might sometimes have been a more rapid way to ask for direct concessions from the Germans.

With the assistance of the ladies we very soon put the new hospital in order. The massive tables were covered with shirts, flannel-clothing, socks and stockings, blankets, bandages, slippers, etc. Unpacked cases covered the long line of batteries de cuisine on each side. One part of the confectioner's room formed the pharmacie, and the dressers were arranged with splints, gouttières, and surgical instruments, and around the room were shelves covered with arrowroot, syrups, biscuits, etc., and beyond this were ovens full of other stores. In the court outside there was plenty of space for our waggons and horses, and this was of great use when the Woolwich ambulance was subdivided, and Mr. Young and I were acting in concert. We then annexed other rooms for provisions, tents, bedding, etc. My office was in the great chimney of the kitchen, and here, at a table made of packing-cases, and

covered with a Union Jack, I felt myself chef de cuisine, a title which sounds better than "head cook."

Life in Versailles at this time has been so well described by the war correspondents that I need not attempt to go minutely over the same ground.

But I cannot allude to the "war correspondents" without admitting that, socially, they formed one of the few redeeming points of Versailles at this time, and from all of them I received many acts of kind-There were little dinners at the "Réservoirs" ness. until our party became inconveniently large for the share of room left by the army of Royal and Serene Highnesses, and their respective followers. Then we had recourse to the "Vatel," dropping back upon the old house on special occasions. I speak feelingly of these meetings, because all the distinct notions that I had of the general progress of the war were gathered here. I could now and then see something of a fight, but my business generally precluded me from learning the immediate results.

Our table was always a changing scene; some of our party, perhaps, would be away at the headquarters of another army, or there would be an unexpected arrival, a queen's messenger from England, a military commissioner from another army, or a special correspondent in search of a better dinner than his own particular district could afford. I am glad to be able to acknowledge that General Walker, English military attaché, and every member of the English circle at Versailles were always ready to do a good turn for the servants of the Red Cross.

As by degrees we got into winter quarters, there were little meetings almost every evening. I think I may take credit for the first move in this direction. When I found myself in the minister's wing of the palace dedicated "to all the glories of France," I was bold enough to hire a piano, as a mild hint to the only member of our circle who could play on it, that he would sometimes be expected to indulge us. Here on the first night of the season we had quite a large gathering. All the members of the Dutch ambulance were there; the English army and volunteers were represented; there was an American general, a Prussian Stabsarzt, and a strong muster of "war correspondents."

To listen to the performance of our musical friend was a great enjoyment. His répertoire embraced every variety of style, from classic symphonies and sonatas to Strauss and Gungl's valses and the Spanish Tarantella, from the quaint hymn-like music of Scandinavia to Offenbach's latest opera, from the sweet melodies of our own country to the wild music of Russia and Hungary. Mr. Home, too, frequently enabled us to pass an agreeable hour by giving us recitations in prose and verse.

When I moved to the Rue de la Pompe my piano went with me, and here I thought the climax of social happiness was reached, when ladies, regardless of the bitter wintry night, joined us on one of these occasions, and returned home just as the guns of Mont Valérien were beginning their monotonous nightly music.

The English colony attained its height when Mr. Odo Russell came out. With him amongst us we felt we had a political position in Europe.

Little dinners, too, were sometimes given in apartments where Madame de Pompadour had held her court, and the country round would be scoured to furnish a few bottles of something that could not be found in Versailles. The *menu* would bear the *armoiries* of the duchess. One thing was very noticeable, that as cats became scarce hares were more plentiful in Versailles.

After all, the pleasantest houses were those to which the kindness of resident families admitted us. Ladies' society saved us from lapsing into barbarism.

## CHAPTER XVI.

"The groan, the roll in dust, the all-white eye
Turn'd back within its socket,—these reward
Your rank and file by thousands, while the rest
May win perhaps a ribbon at the breast."

Bur it must not be supposed, from these little hints I have thrown out, that we led this sort of life without change,—that we worked during the day and amused ourselves every evening. Yet it must be confessed that there was something very artificial, even in war, as it was carried on at Versailles. Going out to see a sortie was very like going to witness a race; you could ride out after luncheon, assist at an engagement, and return to a seven o'clock dinner.

For instance, as I was coming out of the Hôtel des Réservoirs one day after *déjeuner*, I heard heavy firing in the direction of the Celle St. Cloud; my horse being close at hand, I was soon in the saddle, and rode out with the intention of ascertaining what was going on, and the best point on which to direct an ambulance.

Shells were flying into the woods which terminate the view at the end of the Rue des Réservoirs. The inhabitants ran out of their houses, and many openly declaring that the day of retribution had arrived; the alarm was sounded, and aides-de-camp and orderlies were galloping into Versailles. The first person I met was the Duke of Augustenburg alone, and I accompanied His Royal Highness to Les Ombrages.

In a few minutes the Crown Prince came out with a large staff and an escort of lancers. Thence to the Prefecture, from which very shortly the King, Prince Bismarck, and Generals von Moltke and von Roon emerged in carriages; princes, aides-de-camp, servants, led horses, and an escort of lancers followed.

I now found myself in the midst of a very important-looking procession, in which I was the only person in plain clothes; but I was not long before I had a companion in Mr. Skinner, the active special correspondent of the 'Daily News.'

A smart trot brought us to the high ground close to Beauregard. Here we could realize the actual position of affairs. Thence we moved on to the corner of the wood behind the Celle St. Cloud, where the men of the reserves were lying down, well sheltered by the hill, whilst shot and shell came tearing through the trees. The French, coming from Mont Valérien, struggled well to drive the Germans out of the thick fringe of wood which here masked so many of their earthworks; and the latter preserved their usual calmness and stolid indifference to fire. Owing my position to Royalty, I soon began to show ingratitude (in which, by the bye, I am not singular). I aspired to independence.

Poor Bougival was again in trouble, and flames were bursting from the roofs of some of the houses as I rode towards the village. The French troops were retiring in very good order under the guns of Mont The fight was over for the day; the dead Valérien. and the dying were lying on the roads and in the woods, and the ambulance carts were bearing away the least severely wounded to the hospitals at Versailles. Several poor fellows were lying in the convent at the Celle St. Cloud, and the sœurs de charité were at their pious work. Night was closing in upon many who were never again to see the dawn of another day on earth. I saw two brothers who had not met since they left Germany; now one of them recognized the other a corpse. The poor Landwehrmann had just died; and his last words had been of his wife and four little children.

I do not dwell over these scenes in and about Ver-

sailles: they have been so often described by abler pens, and I am glad to leave them, as far as possible, out of my thoughts.

There was an unreality about the whole drama, as seen from our comparatively luxurious stand-point, which required to be occasionally disturbed. Often, in order to dispel all illusion, I left the town for the simple purpose of assisting for a short time in the rough realities of war. Such expeditions to districts where war was carried on without "the pomp and circumstance" inseparable from the military entertainments in the neighbourhood of headquarters, and to places where the *show business* was not profitable, enabled me to return refreshed, and with a feeling of vigour and energy which it was hard to maintain in the atmosphere of Versailles.

But even here we were not without moments of excitement; and I well remember the comical expression in the face of one of my best-informed friends when he said, "What a go it will be, if we are bustled out of this one of these days!" This was after the French had driven the Bavarian general Von der Tann out of Orleans: and had this success been repeated, no person can tell what the result of the war might have been. I saw troops being pushed forward to the support of the Bavarians, and I knew that everything was prepared for the departure of the headquarters

from Versailles; horses were kept saddled day and night, carriages and baggage-waggons were ready. One day's march by the army of D'Aurelle de Paladines and a vigorous sortie by Trochu, and most assuredly a good many would have been "bustled" out of Versailles.

But speculations as to what might have been are useless. There was a want of discipline, and an absence of almost everything which tends to make an army strong, on the side of Orleans; whilst in Paris those who could command, and those who could fight, were paralysed by political considerations, and by the black treachery of men whose want of patriotism is a disgrace to modern times. Personal ambition and "international" plots can never atone for national disgrace.

Almost every day, at four o'clock, a mournful procession might be seen leaving the court of the château, having in its midst several coffins, an interval separating the Lutheran from the Roman Catholic portion, and the latter being headed by a man bearing a crucifix. The scene varied a little according to the rank of the dead, and the profuseness or absence of floral adornments on the coffins. Often now the pathetic strains of Chopin's exquisitely beautiful *Marche funèbre* sound in my ears, and remind me of these last honours paid to men, few of whom were to

be envied for having been spared the fate of comrades hastily interred on the field where they had fallen, to linger on for days, weeks, and even months, in a Standing over that large grave which holds hospital. the remains of so many heroes, and looking on the group which surrounded it, composed of Germans of all ages and ranks, and French people, whom curiosity always drew thither—as I saw strong men and. delicate women of rival nationalities weeping over those whom, perhaps, they had never known, I could not but think that here, at least—amidst the noise, the fury, and the hate of contending hosts—was to be found the one common humanity which, in spite of everything, unites us all. Here, too, I thought of words uttered by M. Rosseuw St. Hilaire at the funeral of that young member of the Dutch ambulance to whose death I have already referred:-"Devant la mort, devant Dieu, toutes les divergences d'opinion avaient disparu, toutes les haines étaient tombées; on sentait passer le souffle du Christ, et la pensée montait d'elle-même vers les régions sereines de la véritable paix et de la véritable gloire."

On the night of the 27th of October a serenade was given to the King, on the occasion of the capitulation of Metz, and a dense crowd shouted themselves hoarse when the fine old soldier-king presented himself. National airs were performed by a large military

band, and the Wacht am Rhein was repeated two or three times.

Nothing made me so intensely miserable as these moments of rejoicing, natural and proper as I admit they were on the part of the German army, and I cannot describe the state of my feelings as I listened to the sounds of that beautiful evening hymn which always succeeded the *retraite*.

It is a misfortune that rulers see so little of the reverse of the medal which commemorates their victories.

On the 1st of November I handed over to the Versailles Committee seven men, an ambulance waggon, and three horses, which formed part of my Marly establishment. These were originally attached to the French National Society, and I have already described how they came to me. Now, I had no longer any use for them, especially as the strong English ambulance at St. Germain rendered it unnecessary for me to continue an independent stud. On the following day I drove to St. Germain, where Professor Stromeyer, the distinguished Hanoverian Generalstabsarzt, was to inspect the English ambulance.

A sortie was threatened by the French, as if expressly to test the powers of Dr. Guy and his staff. On our side no demonstration had been made, but, as

if by magic, an army seemed to rise from the ground; every position which presented cover was occupied by troops, and batteries of artillery and regiments of the line filled all the streets of St. Germain. Taking into consideration that it was the first time, the English ambulance turned out in very good style, and was soon ready for service; and I think some of us were almost disappointed when, after waiting for an hour or two, the troops were dismissed without an opportunity having been afforded of showing that Britons could work.

There was some fine stuff in that ambulance, and it was a credit to those who organized it.

Much has been said and written of the French drivers attached to it, and personally I often regretted we had not some Woolwich men in their places. Those who engaged them acted for the best. Two or three French drivers might pass without inconvenience, but I can quite understand that so large a number created suspicion. However, the accusation that they were dangerous as spies is not worth refuting. Any innocent man might be as dangerous a spy as any of these if he exerted his intelligence and set no restrictions on his tongue; but I knew very well,—and at a later period I often had some of these very men,—that not one of my drivers ever had time for the spy business, even if he possessed the inclina-

tion to be one. I will admit that some of them were loafers from the port of Havre, who had evidently seen more ships than horses, and had not the least idea how to manage a horse. They could work one and cruelly ill-treat it, but they could not save it; and as for driving into a courtyard without running against a post, or passing a long convoy without a collision, they very seldom succeeded in doing it. Fortunately the English waggons were strong!

I repeat that those who engaged these men acted for the best. This remark applies to many other parts of our work besides the Woolwich ambulance. This, as well as the reason that I am willing to bear my own share of responsibility for mistakes, prevents me from uttering any criticism which might seem adverse to friends with whom I was acting, and from whom I have no wish to separate myself. If my experience be worth anything, I prefer to use it not in blaming the mistakes of others, but in cooperating to make it available for future use.

I have more than once referred to the personal interest I felt in the Anglo-American ambulance, partly owing perhaps to my having been one of its original promoters. This ambulance, when its work was finished at Sedan, was broken up; a portion of it came on to Versailles, under Dr. Pratt, (Dr. Marion Sims and Dr. MacCormac having left France), the

union jack and the stars and stripes making it a very conspicuous object in the Rue des Réservoirs, to say nothing of the black drivers, who looked extremely neutral.

There was a doubt at this time whether it was advisable to continue its services, and strong influences were at work to suppress it. My experience of those who composed the staff of the ambulance convinced me that it was only necessary to remove it from head-quarters, and it would inevitably come to the front; and, as a proof of my own feeling, I took the responsibility of giving it all the assistance in my power both in money and stores, and of hastening its departure from Versailles.

The Anglo-American ambulance left for Orleans; and the Bavarians can testify to the excellent work it performed there.

It may not be out of place here to show a week's work in our depôt, and I will take the first week in November. Nothing was given out *en bloc*, but small quantities were taken to the different hospitals, Kleinmann and myself obtaining a receipt for everything.

Cotton shirts 1020	Drawers	81
Flannel ditto 289	Trousers	41
Socks and stockings 1410	Coats	<b>2</b> 8
Flannel belts 180	Pocket-handkerchiefs	90

. 437	Air beds and cushions	60
. 36	Boxes of oil silk	13
. 155	Lint (packets)	34
. 80	Plaster of Paris	
. 47	(boxes)	18
. 13		
Bottles.	ı	Bottles.
. 78	Carbolic acid	. 4
. 6	Quinine pills	. 11
. 4	Morphia pills	12
	. 155 . 80 . 47 . 13  Bottles 78 . 6	. 36   Boxes of oil silk

Two thousand cigars, Liebig's meat extract, sugar, chocolate, salt, preserves, syrups, corn flour, concentrated milk, arrowroot, tea and coffee, etc. Books, dominoes, cards, and various other games, etc.

We were a fortnight at the *Petit Séminaire*, and the entire expense was covered by two pounds, half of which went to the *concierge* and the remainder in porterage. The ladies, Kleinmann, and myself did the whole of the rest of the work.

At this time I naturally saw a good deal of the Dutch friends I have named. Their work, as might be supposed, was well and economically performed. I have often had occasion to remark that the Dutch are peculiarly suited to sedentary hospitals; there is so much regularity and method in all that they do. But M. Van de Velde, I think, agrees with me that

here in the Château of Versailles he and his staff were in a false position.

M. Van de Velde and his staff did excellent work and deserve great praise, but the Convention of Geneva was never framed with a view to afford volunteer aid in the manner in which the Dutch administered it here and at Saarbrück.

They were not sufficiently independent, and they were more closely incorporated with the Prussian medical staff than they approved. Attached to them as medical director was Dr. Pollak, of the German army.

This arose in a great measure from the fact that the Dutch ambulance arrived at Versailles before the Germans, and, with the concurrence of the French civil and military authorities, they established a hospital in the Château in anticipation of the fighting which was imminent. But Versailles was taken, and the Dutch ambulance was literally annexed for German purposes, in the same manner as the Château itself was appropriated by them.

I am not singling out the Dutch as an exception, and I only make special mention of them because their work came so prominently under my notice.\* There were English ambulances open to the same

<sup>\*</sup> The Dutch Aid Society, at the commencement of the war, was comparatively the best prepared to supplement the Army Medical Corps of

remarks, and some of these were not with or near any army. When the Convention of Geneva is again taken under consideration, these points will doubtless be referred to, and we cannot too soon note recent experiences whilst they are fresh in the memory.

Where all worked with only one object in view, and where the sufferings of so many hundreds were alleviated by representatives of all European States, I would be the last to criticize with any but the most respectful feeling the conduct of those with whom I was proud to be connected as a fellow-worker.

It produced a strange sensation to walk through the galleries of the Château at night, and the imagination was at liberty to indulge in the wildest fancies. On first entering from the Cour de Marbre, the whole scene resembled a painter's blot; deep shadows traversed by apparently meaningless lights, bright patches of red and yellow in the midst of breadths of black. Gradually the idea of the artist, if I may continue the simile, becomes apparent; perpendicular gilt lines, that here and there catch a faint gleam of light, indicate rows of pictures, and horizontal white lines represent beds, each of which has its occupant. All is quiet, except occasionally when there is a groan

the Netherlands or any other State which might be at war; and in proportion to the extent of Holland, its means were most comprehensive and admirable.

of agony from some poor sufferer, to whom night brings no repose, and for whom even morning will have no hope. At intervals, in the long and gloomy perspective, the faint flame from an oil wick throws a gleam across the polished floor, or a reddish glow marks where an open stove is affording warmth to the extensive galleries. A few Sisters of Mercy, some in white, others in black, glide about like ministering angels in a dark world. Suddenly the almost perfect stillness is broken by hushed whisperings; the doctor whose turn it is to watch for the night is called to a patient whose pillow proves that a recent wound has Soon silence, only broken by the opened afresh. wintry winds without and the fitful booming of a distant gun, is again restored. Meanwhile the poor lad has found peace in another world.

There was one volunteer who must not be forgotten. I allude to an intelligent bulldog, a general favourite, that honoured the Dutch mess with his company. This popular and sagacious animal was called "Bismarck." There were two reasons given for this. In the first place he was of that particular shade of brown known as "Couleur Bismarck;" and secondly, he had a highly developed taste for annexation. He afforded much amusement to the soldiers, and "Bismarck" was often to be found at the bedside of the wounded, whom he patronized irrespective of nationality.

On one occasion some of us were passing through a gate at night, and Bismarck's name was called by one of the party. The name was quite sufficient to command respect, and the sentinel immediately presented arms.

In the month of November a Ladies' Committee, composed of the Marquise du Prat, the Vicomtesse de Roullée, Mrs. Inglefield, Madame Delaroche, Mrs. Langdale, and Mrs. Waugh, met in my apartments once or twice a week. They were engaged in a work for the relief of the poor people who were driven out of the villages which were under fire, or occupied by the besiegers.

At this time there were two classes whose privations were very great; namely, those who occupied a good social position, but were in great want, owing to their inability to touch any funds, and, secondly, those who were in receipt of pensions which had been left unpaid, officiers en retraite, Government employés, governesses, and teachers of all kinds. For the first class, loans varying from five pounds to twenty-five pounds were needed; and for the latter, gifts from ten shillings to five pounds were sufficient to save much misery. I am glad to add that a scheme which was started with this object, and which was advocated by Mr. W. H. Russell, Mr. Austin, and Mr. Marshall, relieved some of the most

pressing necessities which the severity of the winter rendered it harder to bear.

A small society was also formed, with the mayor, M. Rameau, at the head, for the purpose of receiving subscriptions and granting small loans, on moral guarantees, without interest, on security.

In this work, in addition to the ladies I have mentioned, Madame de Lamarre and Mdlle. Trier gave It is not always the poorest people great assistance. who suffer the most. I will give an instance of this. I went one day to the Grand Séminaire, where one hundred and fifty men, women, and children were lodged; these had been driven out of Garches, Bougival, and St. Cloud. They were maintained at the expense of the town, and their immediate wants were satisfied; but there were many persons of title and position who could not work; they were ashamed to beg, and they could not be regarded as paupers. To such, we endeavoured to bring relief in a manner that would not wound their feelings, and I know of more than one case in which family jewels were saved by a comparatively insignificant loan.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

## RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

Mr. Forbes had ridden in from the Saxon headquarters, and he described the great want of hospital comforts, and, indeed, of absolute necessaries which existed at Écouen, on the north-west side of Paris. Young repeated this to me, and I readily acquiesced in his suggestion that we should immediately arrange a little expedition, particularly as there was no duty to require my attention at Versailles, of which Kleinmann could not relieve me.

On the 29th of November, the same day we received the information, Young brought in from St. Germain a general service waggon, and we spent the afternoon in loading it. Amongst the contents were 250 lb. of biscuits, 150 lb. of sugar, six cases of port wine and porter, a large supply of Liebig's meat extract, condensed milk, corn-flour, syrups, medicines,

etc., and 1500 cigars, and in the evening we left for St. Germain.

That night I was quartered in the charming villa, of which Young then appeared to be the master. It was a most luxurious abode, with a pretty terrace garden looking towards Paris; the butler still remained to assist in doing the honours of the house.

There had been firing throughout the whole night, and when I left my bed at seven o'clock, it was rapidly becoming more serious, and soon frequent discharges of musketry showed that a demonstration, if nothing more serious, was being made. Mont Valérien was very irritable, and roared away like a big mastiff backing up small dogs, and doing his best to get up a fight. The little dogs were represented by guns of lighter metal on the slopes in front of the fortress.

But, having a long day's march before us, we did not stay to see whether the large Versailles dogs, which we knew were only hidden by a thin curtain of trees, would be let loose and unmuzzled. I must premise that General Von Loewen, the Commandant at St. Germain, kindly offered us an escort, as we were going on a service of danger, but this we declined; the larger the party, the greater the danger of drawing fire, and, personally, I still possessed some respect for the Convention of Geneva, which in its first article declares, "La neutralité cesserait si les ambulances ou les hôpitaux étaient gardés par une force militaire." (The framers of the Convention had not anticipated the extent to which "benevolent neutrality" would be carried.)

Some curiosity was excited by our appearance. The waggon and four of the best horses in the stable, with good English harness, and two Woolwich men on the limber box, looked like work. The union jack and the red cross were in their places. Young and I were on horseback. The morning was very bright and cold; the beautiful landscape, in the midst of which were the towers and roofs of Paris, shone with radiance, and wreaths of white smoke from the guns rolled along the fields below Mont Valérien, and hung about the wooded heights of Bougival and St. Cloud. At the end of the unrivalled terrace, we left the forest and, passing through Maisons-Lafitte, came to the Seine. Here, the sight was not encouraging: before us was a long railway bridge, from which the rails and many of the sleepers had been torn, leaving all sorts of iron and wooden excrescences and occasional gaps, through which a soft fall might have been easily obtained. However, we managed to get over without accident, and went on through Sartrouville towards Argenteuil.

By this time, not only was it evident that a heavy

battle was being fought on the east of Paris, but a very brisk fire was going on in front of us. arriving at Argenteuil there is a very exposed halfmile of road, and, whilst we were passing over this, it was so apparent that the Vengeurs de la Seine, or some other equally determined gentlemen, had made up their minds to stop us if possible, that I suggested we I saw one fellow put his head over a should trot. wall, and deliberately pot at us at a distance of between four and five hundred yards, and that with an artificial rest, an advantage which English volun-Small-arms having no effect on teers can appreciate. us, a big gun was brought into position, but the gunners had only time to send one heavy shot over us before we were hidden by the houses of the town.

Poor inoffensive Argenteuil was severely treated this day, and the beautiful stone tower and spire, which forms a much-admired feature in the landscape, did not escape injury from the shells directed upon it from Paris.

At Margency we halted for an hour, and called at the château occupied by the Crown Prince of Saxony. His Royal Highness was just going out, but his staff, whose politeness to me at Mouzon I have already mentioned, offered us bed and board if we would stay.

Every one here was on the alert, but, as the troops

had not been called out, the soldiers were amusing themselves by watching the firing. Every spot commanding a view had its little group.

At Montmorency we again came under fire; and not being quite sure whether we could make a safe run with our convoy, and perhaps impelled by a little curiosity, we accepted an invitation from a Saxon officer who was galloping past us to accompany him in a reconnoitring expedition. Leaving our waggon under shelter of a hill, we had our spurt, and decided that if our men had no objection to a little shell practice there was no insurmountable obstacle to be overcome.

At one spot, which was covered by an unpleasantly hot fire of projectiles, an officer, accompanied by Forbes, appeared on the scene, and he remarked to us that he should not remain in our company, as he was the father of a family. I had never more ardently desired to be in the same category with the same excuse for a retreat.

This, I confess, was my feeling, but the journey was a long one, and our waggon was too heavily laden to allow us to force the pace. Forbes was in his element, and, for the time being, I do not think he gave much consideration to home-ties.

After passing through Sarcelles, we soon arrived at the beautiful Château of Écouen, where we met with a most hearty welcome from Dr. Tegener and his staff.

The château is a grand building of the feudal type, and it stands on the summit of a ridge of hills that slope towards Paris on the south, whilst on the northern side the little village of Écouen nestles closely under the wing of the castle, and its steep and rugged street dips into a rich and fertile plain dotted with white farmsteads. Two bridges span the wide and stone-faced moat, and give entrance to the principal court, which, with its lofty walls and richly sculptured stonework, presents an appearance in the highest degree grand and palatial. Broad avenues through the gardens and woods that surround the building offer a charming series of landscape pictures to the principal apartments. This château formerly belonged to the Montmorency family; and, after the extinction of the title, Napoleon I. handed it over as a school for the daughters of the Chevaliers of the Legion of Honour, and as such, in time of peace it still remains, under the care of sixty nuns.

The manner in which Young and myself were received, when our heavily-laden vehicle was brought to a stand in the court, was most gratifying to us, and contrasted most favourably with all I had experienced since I first came out. One of the doctors insisted on turning out of his room for Young and

myself; another gentleman did the same service for Forbes, who arrived soon after us, and everybody seemed determined to do something for us. Our visit was looked upon as a *fête*; and although the fare was necessarily somewhat rough, it was given with such hearty hospitality as to make it equal to a more recherché banquet.

At a later hour we moved to the spacious old kitchen, so as to be beyond the risk of disturbing the patients, of whom there were nearly two hundred in the house: here we kept high revel, brandy punch, diluted with Bordeaux, being the beverage. Several toasts were proposed; and in one, the chief, Dr. Tegener, said that since they had been there, many had made promises to them which had never been fulfilled, but they then had amongst them gentlemen, one of whom, "unser lieber Forbes," having made a promise, had immediately come through fire to perform it. If my response in German was intelligible, it must have been due to the strong compound I had imbibed. The harmony of the evening was considerably aided by Young, who, probably for the first time in the history of the castle, made the vaulted roof echo to the sounds of English harmony.

I felt almost guilty when, after we had retired for the night, I found myself in occupation of a room from which the war had driven some devout nun or one of the pupils of the establishment. The books and pictures were around me, and a sheet of manuscript music, on a table at the side of my bed, gave rise to a variety of reflections, especially the chant, "Da pacem, Domine, in diebus nostris, quia non est alius qui pugnet pro nobis nisi tu, Deus noster." There was also the prayer, "Domine salvum fac imperatorem nostrum Napoleonem."

This name reminds me that I saw the full-length portraits of the Emperor and Empress; they had been taken out of their frames and rolled up, and I suppose that by this time they cover two sides of a room in some German town. I regret that such memorials of a visit made to Ecouen in happier times should have been removed.

With the words before me, "Levavi oculos meos in montes unde veniet auxilium mihi," and thinking that "De profundis clamavi ad te Domine; Domine, exaudi vocem meam, was more appropriate for poor France, I fell asleep.

The next morning, at an early hour, Dr. Tegener drove Young and myself through Villiers-le-Bel to the Gonesse railway station, where we found a train full of sick and wounded men ready to start for Germany. My first feeling on reaching the station was one of joy to see a railway in working order with an engine

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panting to start again. It was quite a return to civilized life.

I little thought three years ago, when, in company with a distinguished party of officers and medical men of European reputation, I was carried on a stretcher by soldiers, and suspended in a railway waggon which conveyed me to a station a few miles out of Berlin and back, that I should ever see a train of such waggons full of men wounded on the battle This service, which is performed by the Berlin field. Hülfsverein, was one of the most perfect of the many admirable things connected with the Prussian army. The morning was very cold, but the patients all looked extremely comfortable in their beds. was a sleeping apartment for the sisters, and one for the doctors: the kitchen, dining-room, and cellar were all complete, and a passage running through the centre of the train facilitated the service.

Thence we returned to Ecouen, and visited all the wards, in each of which the grateful chief presented us to the patients in a few flattering words. We then parted from our hospitable hosts, and set out for St. Germain, an urgent requisition having been conveyed to us by a courier.

The morning was most favourable for a journey, and a sharp frost had very much improved the roads. The waggon being empty, we were able to quicken our pace. At Montmorency we stayed for a quarter of an hour to admire the beautiful view of Paris. Palaces, theatres, and monuments, all were distinctly visible; and in the foreground, close below us, were St. Denis; Enghien, with its lake; and Epinay, where there had been an insignificant sortic during the night. As we descended the sunny slope on which stand so many pretty villas, we met twenty-five French prisoners, who constituted the bag for the night.

We trotted on past the "Hermitage," where Jean Jacques Rousseau wrote his Nouvelle Héloïse, and where, half a century later, Grétry died; thence to Margency, where we halted to rest our horses, and on to Argenteuil. We again had to run the gauntlet when we came near Courbevoie. The firing was not quite so severe as on the preceding day, but the rifle practice being very deliberate, there was no excuse for want of accuracy. I am glad there were no "running-deer cracks" amongst the tireurs.

There was an old woman in a cottage near Argenteuil who had a fractured arm, and we had called on her on the preceding day, but, unfortunately, without being able to do anything for her beyond a little present of money. As it was quite impossible to find a doctor for her, we pulled up to-day and made her prisoner, thinking that if we insisted on carrying her

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to the hospital at St. Germain, it would be the best thing for her. She was very plucky; we dressed her up, and the two English attendants carried her out and placed her on a bed which we had laid on the bottom of the waggon.

As it was important that I should reach Versailles that night, I left our party, which, for the sake of the old lady, was now compelled to keep at a walk, and I pressed on at a smart trot, through Sartrouville and Maisons to St. Germain. Miss Coutts-Trotter kindly gave me a meal whilst my horse was being changed, and I then sped on to Versailles.

I was particularly pleased with the result of this journey, because it afforded one more proof of the great advantage of that independent course which I had advocated and pursued since the commencement of the war. It also showed how promptly assistance may be carried to a great distance without trouble to military authorities, and without interference with military discipline. Had an escort been with us, the character of the expedition would have been changed, and the rules of the Convention of Geneva would have been infringed. But for such journeys, a man with the experience and judgment of Mr. Young is invaluable. Lessons learnt in China and Abyssinia are seldom thrown away, even if acted on in Europe.

# CHAPTER XVIII.

### A JOURNEY ROUND PARIS DURING THE SIEGE.

CAPTAIN H. BRACKENBURY and Captain Nevill came to Versailles at the beginning of December, and as I was then very much in want of stores, they promised to supply me from their depôt at Meaux. Mr. Young could not then leave his men and horses at St. Germain; but it was necessary that some responsible person should undertake to fetch these things, so I decided to go.

On Sunday (the 5th of December) I again slept in the same luxurious quarters that, thanks to Young, I had recently occupied, and on the following morning I set out for Meaux. My party consisted of a serjeant, four dressers, and two general-service waggons, each drawn by four horses, and I travelled on horseback.

I had become so accustomed to novel situations that few things appeared strange to me, but I think my best friends would have scarcely recognized me had they met me in the Forest of St. Germain in charge of this party. The morning was intensely cold, and I never suffered more acute pain from frost. I had gone some distance along the terrace, when one of our couriers, whom I had commissioned to find me some gloves, came after me with a pair of gauntlets stamped *Garde Impériale*. It was no time to consider appearances; they answered their purpose admirably, and no doubt their conspicuously military character inspired additional respect for the wearer.

Crossing the railway bridge at Maisons-Lafitte, which I have already described, but which the frost had made worse than before, one of the leaders fell and threw its rider, but fortunately no damage was done, and we continued our journey.

An officer whom I met recommended me to avoid Argenteuil, as the chassepôts were particularly busy there, and to pass through Cormeilles and Soisy. I followed his advice, the waggons being empty, and easy to draw over hilly country. I did not regret this change of route, as one part of this road commands a most beautiful view of Paris and St. Denis, with a charming panorama of the Seine, bounded by the Terrace of St. Germain.

At Margency I learnt that the Crown Prince of Saxony and his staff had gone to Prince George's headquarters, so my hope of a good luncheon was disappointed. A poor woman, left in charge of a deserted villa, gave me a piece of black bread and a cube of what she called beef, but which I believed to be horseflesh, and, both man and beast having been refreshed, we moved on through Montmorency to Sarcelles. Here I left the waggons in front of a guard-room, whilst I cantered up to the Château of Écouen to leave with Dr. Tegener a packet of medicines I had promised him. I then rejoined the waggons, and we went on to Gonesse, where we arrived at five o'clock.

Having placed the waggons in the market-place, facing the commandant's quarters, I applied for billets, and the men and horses being housed, I anticipated I should have no difficulty for myself. Nor was I deceived; before my work was done, two army surgeons came and conducted me to the Maison Dieu, where Dr. Dittmar (Oberstabsarzt), Dr. Vahl (Stabsarzt), and other gentlemen, to whom I had been recommended by Dr. Tegener, were about to sit down to dinner, and they invited me to join them.

This large establishment, in ordinary times, is occupied by old men and women, under the care of a religious sisterhood; whither all these poor people had been transported I know not, but there were then 180 fever-stricken soldiers there. At a later

hour, having seen that my men and horses were all right, I again joined my new-found friends in a little club they had established, the only one of the kind, I think, on the whole line round Paris.

Dr. Vahl and Inspector Künstler kindly took charge of me, and gave me a room for the night in a house of which they had taken possession. Here they were waited on by an intelligent boy who had run away from his home in Berlin, accompanied a regiment to the front, had been laid up with typhus, and had since been adopted by the doctors.

As usual, the drivers were late the next morning, and, although I was out at six, I could not start much before eight o'clock. My party was enlarged to-day by an ambulance waggon, two drivers, and a serjeant of dragoons, for whom I promised, if possible, to obtain at Meaux certain stores for the Gonesse hospitals.

The ordinary population of Gonesse is about 3000, but certainly not 300 persons were left there. Nothing could look more melancholy than its streets, as I rode through them: doors and windows in most places broken through; the walls grey and grim against a leaden sky; the ruins of the large sugar manufactory, burnt by francs-tireurs, who had a grievance against the proprietor, encircling one lofty chimney which still remained uninjured; whilst the little mill-stream that intersects the town could scarcely find a

passage through the ice which was gradually enclosing it. Everything looked cold, dull, and miserable; and as I advanced further and further into the wintry fog, snow began to fall. Had I needed additional evidence of the state of the atmosphere, I should have found it in the two crisp icicles which represented my moustache. We passed several outposts. Occasionally, through the mist, a bright flash could be distinguished, followed by a dull boom. Beyond this, there was no excitement, and the road being level and good, we trotted along at a brisk pace.

Between eleven and twelve we reached Mitry, and thence, after a short halt, proceeded to Meaux, where we arrived at three o'clock.

I soon found Nevill and Sutherland, and they gave me stabling. I remained for two hours with the horses until I had seen them properly settled, and then rejoined them, and we dined together at Grignon's Hotel. The town was full of army contractors and German Jews, and the only corner I could obtain for myself was in a garret, with a tile floor and no fireplace.

I can bear discomfort as well as most people, but I have a strong objection to it when it is dressed up in shams which cannot exclude cold and dirt.

I confess I was utterly miserable, and envied my horse; but I could not grumble when I thought of

the thousands in that troubled land of France, compared with whom I was happy.

Meaux at that time exhibited more evidence of life than any French town I had been in for two months, and a brisk trade was being carried on in the market. The chalk indications on all the doors proved that a large number of German troops were billeted there, and the *Pickelhaubes* in the street were perhaps even more convincing.

In Meaux I passed one day that was not without interest, as I was able to form an opinion of the manner in which the army supplies were kept up. I again met Colonel Baker (10th Hussars), also Captain C. Brackenbury, and Dr. Lewis, who gave me in teresting news of friends whom I had left at Sedan. We all dined together in the evening.

As Captain Nevill could not give me any stores, I bought wine and other things, enough to fill one waggon, and the other I left behind to be brought on a few days later by Mr. Sutherland. My saddle-horse was dead lame so I left him also. I started from Meaux on the following morning, on the journey to Versailles, and I was glad to have as a companion Captain C. Brackenbury, who, with his courier, had no other convenient means of getting to Versailles.

Soon after noon we arrived at Lagny, which was

looking dirtier and more wretched even than Meaux, and here we met Mr. Skinner.

There were 1500 French prisoners in the church, and we saw these marched off to the Railway Station; it was sad to see them dragging themselves through the deep and slushy snow. Some German officers, who were in the room with us, suggested that they ought all to be shot down in a heap, but we did not consider their remarks entitled to weight, especially as they seemed to think that England ought to be blown out of the water for the crime of having furnished arms to the French.\*

In the market square stood the largest vehicle I have ever seen, excepting an elephant car in a travelling menagerie. This huge conveyance, which was designed to carry twenty-five wounded men, bore the words ambulance belge. With the greatest respect for the Belgian Société de Secours, I cannot understand how they came to put such an impossible looking machine upon the road. An ambulance waggon should be as light as possible, compatible with strength, and capable of being drawn by two horses.

<sup>\*</sup> I was often obliged to listen to such remarks, and whilst, to a certain extent, sympathizing with them, I could not but observe that England is not alone in such nefarious traffic. Manufacturers and merchants are much the same all over the world, and the Russians received substantial aid during the Crimean war from some of those who are now amongst our accusers.

I left my card in this monster vehicle for M. Eloin (formerly secretary of the late Emperor Maximilian), who was the director of the ambulance, and he immediately returned the visit, and we discussed the general work of the aid societies.

At two o'clock we started again, and kept on slowly through the snow to Boissy St. Leger, where we arrived at five o'clock. But before this somebody had relieved Brackenbury of a recently purchased horse, which had been attached to the back of the waggon by a chain. However, horses then were not expensive luxuries to lose, but only to keep. The little village was full of troops, and there were 600 horses stowed away in all sorts of places. In a drawing-room I saw two of them quietly eating their oats off a marble mantelpiece, and looking at themselves in a large mirror.

Brackenbury and I had been for some time searching for quarters, when a young non-commissioned officer, attached to an ambulance, volunteered his assistance.

Standing room was found for the horses in a large farm stable, which was already overcrowded. The serjeant remained in the waggon for the night, to guard the wine, and the other men were quartered in the stable.

Whilst I was occupied in seeing that the horses

were properly cared for, Brackenbury and his courier had been making friends with the non-commissioned officers, and they insisted that we should share their room. My cooking apparatus was brought into action, and with a small pot of Liebig, a sausage, and some bread we made a very good meal, which was followed by punch, which our three Prussian friends assisted us to drink, whilst they narrated some of their experiences. At ten o'clock a good log fire was made up, and mattresses were laid down in three corners of the room; one of these was allotted to Brackenbury and myself. Fortunately I had with me my usual provision of two blankets, so that there was no necessity for either of us to emulate the example of St. Martin.

At six A.M. the next morning I called up the men, and at half-past seven we were on the march, our hospitable friends having first shared their coffee with us, in exchange for which, and some bread, we left them a box of cigars.

Snow had fallen during the night, the roads were most difficult, and we could not have the horses roughed. The picture we presented was certainly one which ought to have been seen at Woolwich. The general service waggon with a coating of snow on it, the drivers in grey coats with capuchin hoods rising in sharp points above their heads, Brackenbury

and myself on the limber-box, the French serjeant behind us, and Guillard (Swiss courier) perched on a pile of forage, just under the hood, and peering out like an owl in an ivy bush.

At Villeneuve St. Georges we crossed the pontoon bridge. Near this a few shots were fired, and occasionally we heard the whir-r-r of a shell in the air; otherwise there was little to relieve the monotony of the long waggon trains, some passing with wounded men to the rear, others carrying provisions to the front, the drivers shouting and lashing their overstrained horses up the steep and slippery hills, which offered scarcely any foothold. We must have passed at least 500 waggons, each drawn by four horses.

It is no inconsiderable labour, as only those know who have tried it, to win one's way under such circumstances, and it is necessary to resort to the most ingenious jockeying. At a place where four roads met, there being no chance of shelter, we baited our horses, and ate the remainder of the provisions we had with us. Thence by cross roads to Massy and on to Versailles, where we arrived at three o'clock.

I have not dwelt on the real difficulties of our journey, but they may be imagined when I state that the horses fell constantly, and two were often on the ground at the same time. Brackenbury (who kindly shared all the trouble, and whose experience

was of great advantage to me) and I walked about twelve miles, partly to warm ourselves, but chiefly to assist in keeping the horses moving.

This journey, completely round Paris (about 110 miles) was most interesting, and I only regret that my pen cannot do full justice to the many novel situations it presented. Although I brought back some very useful additions to our depôt, I should have been better satisfied had I not been obliged to leave one waggon at Meaux. However, from this there was some consolation to be obtained in the thought, that if it was so difficult to get four horses along, what should we have done with eight?

In those days, once en route, it was very difficult to find time for correspondence, especially as candles were luxuries, and the lantern was generally needed in the stables until the horses were provided for. Afterwards one was little disposed for epistolary efforts. Nor did the obstacles to these end with the journey; the arrival was soon discovered, news was eagerly exchanged, new comers were introduced to each other, and in every case long catalogues of pressing needs were always showered upon me; ubiquity was evidently considered to be one of my virtues. Meanwhile the stores were disappearing from our depôt, and I vainly watched for a repetition of the miracle of the widow's cruise of oil.

The next morning (after an absence of five days) was no exception to the rule. Poor Captain Atkinson, who was very ill when I left, was dead, and service had been performed over his grave by General Walker. An English family, with whom I had the privilege to be intimately associated, had lost a daughter and sister: she had died in France, at no great distance from Versailles, without it being possible for her friends to pass through the lines to The Duc de Luynes had been shot before Orleans whilst serving as a garde mobile; he was only twenty-six years of age, and he had left a widow and two very young children. friend, one of whose sons was a prisoner in Germany, was anxious to go to Orleans to look for a son who was reported wounded; a little later we heard of his death. Another of the Luynes family, the Duc de Chevreuse, was badly wounded between Versailles and Orleans, and the Duchess, his mother, had gone to nurse him. The son of Dr. Godard, a member of the Versailles committee, was badly wounded in the great sortie on the side of Champigny; he had lain for two days on the frozen ground before he was removed, and his brotherin-law, Dr. Delaunay, told me that it was a hopeless case. I have purposely mentioned these instances as showing the kind of news which met one in the

course of a few evening calls, after an absence of less than a week.

I could extend the list to a considerable length, and it would include representatives of all classes; but it is through individual losses we can best fathom the depth of a nation's sufferings. When some of the highest in the land are struck down side by side with the artisan and the peasant, we feel that the truest sympathies of our heart make no distinction between those who fall honourably in the defence of their country. And in the deaths of my compatriots, to which I have referred, both of them separated by an impassable barrier from home and friends, we have only two examples, out of many which might be cited, of the universality of misery caused by war.

## CHAPTER XIX.

#### STUCK IN THE MUD.

THE weather at this time was most severe, and the sufferings of the poor people who had been driven from their homes, and had no chance of earning any money, must have been extreme. The hardy Germans, however, did not seem to mind it; the truth is they were all pretty well housed, and a man can endure a good deal, even in mid-winter, if he is well clad and can lie down in warm quarters three or four nights out of the seven. The Marketenders astonished me more than any other people connected with the German armies. Men and boys would come from the extreme points of Germany with their waggons and horses, and I conclude that many of them always slept in their carts.

It is impossible to describe the beauty of Versailles at this time. The long avenues and the groups of trees in the château gardens stood out from the leadencoloured sky, like gracefully arranged clusters of crystallized marabout feathers. The marble statues and
fountains, looking black by contrast, appeared to have
adopted more than usually fantastic positions and
attitudes. In the town, too, the long lines of trimlycut trees exhibited a wintry loveliness I had never
seen equalled, every branch and twig being clothed
in glistening white. The canal, the Lac des Suisses,
and other places, were covered with skaters, chiefly
Germans; and the park, I was told, was quite gay and
cheerful.

My business called me to places where the winter presented another aspect, and where the bodies of those who had been slain remained for many days lying in the open. The ground was so hard that graves could not be dug fast enough.

Amongst the many curious journeys I made during the winter, the comic element entered most fully perhaps into one I am about to describe.

There was great suffering in the neighbourhood of La Queue-en-Brie, where men, seriously wounded during the great sortie on the 30th of November, were still lying without proper attendance; and it having been reported to me that although nurses could be provided, no conveyance could be found for them, I promised to take charge of as many as could be spared on the following morning.

Just as we were about to leave, Sutherland, who had arrived on the previous night with a waggon of stores from Meaux, proposed to avail himself of the opportunity to return with us.

After considerable difficulty in harnessing four horses to our large omnibus (constructed to carry twelve in and sixteen outside) we made a start. The party consisted of Sutherland, MM. Rodouan and Mercier, aides d'ambulance from the Versailles society, six infirmiers, who sat on the top, and two mounted drivers. At the Hôpital Civil we called for four sœurs de charité, who, with their modest baggage, completed the load. As the ponderous-looking vehicle, bearing on each side the words "Service of the English Ambulance," rolled along the streets it attracted considerable attention, and doubtless some people imagined that it was the first of a new line of omnibuses from Versailles to anywhere.

Rain was falling in torrents, and we plashed on steadily through the mud. At Wissous we pulled up in front of a small *cabaret*, where a man and his wife, in the midst of a wrecked home, still continued to sell schnapps and cigars to the soldiers. The whole party sat down together in the kitchen for an hour, and made a meal from the provision-box we had with us.

At Villeneuve St. Georges we were just able to get the omnibus through the railway arch by making

some of the men lie down on the top, whilst the rest pressed down on the springs as much as possible there was half an inch to spare.

It was dark when we reached Boissy St. Leger. Here I should have preferred to remain for the night, but this was plainly impossible. The village was quite as full of troops as on the occasion of my last visit. The road was encumbered with waggons, and at every step we seemed to encounter greater ob-Soon after we had passed through Sucy we were brought to a dead stop: a military fourgon laden with flour had broken down in front of us. We made every effort to render assistance, but horses and waggon were firmly embedded in mud. the sacks were taken out, and with the aid of eight horses, several men with poles, and our lantern (the only one), the convoy was able to advance after a delay of an hour and a half. By this time we had become almost inextricably jammed, and after a few hundred yards, over which every driver naturally tried to keep his share of the paved road, our wheels were locked in a German Marketender's cart. Then ensued a most violent scene; the whole vocabulary of German oaths was poured upon us, and a number of drivers and soldiers surrounded us, gesticulating, shouting, swearing, lashing the horses and telling us every few seconds, with many unparliamentary expletives, that we were "French hounds." We almost came to blows, but I am glad to say it extended no further than upraised whips, when I took the lantern and inspected a fellow in order to have the number of his regiment. The announcement, "Civis Romanus sum," or, rather, "Ich bin ein Engländer," certainly had some effect, and I fancy that by diverting the current of speech a little, it warded off serious results.

As the convoys, extending several hundred yards in both directions, could not move, and as a German officer told us he would have our omnibus thrown down the bank if we remained another moment on the road, I exercised the only discretion allowed me by the circumstances, and directed the drivers to pull off into the field, and this to my surprise was accomplished without upsetting the vehicle.

It was now ten o'clock; we were two miles from our destination, and the horses, after fourteen hours' work, were too tired to move the omnibus, which, by the time the road was clear, was deep in the mud, and they expressed the resolution at which they had arrived by jibbing, rearing, and other unequivocal signs.

Rodouan and Mercier volunteered to go to La Queue for a carriage to fetch the sisters; and during the hour they were away we distributed rations of bread, sausage, and red wine. Rodouan returned to tell us that nothing could be done until morning, and that it was quite impossible to offer us lodging. This being the case, and giving the first consideration to our horses, I sent them off with all the men to a farm, under the charge of M. Rodouan.

The four sœurs de charité, Sutherland, and I remained with the omnibus. The sisters throughout displayed the most wonderful patience, and the only signs of fear they at any time exhibited were shown by the increased activity of their beads.

Sutherland's philosophy and good temper aided me considerably, for I candidly admit I was never more sorely tried than by the foul and insulting language and behaviour of the Germans, and the laziness, grumbling, and general incompetency of our French drivers and *infirmiers*.

What a picture! A long road, now a river of mud. On the one side, space, here and there broken by a thin line of leafless fruit trees or a cluster of poplars; on the other, a rapid slope towards an undulating plain bounded by hills, except where a large gap disclosed a view of Paris, the dome of the Pantheon being the central object. The darkness had been dispelled by a brilliant moon, and on the side of the city a constantly shifting band of electric light was thrown across the defences, whilst nearer to us

the bivouac fires of Ducrot's army looked like so many glowworms. Occasionally there was a flash of fire, and the stillness of the night was broken by the whirring of a shell followed by the report of a gun. In the midst of this picture a colossal railway omnibus, with a blanket suspended in place of a door, and inside, four sœurs de charité, looking more like nestless magpies in their black and white garments, and two Britons, to whose warmth a considerable coating of mud doubtless contributed.

Thus we passed a December night, nodding ourselves into convulsive naps, indulging in occasional merriment at our more than ludicrous position, or diverting ourselves with the troopers, who often left the road to inspect the curious novelty in the shape of a British Feld-Lazareth.

Morning came at last, grey and cold, with a damp fog which hung sluggishly over the uncultivated fields, cutting the poplars in halves with its vapoury line, and leaving their gaunt-looking heads like spectral sentinels bare against the sky. We tried to warm ourselves with a little exercise—which, for Sutherland and myself, principally consisted in going up to the roof of the omnibus vainly hoping to discover signs of help—till our French friends arrived with the horses about ten o'clock.

Many small detachments of troops and several

waggon trains passed us, but it was not until eleven o'clock that a good Samaritan, in the uniform of a German *Proviantmeister*, took compassion on us, and with the aid of six horses the omnibus was drawn on to the road. A column, however, was about to pass, so he was obliged to leave us on the side. Sutherland fortunately obtained a lift in a cart going towards Lagny.

The carriage for the sisters not having arrived, I decided at noon that we must make an effort to return, but after many attempts, in one of which we were aided by a willing young Würtemberger, we were obliged to give up the endeavour. The omnibus was again embedded up to the axles.

Three hours later, Baron du Jardin, of the Belgian Legation, Captain Cherry and Kleinmann, whom I had directed to go to Metz and Luxemburg, passed; and they were able to bestow on us a large sausage, bottle of red wine, and some apples.

The sisters were then placed in an open waggon which was going toward La Queue, although they were strongly inclined to return with us to Versailles, as the Prussian doctors had shown but little inclination to aid them in their difficulties, or to assist them in their efforts to reach the hospital to which they had been invited.

Soon afterwards three companies of pioneers came

upon the scene, and I appealed to the officer in command; he set his men to work, and about forty of them lifted out the carriage, and put it on the road. There was no time to be lost, and after a free application of the whips, the horses, which had lost all heart for their work, were persuaded to move on in rear of the column, to which I looked for assistance in case of further need.

Just before night we reached Villeneuve St. Georges, and here it was decided to remain for the night.

No town around Paris presented a more lamentable spectacle than this. Every house had been ransacked from top to bottom; few of them had windows, and such doors as had not already been burnt hung on a single hinge, or were minus one or two panels. Parquet floors, persiennes, chairs and tables, had all been used as firewood; and I saw a soldier busily employed in hacking at a substantial door-post, which was destined for the same purpose. All the shops had been turned into stables, and horses looked out from loose boxes upon the street.

After a search for a weather-tight house, which failed, so utterly had ruin befallen everything here, Rodouan and I returned to our party. An empty house was taken, and whilst our men were engaged in cleaning out the filth and débris that covered the floor, and in lighting a large fire with vine sticks, the

horses were made comfortable in a cellar, to which access had been easily obtained. A little money produced some hay, which the proprietor, who seemed to be suffering from chronic drunkenness, had had the wit to hide.

When these arrangements had been made, we entered the pretty little mairie, which had been converted into a hospital. Here there were as many patients as the official bijou would hold, and amongst them a poor Frenchman whose leg had been amputated that morning. He begged us to wheel him to the window, that he might see the sky. It was the last time that he looked upon it; in a few hours he was dead.

Our bare rations, for nothing else could be obtained by purchase, having been equally distributed amongst all hands, Rodouan, Mercier, and I, left the infirmiers and drivers dozing round their fire, and retired into the omnibus, for which there was just room in the courtyard, and there passed a second night.

Between five and six in the dark winter morning, Rodouan and I went out on a foraging expedition, but there was nothing to be found but three bottles of a curious mixture called wine; and to get even this I had to scale a wall, and insist that I must have something for the *French* money which I was willing to pay.

The town was blocked with troops, and regardless of expostulations, I found the only way to advance was to thrust the unwieldy omnibus into the column which was going forward. I would have defied Bismarck and Moltke together to have turned us out of that. The little street was wide enough for our vehicle, but unless it were taken to pieces no power could have removed it out of the way. Our friends the pioneers were in front of us, and by taking up some poor footsore soldiers we established a right to continue where we were.

We kept steadily on at a walking pace until we reached Wissous, and there we baited the horses and finished our scanty supply of provisions. Three officers who were going up to Versailles asked us for a lift. They were very lively and amusing fellows, and assisted in making the last part of our journey very agreeable. The road now being clear, we trotted along at a good pace, and reached Versailles after a journey of three days and two nights, during seventeen hours of which (if it be not a Hibernicism to say so) we were embedded in mud.

## CHAPTER XX.

#### VERSAILLES TO BEAUGENCY.

At this time my depôt became very low; and as Versailles was completely cut off from communication with England on the west, there was little chance of my having much occupation there. Besides, this town and its immediate neighbourhood were comparatively well supplied, and therefore I was left at liberty to attend to appeals from a distance for such stores as money could still purchase.

The day after my escape from imprisonment in the mud some friends were dining together at the "Petit Vatel." Among others there were General Walker, Herr von Alvensleben, Captain Keith Fraser, Dr. Innes, Mr. Austin, Mr. Skinner, and Mr. Landells.

Three of the party, who had just come from Orleans, described to us the state of Beaugency, where nurses were greatly needed, and the wounded were literally starving for want of proper nourishment.

I called on Count Malzan, who agreed with me that this was a case of real and urgent necessity. I told him that if the Johanniter depôt would furnish some medicines, I could do the rest and find transport. An English sister obtained the services of three sœurs de charité, who spoke both French and German; and Dr. Innes and Mr. Reichel undertook to escort these ladies in an omnibus, which also carried many things that their experienced judgment foresaw would be useful.

The next day was Sunday, and, as usual, our motto was "Laborare est orare." For some hours we were busy selecting and packing stores, both in the great kitchen and at the Johanniter depôt, and Young supported us in his special department, that of transport.

It was arranged that Mr. Thomas and Kleinmann should remain in charge of the depôt during my absence.

The next morning (December 19) I started off on the limber-box of a general-service waggon, with four horses and two drivers. Mr. Sidney Hall accompanied me, and I confess I was not entirely considering the interests of the 'Graphic' when I suggested that the road abounded in subjects for his pencil.

The rest of the party were to follow at a later hour,

as, with a lighter vehicle, they could travel at greater speed than we could venture to attempt.

The weather was bright and clear, and everything promised a favourable journey. We passed, at a steady walk, through the pretty villages of Jouy and Bièvres, and thence to Longjumeau. Here, whilst the horses were feeding in the market square, we had breakfast, and then continued our way.

The horses were urged into a trot, though I had my doubts as to the expediency of the proceeding, which was most horribly uncomfortable to Hall and myself. Presently some peasants called to us and pointed to our waggon. At first we thought it was the old joke; but our indifference only made them gesticulate more wildly, as they shouted, "Il y a quelquechose qui coule." On examination it was discovered that a case of wine had sprung a leak, and there was a dotted purple line all down the hill we were descending. This settled the trotting question, and it was decided that even an incline must not , again tempt us beyond a walk until we had emptied our waggon.

We passed the picturesque village of Montlhéry, which nestles at the base of a conical hill, under the shadow of a fine old feudal tower that forms a landmark for many miles, and about four o'clock we reached Arpajon.

The kitchen of the 'Lion d'Argent' proved to us that we had fallen into good quarters; and as the landlord was able to give us a barn for the horses, we decided to remain there for the night.

About four hundred Germans were in the town: but there had been no fighting anywhere in the immediate neighbourhood, and the inhabitants were in a very tranquil state.

We had completed our arrangements when Innes, Reichel, and the three sisters arrived. The sisters obtained lodging for themselves in a religious establishment, and thus all of us were well housed.

The dinner, we all agreed, could not have been equalled at Versailles; and as for the white wine, we determined to export a few bottles. A large table in the same room was occupied by German officers, who began to sing at an early hour in the evening, and continued to do so until two o'clock in the morning, long after we had retired to bed.

Hall and I were up in good time next morning, and at eight A.M. we started. From Arpajon to Étampes the road is very pretty. In one village we stopped to buy a yard of bread and a bottle of wine. We did not halt at Étampes, but passed through the quaint old town, the principal street of which is between three and four miles in length. Just outside, we drew up under a limestone quarry, where, undis-

turbed by the commandant who, a few days previously, had captured Frazer, C. Brackenbury, Hozier, Landells, and White, we halted for a short time while Hall made a sketch.

On reaching the top of the hill above Étampes we were reminded of Cambridgeshire, the aspect of the country being completely changed from the varied scenery through which we had been travelling. War, too, began to make itself evident. Dead horses were lying scattered along the road and over the country, some wholly, some partially flayed; here and there an équarrisseur was occupied cutting the hoofs and tearing the hide from a frozen and distorted carcase. Bloated-looking carrion crows appeared to be the sole living occupants of the vast plain, and some of these were dying from repletion, though, now and then, a starving dog might be seen gnawing at the body of a horse.

At Angerville we were inclined to stop for the night, but the rest of our party came up and persuaded us to go on to Toury. With their light carriage they had very wild notions as to distances, but we, not being able to move out of a quick walk, could estimate the miles much more correctly. We pressed on, but were soon overtaken by darkness. I had a lantern strapped to my waist, and walked in front of the horses, but, as it refused to burn, we

were compelled to feel our way. At last Toury was reached, and we joined our friends in a search for lodgings.

The village was crowded with German soldiers. After repeated applications, the Commandant gave us permission to put the carriages under guard in the courtyard of the house he occupied; and a long room in a factory was given to us for our horses; but it was evident that this was wanted by others, and an attempt was made to induce us to leave it by holding out the fear that it had just been vacated by diseased cattle.

A room in a cottage was offered to us, but here a very similar objection was founded on fact; as it had been used for a hospital we tried for other quarters, and, after several domiciliary visits, we found a room which, at any rate, had the merit of being warm. The sisters were provided for in a convent.

It being impossible to buy any provisions, we had recourse to the *Etappen Commando*, and between nine and ten o'clock I was wandering about with half a sheep in one hand, and a lantern in the other, looking for a place in which to cook the meat. With the aid of a poor woman in a cottage, this was at last accomplished. I then divided it into three portions, for our four servants, for the cottagers who had allowed me

to use their kitchen, and a few pieces to put into our own stew; after which I rejoined my companions, who were settling themselves down pretty comfortably under the circumstances, for it was bitterly cold outside. We had some Liebig's meat extract, and a few other additions to a meal, and—as Mr. Hall afterwards informed the readers of the 'Graphic'—we produced a strong but nauseous broth.

When I rose from my mattress in the dark, early morning, and had lighted a lantern, the scene before me was a most comical one. My companions were lying about "promiscuously," at all sorts of angles; the stove in the centre of the room, with its long pipe, and the rough beams of the ceiling, cast fantastic and peculiar shadows across the sleepers; the door of rough planks had an open square hole in it, and, as the owners of the house moved up and down, a light danced about the apartment like a will-o'-the-wisp. After a cup of hot chocolate, Hall and I were again on the march, leaving our friends to indulge in an extra hour, a luxury not to be despised on such a cold morning.

We soon came up with one of those interminably long provision trains, which are amongst the most curious features of the German army. The carts and their drivers come from all corners of Germany, and both men and carts are numbered; for instance, this morning there was one marked "1080, Dresden." Whenever I came across one of these, I had to assume a position of authority with the right to a share of the road. Running ahead of our waggon, I shouted to the drivers "Rechts" or "Links," as the case might be, and when, as often happened, the elderly coachman was asleep, I pulled his horses off to their proper side of the road. With a heavy waggon it was a serious matter whether we had a portion of the pavement, or had to move off into the deep ruts.

Artenay presented terrible proof of the fighting which had taken place there. In front of the village was a strong line of earthworks; behind, a mill, quite knocked out of shape, and the sweeps were hanging in small pieces which rattled in the wind. On all sides bivouac débris, helmets, carcasses and skeletons of horses, strewn over a succession of mounds, which covered their late riders. In the background, the melancholy-looking village, with its little spire rising from the midst of shattered roofs. Almost all the doors bore the red cross; scarcely a living person was to be seen; the plague seemed to have stricken everything and everybody.

At Chevilly there was a similar scene. Here we halted in the little street, and were soon joined by the rest of our party.

Hall now had a capital subject for his sketch-book.

The low parlour, of which almost the whole of one side was occupied by the chimney, was curiously furnished with massive oak chairs and tables. three sœurs de charité in one corner, two of them eating broth out of the same saucepan, the men taking it in turns to feed, and to aid Dr. Innes, who was acting as our amiable chef de cuisine, by working the bellows; whilst, a little in the background, were two or three generations of the family which owned the cottage, to whom we gave the remains of our provisions and a small present in money. In the midst of the meal we were suddenly disturbed by an appeal to interfere between some German soldiers and our drivers, one of whom was armed with a hatchet. The dispute referred to the monopoly of a fire which each party claimed, but, as neither could understand the other, a resort to physical force seemed to be the only alternative. Peace having been restored, Hall and I thought it better to hurry our departure.

As we were starting again, we met a poor little fellow apparently in a sad state of distress. Having ascertained that his parents were in Orleans, we put him into the omnibus, under the care of the sisters, and continued our way through a drizzling rain, which had succeeded the frost.

As we approached Orleans, the presence of a large

army was very evident; and from what we saw we were convinced that there was little chance of the Germans being driven out a second time. The Faubourg St. Bannier had been frightfully knocked about, and there was scarcely a house on which shot and shell had not left their marks.

Most of the shops were closed, but the streets were crowded with soldiers. We made our way direct to the Quai Châtelet, where Dr. Pratt and the staff of the Anglo-American ambulance were lodged in a handsome house that had been lent to them.

We were now relieved of all trouble; our American friends and their British allies, after a great deal of trouble, found us stables, a safe courtyard for the waggon, and rooms for ourselves.

It is impossible for those who did not see the Anglo-American ambulance at Orleans to imagine the position it occupied there. There was a vitality and an amount of good humour about it which brightened up everybody and everything that came in contact with it; and the importance of this happy vigour at such a time cannot be exaggerated, either as affecting its members or the sufferers amongst whom they worked. "The Loyd-Lindsay Hospital," as they called their establishment in the church of St. Euverte, was in many respects remarkable; they had persuaded the authorities to heat it with stoves and to light it with

gas. From the porch to the steps of the altar it was filled with beds, and a side chapel had been converted into an operating theatre.

Just in front of the house where we were all lodged there was a curious sight. We had heard a good deal of the army of the Loire; here was a part of its navy. Moored alongside the quay were three gunboats, one of which was partially sunk, its solitary gun, the funnel, and a mast to which the black and white Prussian flag was attached, being alone visible. Mounting guard over the captured fleet was a Bavarian sentry.

On the following day we went on to Beaugency, through the country over which General Chanzy retreated after the second capture of Orleans by the Germans. One of our horses having thrown a shoe on the road, our progress was rather impeded, but after some delay I persuaded a German farrier to put another on. At Meung we endeavoured to purchase some refreshment at an inn; but the poor landlady, with tears streaming from her eyes, pointing to a number of Germans, asked us how it was possible to have anything left with such people in the country. At a baker's shop where the business was allowed to be carried on, conditionally on the military baker obtaining sufficient use of the ovens during the twenty-four hours, we purchased a small quantity of bread.

We had quite forgotten all about the proposed eclipse expeditions; but the vagaries of the sun and moon this morning led us to believe that this was the day for which astronomers had been so anxiously preparing. It was intensely cold, and there were occasional showers of snow, but our observations would not, I think, be of much value to Professor Airey.

The appearance of the country here was a great contrast to the neighbourhood of Versailles; there was little of the glory of war to be seen. As I walked along at the side of the horses, whilst Hall made hasty sketches and then followed up at the double, I got into conversation with some soldiers. They were interested to know a little of what was going on in other parts of France. The question here, as elsewhere, was the same: "Wann wird's Friede sein?" Being astonished to see a carriage with a union jack upon it, I stopped the driver and spoke with Mr. Vizitelly, who was inside with the Vicomte de Sapinaud, with whom I had travelled some months before from Amiens to Rouen. They gave us some useful information.

This country is noted for its wines. The fighting had been carried on amongst the vineyards; the vine sticks were broken down; painful evidences of war were visible on all sides, and in many places the road was torn up. Amid all this destruction we noticed that even a small white bull-terrier had not escaped. Some wag had planted the poor dead dog on his feet, and he was apparently watching from behind a tree, his tail and ears were at attention, and he was making a dead point. A Frenchman who was passing said, "Voilà une autre victime de la guerre." The appearance of the poor little brute and this remark were irresistibly comic.

The entrance to the ancient town of Beaugency is very picturesque; the broad river flowing under the arches of the old bridge, which had been partially blown up, the grand old donjon tower, and the clocher of St. Firmin, form a beautiful subject for a picture. A regiment of Lancers being in front of us, my companion had time for a sketch, into the foreground of which two sentry-boxes were well introduced. This improvised shelter was obtained by placing two carts on end against trees, and under these the sentries were standing. We rattled through the steep and narrow streets (our waggon was never slow to proclaim itself), and drew up in the principal square. before a house on which was chalked Ambulance Anglaise. It seemed that Captain Keith Fraser and other friends had used this shop as a temporary depôt, and we were immediately offered the same privilege, together with a convenient stable.

Before we had finished our arrangements, Innes and Reichel arrived with the sisters, whom we accompanied to the convent in which their services were required, and then commenced an inspection of the hospitals of Beaugency.

# CHAPTER XXI.

#### A SAD CHRISTMAS.

My notes on the whole of this journey have been lost. For some reasons I regret this, but perhaps I ought rather to rejoice. The appearance of every house I entered in Beaugency is faithfully preserved in my memory, which also retains the remembrance of many painful scenes that I witnessed there. Had I the power to describe all I witnessed, and exerted that power, I should not be forgiven. The distress could not be exaggerated.

Two sisters from a convent at Bordeaux accompanied me during a part of the afternoon, and with them I visited convents, private houses, a school, and a theatre. I had seen Death in many places before, but seldom had I seen him stalking about so rapidly as here. Beds, clothing, nourishment—there was a scarcity of everything, though strong efforts, in-

cluding those of some of our own countrymen, had been made to supply them.

A few surgeons and nurses were doing all that their skill and loving care, with scanty means, could effect amongst so many; but their labours were considerably increased by the incapacity of those whom they were obliged to call to their aid, many of them having had little or no experience in attending to the sick. Two or three priests were moving through the town, uttering short and appropriate prayers, first at one bedside, then at another. The devoted sisters who were my guides, frequently knelt and presented the crucifix to the lips of a dying man. I shall never forget the resignation which seemed to follow this last act of faith.

As I was only here for a few hours and could do nothing but note cases, and thus in a small measure assist Dr. Innes and Mr. Reichel, with whom I intended to leave the stores I had brought, I did not linger long in any hospital. Once or twice I was able to fetch just the thing that was wanted, and this in itself was a source of immense gratification to me. It almost broke my heart to see so much suffering and to feel so very powerless. My friend Hall was busy on a sketch down by the river; he had turned his back on human suffering. After much entreaty, I induced him to enter the humble theatre of Beau-

gency, the real *Théâtre de la Guerre*, and the scene he witnessed was conscientiously transferred to the pages of the 'Graphic.'

In the narrow passage was corpse on a a stretcher, with a sheet thrown over it. stepped over this, we entered the salle, which, from the tawdry stage to the back of the pit, was crowded with poor fellows, maimed in every conceivable manner. Great efforts had been made to add a little to their comfort; but the whole picture was awfully sad, and the deepest agony prevailed on the faces of the patients; and there was a prevalence of squalor, misery, and hopelessness which was utterly appalling. Crouched round an iron stove in the centre were a few men who were able to crawl. The stage still bore the grotesque remains of the last representation; and now on the humble boards, before a full house, Tragedy stood unveiled, and Comedy had borrowed her mask.

A sister conducted us through all the rooms in the large convent on the slope above the river. Shot and shell had left their marks; and it is impossible to imagine the suffering the poor inmates had to endure on the day of the battle. Even now there was no rest for them; day and night they were at their pious labours amongst the poor wounded wretches, who were scattered about the houses and the cellars.

At one house I visited, the sœurs de charité had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. How was it possible for the patients to be attended to if their nurses were starving! I gave a little pecuniary aid, in the hope that they would be able to procure some food; but this was doubtful, for neither bread, meat, nor milk could be bought in the town.

During this time Dr. Innes and Mr. Reichel were busy in other directions, and we all met two or three times at the depôt, and gave out immediately such things as were wanted. But darkness was coming on, and, as we could not obtain lodgings from the maire, we looked about until we found a good house where, with a little persuasion, the servants were willing to take us in. At a late hour, our work for the day being ended, we went there. The housekeeper was still in such a nervous state, that she could scarcely do anything without weeping, but she became reassured by our willingness to aid her. The preparation for our dinner was quite an amusing relaxation; and after our experience of Innes's culinary powers, Reichel, Hall, and I readily acted under his direction.

There were one or two wounded Frenchmen in the house, and from them we learnt some more of the particulars of the fight.

The servants were much distressed at the way in

which their mistress's principal salon had been treated. Some German soldiers had lighted a large fire in it, and, on being expostulated with on the danger of such a blaze, they pulled the logs out upon the parquet floor, and when a hole had been burnt through to the basement, they left the house, and with difficulty the fire was extinguished. The hole was about a yard and a half square.

Our work was continued the next morning. In the middle of the day Hall and I started off on our return with the empty waggon, and we reached Orleans in very good time.

Having seen the horses stabled, my first care was to find the bishop, and to tell him of the state of the sisters and nurses at Beaugency. The episcopal palace had been taken by the Germans, and the bishop was a prisoner in one of the wings. After wandering about through a labyrinth of passages and back staircases, some of which led me into rooms occupied by sick and wounded men, I found one of the servants, and in a very short time I was in the presence of Monseigneur Dupanloup. Two friends had kindly sent me out a sum of £20, to be applied to the relief of distress. This enabled me, at any rate, to purchase a little bread for the most needy persons in Beaugency, so that they might have something to eat on Christmas Day; but there was no one on whom I could

depend but the bishop, and his Eminence having consented to send food without delay to the sisters, I called again on the following day, and left with him 250 fr., and subsequently sent an additional sum of the same amount. I was much struck with the dignified sorrow expressed by the aged bishop whilst speaking of the condition of his country.

We remained one whole day in Orleans to rest the horses, and I spent some hours in the Loyd-Lindsay Hospital, in the Church of St. Euverte, to which I have already alluded. I was glad to meet here with Professor von Langenbeck (Staff Surgeon-General of the Prussian army); it was the first time I had seen him since the commencement of the war. The celebrated Prussian surgeon had quite a large retinue of Britishers and Americans, as he went from bed to bed, and the operations he performed were watched with much interest.

This church, in the evening, presented a very strange appearance. The long aisles were comparatively still; a few jets of gas broke the dark shadows, and faintly indicated the long perspective of columns, and the lofty and beautiful arches. There was scarcely a movement in the church, except occasionally the restless contortions of a wounded Bavarian, or the incoherent murmurings of some man in the delirium of fever. But within the altar railings two or three

German deaconesses were arranging a treat for their patients, and were hanging little gifts and gaudy ornaments about the sombre branches of a large fir tree. The idea was pretty, but it was inexpressibly sad thus to be reminded of distant homes, which so many of the poor fellows before me had left for ever. As I stepped into the street, there were very few signs of peace and goodwill.

A crowd of prisoners were huddled up in front of the Hôtel de Ville, in charge of a guard of cavalry; and Jeanne d'Arc, on her pedestal, and her hands crossed over her sword, seemed to be regarding them with pity.

Mingled with the French worshippers in the cathedral were some Bavarian soldiers, who probably were devoutly praying for the conclusion of a war in which they had so bravely borne their share. Every pillar in the nave of this grand edifice was blackened with the smoke of the bivouac fires which had been lighted by the French prisoners who had been recently confined here.

It was Christmas Day, and notwithstanding a pressing invitation from Dr. Pratt and his staff to spend the day with them—and Captain C. Brackenbury, Dr. James, Dr. Becker, and Mr. Reichel were to be of the party—I felt that my duty was calling me to Versailles, and my companion, Mr. Sydney

Hall, most kindly refused to separate his fortunes from mine.

The morning was bitterly cold, as we left the house soon after six o'clock. It was very dark, and two or three gas lamps which here and there cast a dim and very circumscribed light on the quays and in the streets, did little to assist the grey and misty dawn. A monotonous seething sound rose from the river, which was covered with large fragments of ice and frozen snow, which came rushing down with the rapid current, hustling each other through the arches of the bridge, and grating along the shores. In the large market-place, around the equestrian statue of the Maid of Orleans—whose brow had been some time before decked with a wreath, which now hung down faded and torn—were a number of poor women who were endeavouring to gain a scanty livelihood by selling brandy, coffee, and sweetstuff to the German soldiers. In some of the houses we could see groups of soldiers gathered round their Christmas trees, the little candles on which seemed to diffuse quite a pleasant warmth; and the small presents with which they were hung, and many of which had doubtless been brought by the Feld-post, spoke of homes in the peace-loving villages of Bayaria.

We had the usual difficulties with our drivers. With them "drunk or incapable" was one state; "drunk and incapable" the alternative.

About eight o'clock, however, we made a start. The cold was intense; snow covered the ground, and such a piercing wind I never felt before. At first, as was very often the case in these journeys, I had to trudge it, and assist in working the horses along. The road was very slippery, and the poor brutes had no encouragement from their riders, except the merciless use of the whips, which I was sometimes compelled to keep in my own hands, on account of the cruel use they made of them.

After some time the road became less difficult, and, the waggon being empty, we were able to trot. In the middle of the day we reached Toury.

The horses were fastened up under a small colonnade at the entrance of the church, which was used as a guard-room. In an auberge, now used as a hospital, we made some chocolate, but having nothing to eat with it, I was obliged to obtain a paper from the Etappen Commando, which, presented at the mairie, procured for us a kilogramme of black bread. We appeased our consciences by making a little present of money to the people of the house whose fire we used.

Eight wounded Frenchmen sent a message requesting me to go and see them. One of these had spent his last Christmas in England, and referred to all our friendly customs at this season. The poor fel-

low was very sad when he remarked on the contrast which his present position afforded to the scene of joy and gaiety to which he made such affectionate allusion.

After an hour's halt we pressed on, and between five and six o'clock reached Etampes, having travelled more than forty miles. About every half-hour Hall and I had to jump down to prevent our blood from freezing in our veins, and I also found occupation as waggoner, for the drivers were not competent to do the work unaided. Not unfrequently it was necessary to convince the leaders that it was quite a mistake on the part of the men to permit them to turn round and look at us.

The soldiers we passed looked very dull and miserable, and even the sentries, when it was possible, had log fires over which they crouched.

At Étampes there was great difficulty in finding lodging, but we were eventually taken into a small inn, after we had assured the landlord that we would make no requisitions without full payment, and that the only thing absolutely necessary was a good fire.

Having provided for the horses, and locked up the harness and a supply of forage we had bought in Orleans, we prepared for a dinner. The public room of the house was crowded with soldiers and drivers; the kitchen also was full of men who had their requisi-

tion papers, and were entitled to dine there. The parlour, where we secured a corner, was as full as it could be of non-commissioned officers and volunteers. Some of the latter expressed a feeling that the war could not have lasted so long but for the assistance in arms furnished by England. This led to an amicable discussion. Our Christmas dinner, if not luxurious, was at least seasoned by good appetites.

The next morning we rose again in the dark, and after our drivers had got us into one scrape by locking our wheels firmly into those of a German waggon, we started for Versailles. The weather was still bitterly cold, but the day was as bright and beautiful as it is possible for a December day to be, and we thoroughly enjoyed the scenery through which our road lay. We had looked forward to our friend the Lion d'Argent, at Arpajon, where we had been so well treated before; nor were we disappointed. The next day one of the drivers having again troubled us, I thought I would give him a taste of exquisite torture, so with my right leg encased in his iron buskin, I rode the · leaders over the last eighteen miles, whilst he had to sit on the springless limber box. After this I found the drivers willing to admit that I was independent of them, and that at any moment I might carry out my threat, and leave them on the road.

# CHAPTER XXII.

#### AN ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE.

NATURALLY I was anxious at once to learn all the news; the two first items were the most important—the bombardment had not commenced, and Paris had not capitulated.

The manner in which I spent the following day affords a little clue as to life in Versailles at that time. Kleinmann came and reported to me the result of his journey to Metz and Luxemburg. Later I called on Madame Delaroche, and heard an account of her journey to fetch her little boy. She had been absent twelve days, and during this period she had only slept three nights in a bed. Then I went to the French military hospital, and saw all the patients, including the most recent additions. Amongst these was a little fellow who, with his father's horse and

cart, had been requisitioned by Germans. He was found jammed in between two waggons, and having been extricated was brought into Versailles. I took down the particulars, and at his wish wrote to his parents who resided near Meaux. Thence I went to the Lycée, where there were about 800 German soldiers suffering from fever.

On returning home I received visits from ladies of the Versailles committee, and from those who were kindly doing depôt work for me; all had some special requests to make for their own particular blessés. The Vicomte de Romanet came to ask my assistance in the neighbourhood of Vendôme, and he was followed by Baron L. de Bussierre, who called relative to the sufferings of those persons living in Versailles, who, apparently in good circumstances, had no ready money, and were in fact penniless. Business visits were interspersed with those of members of the English community.

At six I dined with kind friends, who always had a place for me at table. But this day I had a special invitation, the excuse for which unnecessary proceeding was that I should help them out in conversation with a Prussian officer who, with his servant, was billeted on them. Such a billet as this on English residents was so much the harder that this gentleman, like so many Royal and Serene Highnesses, was

only out, not for use, but for ornament and amusement.

The last journey had severely taxed my constitution, so having been told to consider myself an invalid for a few days, I settled myself down to bear imprisonment as well as I could; but visitors came in, and soon it was evident that I had many friends to sympathise with me in my small sufferings, which were either caused by the cold or by the bumping of our springless waggon over two hundred miles of paved road; most probably they were due to a combination of these two disturbing influences. received from a lady a hot brick clothed in flannel to be placed in the middle of the back; then a distinguished professor of the Sorbonne wrote me down an infallible remedy, but he suggested such unpleasant consequences that, after politely accepting the prescription, I adopted what appeared to me the most comforting remedy under the circumstances, namely, the hot brick, and nothing but the brick. Let me not forget, however, the generosity of another good friend, who maintains the opinion that going to war is not altogether incompatible with man's duty to his This excellent individual had unearthed neighbour. some good old port wine, of which, for a pecuniary consideration, he acquired the possession, and of this medicine he kindly prescribed frequent doses.

Baron de Bussierre and M. St. Hilaire came to see me respecting a proposed collection of gifts in kind and money for those who had suffered so severely in the recent battles on the banks of the Loire. approach of New Year's Day had given a great impetus to this charitable suggestion, and perhaps it met with additional favour from the fact that whilst other parts of France were suffering from a complete absence of trade, a large number of the inhabitants of Versailles had been making large pecuniary profit out of the German occupation. I readily consented, when asked to do so, to be one of the receivers of étrennes (new year's gifts), and I also volunteered, in conjunction with the Vicomte G. de Romanet, to form an independent expedition to those districts over which the tide of battle had lately passed, and to others which it was anticipated it would soon reach.

Hitherto the greater part of my work had been amongst Germans, and a not unnatural feeling had sometimes been expressed by Frenchmen that the English society was not quite neutral.\* I was therefore the more ready to join with a Frenchman, and I felt that the moral effect of such an alliance between members of two national societies must be most valuable. The sequel will show that circumstances still

<sup>\*</sup> The reader must remember that I only refer to the district in which I was engaged.

left me chiefly amongst Germans, and I am bound to say that my associate, notwithstanding his nationality, always manifested the strictest impartiality.

Many questions arose on the part of the German authorities as to our expedition, and I was told I should not be allowed to leave Versailles in the proposed or any other direction within the German lines.

This opposition to the project compelled me to write the only official letter with which I troubled either the English or German authorities during the whole campaign. In reference to the difficulty, I wrote: "If the objection is raised to me personally, I shall ask permission, pending the explanation which I feel I have a right to expect, to return to England, in order that the society of which I have the honour to be a member may not be compromised by my presence here; but if it be really intended to include all the members of this society, it is my duty, in the interest of those who are working with me, to report the matter to the London Central Committee, and to await further instructions."

This elicited the whole truth, which was centred in strong hostility to the Woolwich ambulance. There was nothing new in this, but I had hoped it had worn off. I had to give an assurance that no officer connected with it would accompany us, which, with much reluctance, I agreed to do.\*

The convoy which had thus been delayed was ready to start on the 4th of January; but now the military authorities opposed certain obstacles, and it was very evident that there was a misunderstanding between the commandant of the town, General Voight-Rhetz, and Count Malzan, the chief representative for the time being of the Order of St. John. This obliged me to go to the Crown Prince's head-quarters, where I was assured that I was quite at liberty to take a convoy in any direction approved by Count Malzan.

M. de Romanet then accompanied me to General Voight-Rhetz, who gave us papers to enable us to go to the head-quarters of Prince Frederick Charles or the Duke of Mecklenburg. This allowed us even more latitude than we had originally asked for. Our arrangements were completed the same evening, and on the following morning (the 6th of January) we set out.

The hour appointed for our departure was 8 A.M., and at that time the English part of the convoy was complete and ready for the road. De Romanet was also at the rendezvous, but I saw at once that our

<sup>\*</sup> The fact was quite ignored that the Woolwich ambulance had been subdivided, and two or three sections of it, under the respective commands of Dr. Guy, Mr. Manley, and Mr. Ball, had performed much good service south of Versailles, and quite independently of those who now wished to impede its movements.

men would require a great deal of drilling before they understood their duty.

We only experienced, on a comparatively small scale, the same faults—want of punctuality, order, and discipline, which have characterized the French throughout the war. Nearly all the French drivers I had anything to do with—and the number was not small—had to be bullied into their work, and they seemed entirely to forget that they were most fortunate in being able to earn good pay, whilst so many of their countrymen were reduced almost to starvation. I admit that the pick at first was very limited, and we were obliged to take such men as we could get.

Many a time I have had to rub down the horses myself after a long journey, because I would not have the poor beasts left in a dirty state; and I have already described how, on one occasion, I rode the leaders of one of our teams, to prove that I was independent of the assistance of a man who would never obey orders. The drivers were the trouble of my life during these journeys, and I rejoiced that I now had a companion who was willing to relieve me.

We got under weigh at eleven o'clock, but it was a false start; before we had reached the gates of the town, one of the French teams came to a standstill, owing to a defective pole. Fortunately there was a

carriage-builder close at hand, and at noon we were able to make a fresh start.

The caravan was formed as follows:—A Woolwich waggon with four horses, two drivers and a groom; a large omnibus, four horses (two of which I had given, in the name of our Society, to the Versailles Committee), two drivers, and a conductor in whose charge we placed everything. This vehicle was laden with stores; but two places were reserved for our surgeon, M. Casalis, and Brother Léon, a Dutch Capuchin friar who accompanied us as almoner. smaller omnibus, drawn by a pair of horses, followed, and this was quite full of stores. De Romanet and I drove a Victoria phaeton with one horse in the shafts, and a saddle-horse attached to a splinter-bar at the There was just sufficient room for us in this carriage, together with our knapsacks, one day's supply of provisions, and a box of cigars.

I must confess that this last-named equipage was stipulated for by myself. I had scarcely recovered from my late severe journey, and I could not have started again without the assistance of M. de Romanet, and the luxury of a more comfortable seat than a limber-box affords.

At Cognières we halted for an hour; and, whilst the horses were feeding at the door of a cottage, we lighted a fire, and tried our hands at serving up a hot luncheon for the whole party. The coffee was decidedly peculiar. This was made of some stuff that was labelled as pure extract of coffee; and as we had no sugar it was sweetened with a syrup produced by our doctor, in which gum arabic was the principal ingredient. We did not again attempt to make coffee. Then on to Rambouillet, where we arrived at seven o'clock. The carriages were all packed in the public square facing the Mairie, where a sentry was pacing up and down, and we found excellent quarters at the 'Lion d'Or.'

The next morning we were off again in good time. The frost had broken up, rain was falling very steadily, and a damp mist hung about everything. There was scarcely a soldier to be seen; all had gone forward, and there were rumours that a fight had taken place on the day before, somewhere between Chartres and Le Mans.

The weather cleared at noon, and the prospect became more cheerful as we descended the steep hill which leads into Maintenon. Here I met again with the under-officers who were so good to Captain C. Brackenbury and myself at Boissy St. Leger, and whose kindness I had since had the opportunity of acknowledging. They piloted us to a house where we could obtain a meal, and gave us some useful information.

Having sent on the convoy, to which we could always allow a good start, though we seldom left it for many minutes out of sight, De Romanet and I looked into the fine old château which was given by Louis XIV. to Madame de Maintenon. The present proprietor, the Duke de Broglie, was absent, and Prince Albert of Prussia (the Emperor's brother) was there, an invalid. I was much struck with the picturesque appearance of the Grand Monarch's unfinished aqueduct, which was intended to supply water to Versailles. The ruin certainly forms a most important feature in the landscape, if it serves no useful purpose.

The Beauce District was looking sadly deserted, and it was easy to realize that not only France, but Europe itself, must suffer from the effects of a war carried over such a vast and fruitful corn district. Soon the elegant spires of Chartres Cathedral came in view, and about five o'clock we entered the city.

Having found lodging for man and beast at the Hôtel du Grand Monarque, De Romanet and I called on the Commandant. He was absent, but an active young lieutenant was fulfilling his duties as Platzmajor. In answer to our inquiries, he told us that there was only one way open to us, and if we intended to go forward, we must take the road *viá* Illiers and Brou to Beaumont-les-Autels, where we should find

the Duke of Mecklenburg. "Mais," he significantly added, "si vous vous égarez, Messieurs, prenez garde." This smart young fellow, who bore on his breast the iron cross and a Mecklenburg order, was a good specimen of the intelligent material which is never neglected in the Prussian army. He put on a good deal of swagger, but was evidently well fitted for the post he occupied. His French was irreproachable, and I was not surprised to learn afterwards that just before the outbreak of the war he stood behind a counter in that well-known and conspicuous shop in Paris called the 'Bon Marché.'

The usual German chalk-marks on the doors of the room which De Romanet and I used in common, informed us that General von Treskow was the late occupant; and as the white hieroglyphics proved very useful to us on this and future occasions, we did not order them to be obliterated.

We were just turning into bed between ten and eleven o'clock, when we heard the well-known rattle of musketry, succeeded by artillery, and this at no great distance. This helped to convince us that we were on the right scent, and that the chances were that we should soon be in a hot corner.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

"Friends I have made, whom envy must commend, But not one foe whom I would wish a friend."

The next morning (January 8th), after some difficulty in rousing the household, who I suppose never had such a heavy season in their lives, De Romanet and I left Chartres between eight and nine o'clock. As we had been formally told that we could do nothing until we had reported ourselves at the headquarters of the Duke of Mecklenburg, we agreed that it would be folly to attempt to hunt up His Serene Highness with a heavy convoy; besides, our horses could not do the work. We therefore called on the Mayor, and he promised, difficult as might be the task, to find a horse for us. We then decided to leave our friends in charge of the convoy, with power to issue anything which might be absolutely required in the hospitals of Chartres. The little Victoria looked very droll with a strongly built grey cart-horse in the shafts, its harness of the roughest description, with knotted rope traces; but it was very German,—a voiture de maître with a cheval de paysan,—the effect being aided by a rough swingle-tree, which was left hanging on to an extemporized splinter-bar lashed on to the front of our too elegant carriage, to give it strength in case of emergency. In truth, the whole equipage seemed to be made up of requisitions, and in this respect its appearance was to our advantage.

We got over the ground at a steady jog-trot, each in turn acting as coachman, whilst the other warmed his hands, for it was intensely cold. Within a league of Illiers we espied a red-cross flag upon a house, and the horse being tired, we drove into the courtyard and called on the proprietor, M. Mercier, who, with his wife and servants, had not allowed fear to drive him away. Three wounded Frenchmen were lying in the house; and we noted their cases, for we had promised to take back an accurate report to Versailles. The horse, refreshed by a feed of corn, was able to take us a few miles further, but on arriving at Brou about two o'clock it was evident he had finished his day's work.

This small market-town was encumbered with troops, horses, and waggons. The Mayor, on whom we

called, was endeavouring to satisfy everybody, and he promised to try and find a horse for us. Meanwhile we entered a small inn, where nothing could be provided except fire, but we were independent of everybody, except in the matter of a horse. Afterwards we called on the Commandant, who received us with perfect courtesy. He was quite ignorant of the whereabouts of the Grand Duke's head-quarters, but had no doubt that the information given us at Chartres was correct. In our opinion, the climax of politeness was attained when he offered to lend us a horse. He would have given it, but it was a Königliches Pferd, which must therefore be returned when we had done with it.

This royal horse proved to be a remarkably good little mare, and it was quite a pleasure to drive it, after some of the animals to which I had recently become accustomed. We now travelled along rapidly, but it was nearly six o'clock, and quite dark, when we reached Beaumont-les-Autels, at which place we expected to find the Duke of Mecklenburg. Great was our astonishment, then, when the first man we met informed us that there was neither a Duke nor even an Etappen Commando here; and, indeed, there were no troops in the neighbourhood with the exception of two soldiers, whose cart had broken down, and who were now putting a wheel on it. But through the

darkness we discovered a road amongst trees, at the end of which there was, no doubt, a house; and following this we soon reached the Château de Beaumont.

After the servants had inspected us,—not the least suspicious feature about us being a bulls-eye lantern,—we were informed that M. Mortimer Ternaux (membre de l'Institut) and his son-in-law, the Baron de Layre, resided here; and the former, who was at home, immediately offered us hospitality. The Grand Duke, with a staff of thirty officers and a considerable number of soldiers and servants, had left that morning after staying there two days. The large mansion, which is built in the form of a T, and is flanked by two circular towers, is just the place for the head-quarters of an army.

We dined at seven o'clock, and passed a very interesting evening, listening to all that M. Ternaux had to tell us of the events which had taken place in his neighbourhood, and giving him in exchange much information that was quite new to him, after having been so long cut off from his customary channels of communication.

I had come to regard it almost as a part of my duty to disturb the peace of a household every morning before it was light, and I made no exception to the rule in the Château de Beaumont; but the complicated geography of the house offered considerable difficulties. However, before seven o'clock I had succeeded in rousing those who were indispensable to a comfortable departure, and I was bold enough to suggest to the cook that we should prefer to take our breakfast at the kitchen fire.

Before leaving, we visited eight wounded Frenchmen, whom we found in most excellent quarters in a wing of the mansion, under the charge of two sœurs de charité. Unfortunately there was a great want of surgical attendance, a medical practitioner being only able to attend about once in five days; but M. de Layre's valet proved himself to be a most skilful dresser. M. Ternaux spoke in high tones of an Irish doctor attached to an ambulance at Chateaudun, who had performed two or three operations here. At nine o'clock we bade adieu to our host, and left for La-Ferté-Bernard, still on the track of the Duke of Mecklenburg.

We had despatched a courier to Brou to inform the Commandant that we had availed ourselves of his permission with respect to his horse; and we also requested him to forward a letter to M. Casalis to inform him of our movements, and to authorize him to act for the best in Chartres during our absence.

We had not proceeded very far before we had reason to congratulate ourselves that we had left our convoy behind. Snow began to fall in the most disagreeable manner, and the fine wet particles were driven before the wind in blinding clouds. Soon the road became so slippery that we pulled up at a village to have our pony roughed. Whilst this was being done, we entered an auberge. This house was in a most dreadful state of dirt and confusion, and three or four women were crying over their injured property, and displaying the linen sheets, apparently their most valued possessions, which were soiled by the boots of soldiers who had slept in them the previous night, and from which long pieces had been torn, no doubt, as a substitute for socks. One young woman was particularly sad over her album, from which the photographs had been taken. She said, "What do they care about the portraits of those persons whom I love?"

Thence we toiled on at a very slow pace, but nevertheless managed to pass several fragments of a convoy that was pressing to the front, and small detachments of cavalry; the men, like ourselves, being compelled to walk.

We could not but remark amongst the French inhabitants in this neighbourhood the absence of anything like participation in the war. Fifty energetic and well-directed men might have done incalculable mischief to the Duke of Mecklenburg's army.

To say nothing of any other results which might have ensued from vigorous action, the valuable supplies on these roads might have been completely cut off, and the numerous hedgerows and thick woods offered shelter which would have made retreat very easy to men acquainted with the district. But there was nothing like an attempt at resistance. We noticed several scouts, who after running out of cover to inspect the road, again retired when they had satisfied themselves as to our suspicious appearance; no doubt they looked upon us as insolent invaders. formed some of them, whom we endeavoured to convince that we were not Germans, that their conduct was most foolish, and that if it were observed by an enemy they would be shot without quarter. they were unarmed, and had no intention of fighting, their safest policy would have been to remain at home.

About one o'clock the firing, which for some time previously had been heard in the distance, became louder and more constant, and it was evident that there was a battle going on just off to our left, and some wounded men soon confirmed this supposition. Our sensible little mare, which we had named la Commandante, in compliment to the officer from whom we had received it, at last came to a standstill on the side of a hill, and refused to be driven or coaxed

any further, although De Romanet and myself had been for some time on foot, and helping her to drag the carriage. The suggestion of the Königliches Pferd was evidently a good one, especially as it was preferable to go into battle, if necessary, on foot than in a phaeton, which had no pretension to be a chariot of war.

There was a farm-house just off the road, and the good people were very happy to welcome us. The horse was put into the stable, and the carriage was drawn under cover, and we sat down in the kitchen before a roaring log fire, which soon set the chimney in a blaze, and nearly ruined the savoury mess that we were preparing.

Our culinary arrangements excited the interest of the farmer and his family, and on tasting the soup we had prepared, they acknowledged that we understood our business.

In this part of France the inhabitants had then no conception what war really is; unfortunately they were beginning to learn the lesson. That morning our host had two of his horses taken, and whilst we were in the cottage, six different parties came to make requisitions. I was successful in disposing of them all, except one, and this time there was no denying the right; and the last horse in the stable was pressed into the service of a convoy, which had stuck in the

snow. The farmer's brother-in-law, a young boy, had been sent away with the horses early in the morning, and I could not find it in my heart to blame the mother for allowing the youth to go away with a horse which would never return. Probably he has since been sent home from the neighbourhood of the Rhine provinces, after having proved himself to be a useful acquisition.

After a comfortable meal, and a promise on the part of the wife to make us up beds in case we should be compelled to return, we warmed the pony's feet with a hot iron, filled them with grease, and made a fresh start, De Romanet and I trudging on foot through the snow, which was now four inches deep.

The fight, which had been going on for some hours, had almost ceased, and only an occasional shot disturbed the silence of the winter evening.

At six o'clock we reached La-Ferté-Bernard. The whole town was in a state of the utmost confusion; baggage waggons and post-carriages filled the open spaces; the narrow streets were blocked with troops, and the inhabitants were being fast reduced to a state of idiotey. We called on the Etappen Commando whom we found at dinner with a large party of officers. He was unable to give us any information as to the locality in which the Duke of Mecklenburg had his head-quarters. An aide-de-camp, who was

also in search of His Royal Highness was in the same position as ourselves, and he advised us to remain where we were for the night. We tried to find quarters without having recourse to the billets we might command, but it was useless, so we paid a visit to the Mayor. This representative of the République Française seemed to be utterly bewildered. A worthy butcher, on hearing De Romanet's name, immediately offered us hospitality; in fact, a struggle ensued between him and a wealthy young tanner as to which should have possession of us, and it resulted in the butcher taking our horse and carriage, whilst we were housed under M. Richard's roof.

As we sat at dinner, officers and men were continually at the door asking for quarters; six men and their horses were provided for, but, as interpreter, I strenuously objected to take any more in without proper authority.

About eleven o'clock the tanner, the butcher, and the butcher's son-in-law, came to me in a state of frantic excitement, to tell me that the slaughterhouse in which the carriage was hidden had been broken into by troopers, and they feared the consequences. I sallied forth again, and soon arranged matters in an amicable way with the peaceably-disposed Mecklenburgers.

Early the next morning, De Romanet and I went

out and endeavoured to find the commandant; but he of yesterday had disappeared, and nobody knew whether a successor had been appointed. Then we were told that the Grand Duke was in the town, and we called at a house on which was chalked S. K. H. The people of the house understood that a prince had been there for two days, but they had not heard his name, and he had certainly gone away.

All this time we were quite ignorant of what was going on in the respective armies; and as I did not follow their movements, nor believe the reports I heard about them, I will not attempt to describe what they were doing. All I knew was that fighting was going on close to the town, which, a day or two previously, had been occupied by French troops, and was now in the possession of the Germans. I saw a little here and a little there; but I had other objects in view than to study the art of war, and the strategy of Prince Frederick Charles, the Duke of Mecklenburg, and General Chanzy.

We could not pass by the beautiful church of Notre Dame des Marais without entering, and I was much struck with the elegance and originality of the design. The painted glass, especially in the windows of Jean Courtois, is some of the most beautiful I have ever seen.

The wounded were hourly coming into the town, so we turned our attention to the hospitals.

The Hôtel Dieu remained under the excellent care of the sœurs de charité, and a surgeon of the town gave his services. Sixty beds were occupied, and order, quiet, and cleanliness prevailed over the whole. I felt much interest in a young man from Hamburg, evidently a gentleman; he had only been a few days under arms when he was struck down by a ball. He said it was a great satisfaction to him to feel that he had been wounded before he had the opportunity of killing or wounding anybody else.

At the mill of M. Girardot two storeys had been prepared for the reception of patients, and there were about seventy there. A doctor of the town was also at work here, and the nursing was done by sœurs de charité. But what chance was there for the poor fellows, in a hospital where wounds had to contend with infectious diseases? In a corner of one room, the greater part of which was occupied by wounded men, there were several cases of typhus and four of small-pox, and another one was brought in whilst we were there. Both De Romanet and myself expressed what we felt on this subject in strong language, and we determined, in the absence of other authority, to assume a responsibility and to act upon it. We called on the mayor, and requested him to convene a meeting of the principal inhabitants of the town for one o'clock.

Meanwhile, over breakfast, we discussed the matter with M. Richard, and we persuaded him and his wife that they should set an example, and thus avert the imminent danger of a terrific pestilence.

At the meeting, which was held in the old Porte St. Antoine, now used as the Hôtel de Ville, we explained the objects of the Convention of Geneva, and we strongly urged on those present the necessity of immediately doing something, not only for the sake of the wounded but also for that of the town itself. We described to them the advantages attached to a Red Cross Society; and my colleague promised, if they would form a local committee, that he would at once affiliate it with the French Central Society.

Our task was a most unpleasant one, as those with whom we argued were so extremely selfish, and entertained a most narrow view of the duties which they owed to the victims of the war. We assured them that we should hold them responsible if better sanitary arrangements were not immediately adopted; and, as a first step, we insisted that the infectious cases should be at once separated from the wounded. They promised to take our advice into consideration.

It was well that the mayor and corporation were so overcome by the gravity of the situation, that it did not occur to any one present to ask us with what powers we were armed; though, I think, we were equal to the occasion.

We next visited the École Communale, and inspected the building, which consists of two large rooms; the director and his wife promised their co-operation, and we decided to place thirty-two beds here.

On returning to our worthy hosts we were glad to see how rapidly our suggestions were being acted on: several beds had been prepared, and women were busy making mattresses; three men, suffering from shot wounds, had been brought from the mill, and the Red Cross flag was flying over the door.

During the afternoon I witnessed a curious scene in the church: 300 French prisoners had been put into it. It is impossible to describe the contrast the beautiful building presented to its quiet and peaceful appearance in the morning. German soldiers were shouting, swearing, and forcing their way through the groups of excited Frenchmen, who, in a state of semi-starvation, were struggling around the kind and charitable women, who, from all quarters of the town, were bringing in bread and soup, and other things, of which, in many cases, no doubt, they were denying themselves and their families. Within the chancel rails a little more order was observable, and a small group of officers were quietly eating the food that had been given to them, one of the party occasionally

responding to the appeal of an aged priest, and going to his assistance in restraining the noise and riotous behaviour of the men. There was much excuse for the poor fellows who had been exposed for many hours to cold, snow, and hunger; and as they had been made prisoners in the fight at Connerré on the previous day, they doubtless had not passed a very pleasant night.

My friend and colleague was now in his own country, where the estates of members of his family adjoin each other, and stretch away for many miles. In the belief that we had inaugurated a beneficial reform in the hospital arrangements of La Ferté, and, well pleased with the immediate results of our efforts, we drove off to the Château des Feugerets, the residence of the Countess de Semallé. Having only partially recovered from the effects of my journey to Orleans, this plan suited me admirably. Our work compelled us to spend another day in La-Ferté-Bernard, and I had been dreading another night in the pestilential atmosphere of that town.

The road this afternoon was very severe on our plucky little horse, and we were three hours in travelling nine miles. On leaving the town we passed a German post, and directly afterwards two lancers bringing in a franc-tireur, who seemed in no degree to consider his position a serious one. A little farther on three

hussars called on us to halt, but my answers soon satisfied them. These were followed at a distance of a few hundred yards by a troop, from which three officers rode forward to question us, and then politely allowed us to proceed. Beyond this we met with no interruption. Everybody regarded us with stupefaction, and, as we were perfectly ignorant whether we were in the French or German lines, we thought it prudent to let the natives know, as far as possible, that we were not enemies.

This district of France, Le Perche, is extremely pretty, and the valleys, streams, and hedges reminded me of England. It is admirably adapted for guerilla warfare; and the Germans seemed to recognize this feature, for they seldom left the road whilst in this neighbourhood, and their conduct was quite a contrast to that which they displayed around Paris. Many times we remarked little groups of men watching us at a distance, and the snow easily indicated where men were prowling. For aught we knew the eyes of many francs-tireurs might be upon us.

Soon after six o'clock we drove up the steep avenue which leads from the high road to the Château des Feugerets.

Shall I ever forget the sight before me, as I stood looking in through the windows of the château on that cold winter night? In those days domestic drill.

received little attention, and servants were slow in opening the principal door. They preferred to investigate the appearance of those who ventured to ring the hall-bell; and, after this, an interrogatory examination generally ensued. This was the case to night, and I had leisure to note the comfort that reigned within; the red firelight glowing in the windows, the candle-lights that moved along the corridors, the sounds of female voices, the large oval table gleaming with silver, porcelain, fruit and flowers; each sight, each sound, had its own language for the wanderer standing outside in the snow, and I was glad when bolts and bars were withdrawn.

Only those who know what it is to live in the midst of war, deprived of all communication with friends, even with those at four or five miles distance; receiving no letters, reading no newspapers; at one moment seeing a friendly uniform, at another that of an enemy; constantly hearing the noise of battle, without being able to ascertain the result: none but such can imagine the reception we met with at Feugerets. I may say "we," because the companion of the nephew and cousin enjoyed a large share of borrowed light. A drive from Versailles to the middle of the Perche district, at such a time, and under such circumstances, in a little park phaeton, may, I think, be considered as rather an extraordinary performance; at least, after

such a welcome I may be pardoned if I believe it to be so.

The party at dinner consisted of the amiable châtelaine, the Countess de Semallé and her two daughters, the Comte P. de Romanet, the Vicomte and Vicomtesse A. de Romanet, Mademoiselle de Milon, my companion the Vicomte G. de Romanet, and myself. There was much to talk about, and our conversation was carried far into the night.

An idea of the state of this part of the country may be gathered from the fact that the German armies had passed over it three times. The day before, 10,000 French troops were here, and in the middle of the night they applied at the château for 1500 lbs. of bread; but of this quantity only 400 lbs. could be supplied in the morning. Then there was fighting on both sides of Feugerets, and now the French had evidently retired, and the Germans were feeling about for them.

In the morning we accompanied Madame de Semallé to her little hospital, which she had arranged in one of the pavilions that flank the bridge leading over the moat into the court-yard. Seven Frenchmen were there; one had died a few days before of small-pox, a disease which was then very prevalent. The only doctor in the neighbourhood had not called for several days; the day before he had been sent for, but could not obtain a pass. We assisted to dress some of the wounds.

After breakfast we bought a carriage horse, for it was quite impossible to think of returning through the snow, which was nearly a foot in depth, without some stronger power than "La Commandante." The most curious thing was that we were able to find horses.

It was afternoon before we succeeded in effecting our departure. Every corner of the carriage that could hold an addition to our *cuisine* was packed by our kind friends, and away we went like a boat from a lighthouse perched upon a lonely rock.

It is no frivolous compliment that I pay to the worthy inmates of the Château des Feugerets, when I testify to the pluck and patriotism which animated all those who (not being able to strike a blow for their country) stood by their homes and each other throughout the terrible time that poor France had recently suffered, and was still enduring. They remained at their post of duty nursing the sick and supporting the poor, and they deserved immunity from active participation in the immediate horrors of the war.

Notwithstanding the snow we were not long on the road to La Ferté. No doubt many people thought "Ah, those brigands, they have stolen another horse since yesterday." Our equipage must have looked

more than usually odd. The big brown horse, "Feugerets," was in the shafts, and the little "Commandante" cantered along at the side, having rope traces and independent rope reins.

We did not meet with a single German soldier until we entered the town.

All our directions had been carried out; the wounded had been removed from the mill, and the rooms there were entirely devoted to small-pox and typhus cases. One half of M. Richard's house had been converted into a comparatively comfortable hospital, and there were twenty wounded Germans and two or three Frenchmen in it. At the École Communale several beds were occupied, and the work of making bedsteads and mattresses was being rapidly carried on. But the town was in a painfully destitute state, and there was a terrible want of medical attendance. There were then between two and three hundred patients, and two hundred more were expected to arrive. The two civilian doctors were quite overtaxed; but two German army doctors had arrived, and there was some promise of improvement. There was almost an absolute want of medicines, drugs, and hospital comforts, and the apothecaries' shops could not be replenished.

The patients at the school-house not having been visited by surgeons, we set to work and dressed some

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of the wounds, and endeavoured to make the poor fellows as easy as circumstances would permit; we also insisted on the observance of some indispensable rules.

Later we had an interview with the German doctors, and promised to send relief the moment the roads were open. We also called at the Maison Dieu, and requested that a sœur de charité might be placed in M. Richard's house and another at the school.

A variety of circumstances, not the least important being the state of the weather and the depth of the snow, had thus prevented us from carrying out our original plan; the stores were still at Chartres, and fortunately so, as it would have been a rash experiment to move them; and this affords one of the many examples that may be cited of the necessity of allowing the recognized volunteer agents of Red Cross Societies the fullest liberty compatible with military exigencies. Had we followed the instructions given us at Chartres, we might be still travelling in search of H. R. H. the Duke of Mecklenburg.

If the labours of my companion and myself had extended no further than they did when we left La-Ferté-Bernard, on the morning of the 12th of January, I should still be grateful for what we had been able to accomplish in two days.

We now intended to make as straight as we could for Chartres, in order that assistance might be sent forward as soon as possible.

The morning was bright and sunny, but bitterly cold. As we passed the modest farm where we had been so kindly treated four days before, we called to see how the inmates were getting on. As might have been expected, their three horses had not been sent back, and the farmer's youthful brother-in-law had not been heard of; but their losses were borne with apparently philosophic indifference, though doubtless one or two hearts were touched in tender places.

A little further on we came to the Château de Gemasse, the beautiful residence of Madame de Gemasse (sister-in-law of Madame de Semallé), and here we decided to have luncheon. We drove across the park at the risk of burying ourselves, for there was not a single track to be seen on the snow. Although the house was open, it was some time before any persons would show themselves. At last a man and his wife came out of hiding, and they acknowledged they were left in charge; and the thawing process was very rapid when De Romanet made himself known. horses were stabled, a good fire was made up in the kitchen, and the cook was able to add a few things, including some very unsatisfactory-looking black puddings, to the small supply we had with us.

homme d'affaires also came from his retreat, and he ferreted out two or three good bottles of wine from a cave only known to himself.

Whilst the luncheon was being prepared, we heard about the Germans who had lately paid a visit to the house, and we also went through all the rooms. Every place had been rifled; cabinets, writing-cases, worktables, cupboards and drawers had been opened and examined with minute attention; the fire-place bore evidence that wood had not been spared; the beds had all been slept in, and the rooms were certainly not ready for future guests. Couches and chairs had also been formed into beds for those who could not find more comfortable places; all the tables in the sitting-rooms were covered with the débris of a feast, and there was an abundance of empty bottles strewn about, the only corks which were not drawn being those marked eau minérale; linen, silk, and satin dresses and literature of all kinds assisted to complete the general disorder.

Notwithstanding all this confusion, but little real damage had been done, and nothing, I think, had been wantonly destroyed. If I could have met with the absent *châtelaine*, I should have strongly advised her to return and put her house in order, and to take with her the eight young children, whose empty cots, had they been occupied, I am sure would have touched

the hearts of some of those soldiers who had invaded the sanctuary of the nursery. I could not but admire the canny wit displayed by the people in charge of the house. They had not attempted to put a single room in order, thinking that the utter absence of comfort would do much to discourage a second invasion.

After a halt of two hours at the Château Gemasse, we continued our journey over cross-roads, the snow on which presented scarcely a single track, except such as were made by hares, rabbits, and an occasional fox. Of the close proximity of *francs-tireurs* we were now and then made aware, and we were often amused by the way in which peasants would leave the road and hide themselves on our approach, believing us to be Prussians.

One man, who was evidently leading his horse to a safe place in a wood, left it on our way and fled, thus affording additional proof of our very suspicious appearance.

It was becoming impossible to move beyond a walk when we sighted a château—I always kept an eye open for a château—and as this one was evidently occupied, we sent in our cards, and were most hospitably received by the owner, Madame Bouyer de L'Écluze, who, with her daughter and son-in-law, and their children, had wisely decided not to yield to foreign occupation so far as to exclude themselves

from the Château d'Unvers. Here we remained for the night.

I cannot describe the feeling I experienced on such occasions as that to which I have just referred, when, after a hard day's work in an exceptionally cold winter, I found myself in front of a good fire with unlimited logs, and a comfortable bed upon which to retreat. It is very well to say that this is not campaigning. On the contrary, I maintain that the true art of campaigning is never to take the rough when you can get the smooth. Of one thing I am quite satisfied, namely, that we were always welcome.

The next day we were en route for Chartres at nine o'clock, and soon reached Brou. Our first object was to endeavour to find the commandant, who had lent us "the royal horse;" but as he had left, we decided to attach it to the back of the carriage, and we coupled with "Feugerets," the horse we had left there six days before. After a great deal of trouble we reached Illiers, and this animal being evidently ill, and quite incapable of further movement, we left him in charge of the mayor, from whom we took a receipt, and again harnessed "La Commandante" in its place.

We laboured on through the deep snow until we could not distinguish between the road and the fields on each side; nor, indeed, between sky and earth. Everything was enveloped in a dense, cold, wintry fog. We frequently relieved each other as pioneers; but several times we found ourselves slipping over the brink of a ditch, at the imminent risk of being buried in a snow-drift. At last we lighted a bull'seye lantern, and both of us walked in front of the horses, which required no guidance, and followed us as if they understood the danger quite as well as we did. In this manner we slowly felt our way over the last few miles, and reached Chartres between eight and nine o'clock, after a journey of eleven hours.

M. Cazalis and Brother Léon gave us a hearty welcome; all the heartier, perhaps, because they had arrived at the conclusion that we must be either in prison or buried in the snow. Both of them had been well occupied in the hospitals of Chartres.

We immediately reported ourselves to the commandant, and then called on Madame de Luigué, whose friends at the Château d'Unvers were anxious that we should tell her of their safety. Later we settled accounts with our men, and made arrangements for the morning.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## CONTINUATION.

With little regard for the patience and powers of endurance of my readers, I am endeavouring, while describing the minute and insignificant details of these journeys, to give a correct idea of the state of the country, and particularly in those parts which might then be truly called "No Man's Land," in such a state of uncertainty were the inhabitants as to the position of the rival armies. Our expedition, so far, had been in many respects a peculiar one, and in none more so than in the fact that we had not once displayed the Red Cross, either on a flag or a brassard. Where it had seemed advisable or expedient to do so, we had explained the object of our mission, and for the rest we had trusted to Providence.

Considering the state of the roads, and that we should soon be in want of additional stores, De Ro-

manet and I agreed to separate for a few days; he to remain at Chartres, and to dispatch help to La-Ferté-Bernard the moment the roads should be practicable: I to go to Versailles for a fresh supply. Early the next morning, therefore, we unloaded the Woolwich waggon at the Civil Hospital, and I then started off There were two drivers and four for Versailles. horses with the empty waggon, and I had a man with me in the phaeton, which was drawn by a pair. hour's halt at Maintenon, and we then trotted on to Rambouillet. It was getting dark as we drove through The fine old elm-trees, covered with hoar frost, stood out in sharp relief against the dull leaden sky, and the dark masses of evergreen shrubs contrasted strongly with the pure white ground; the wheels ran noiselessly over the snow-covered road, and there was nothing to disturb the silence but the rattling of our harness chains. I never looked upon a prettier winter scene.

On the following day we were seven hours in going from Rambouillet to Versailles. There was little snow on the first part of the road; in places it was like a sheet of ice, and although we had no cargo, the horses had the greatest difficulty to keep on their feet.

All kinds of rumours were rife at Versailles, and many persons thought that the capitulation of Paris was only a question of a few hours. Whatever I may have thought, and strongly as I desired to witness the end, I felt that I must hasten back to a field of labour where work was plentiful and workmen were scarce.

On the following morning (16th of January) I had an interview with Count Malzan, to whom I reported the sanitary state of the places I had lately visited. Afterwards I had luncheon with Baron L. de Bussierre, with whom I arranged to make a joint expedition to Chartres. The special appeal made at the opening of the new year had been very productive, and it was with a portion of the contributions that M. de Bussierre and M. de Bammeville intended to leave Versailles. As my medicine-chest at this time was very low, the Versailles Committee allowed me to make a selection from their store, and Count Malzan, · who expressed his entire approval of our expedition, kindly gave me a share of the drugs he had just received from England.

Mr. Young having gone to Metz, taking Kleinmann with him, additional labour was thrust upon me. There was packing to be done, arrangements to be made at the stables at St. Germain, and a great deal of home work (as I now considered my Versailles duties) to be performed. Then I had to see friends, who kindly promised to act for me in case of the capitulation of Paris and my inability to arrive

in time to push in a convoy of fresh provisions for the hospitals.

But the next morning (Wednesday, 18th of January) I was ready to start again at nine o'clock. I first called on the Duke of Augustenburg, relative to a wounded Bavarian in whom His Highness was interested, and for whom I promised to make inquiries.

Baron de Bussierre and M. de Bammeville having decided to go a little way out of the direct route, I started independently of them, with a waggon, four horses and two drivers, a two-wheeled eart, with one horse and driver, whilst I myself, accompanied by an extra man, drove a pair in the phaeton.

I had at last succeeded in drilling three men into obedience and something like punctuality, and they proved to be very good servants. One of them was by trade a blacksmith, and another (my own man) was a saddler. We halted for an hour at Lagiot. At Trappes we met one of our omnibuses bringing wounded men to Versailles, and I received news of De Romanet.

At Rambouillet the waggons were left as before in the public square, and men and horses found refuge in the 'Lion d'Or.'

This day was the birthday of the King, and I had been invited to assist at the ceremony in the Château de Versailles, and to see the Emperor-King of Germany sitting in the chair of Louis XIV. The 'Lion d'Or' this night I think witnessed a much more jovial meeting; forty-five officers met here at dinner, and judging from the noise they made they were very happy.

The next morning, soon after we had started from Rambouillet, I was obliged to detach one of the carriage horses and to put it on in front of the animal in the two-wheeled cart. This rather impeded our progress. There were constant showers of sleet and snow, and the cold was so severe that at last I asked one of the drivers to change places with me. He drove the carriage, and I rode the leaders of the fourgon for some miles.

That evening the convoy reached Chartres, where De Romanet was expecting me; and at a later hour M. de Bussierre and M. de Bammeville joined us at dinner.

During my absence M. de Romanet had arranged a very good depôt at the house of Madame de Luigné, and in the evening we went thither. I had a double object in going, as Madame de St. Aldegonde had called on me at Versailles to request me to see her nephew, M. de Raincourt, a papal zouave, whose thigh had been fractured by a bullet. He was being nursed by Madame de Luigné, who, aided by her daughter and her son-in-law, M. and Madame de

Boissieux, had other patients on her hands. Cure seemed an inevitable result of nursing in such a house.

During the night there was an alarm, and the few troops in the town were kept under arms. When I looked out in the morning, through darkness and thick fog, there was a considerable movement of troops on the place. Francs-tireurs, it was said, had released a large number of prisoners. My own opinion is that it was thought advisable to take extra precautions, owing to the weakness of the garrison, and the fear lest the people of Chartres should rise. A cruel act had been performed on the preceding day, and the people were very angry. There was a parade of the small garrison, and on the market square there were many spectators. Troopers were clearing the square, and one young man, an apothecary's assistant, to avoid being run over by one of the horses, innocently clutched at the bridle; some men ran out of the ranks, and the poor fellow had his skull smashed by the butt-end of a musket.

M. Cazalis and Brother Léon had left some days before, with a well-laden omnibus for La-Ferté-Bernard, and they were settled at the house of our friend, M. Richard. Our promise in this direction being fulfilled, it was now necessary for us to take a wider sweep and to inspect another part of the country. M.

de Bussierre and M. de Bammeville determined on an intermediate line, so that between us we covered a very large area.

One day's rest was required for the horses which I had brought from Versailles. We called at the Maison Dieu, in which there were about five hundred patients, mostly Germans. One corridor was lined with sick Frenchmen, who had been obliged to fall out of the ranks of the prisoners, and to these, beds had not yet been apportioned. The arrangements of the sœurs de charité were very good; but it seemed to me that the infectious cases might have been more effectually separated from the wounded.

We had several stores to leave here, and these we deposited on the basement at the back of the hospital. I was much struck with the incongruous nature of the contents of this part of the building. Amidst bales of clothing and casks of wine, intended to assist in restoring life, were piles of new coffins; and stacks of rough deals stood ready to be manufactured into the same lugubrious receptacles.

Close at hand was a temporary wooden shed, used as a mortuary chapel; on a table stood a crucifix, and dead bodies waiting for interment were on the ground.

We spent some hours at Madame de Luigné's, in selecting stores and packing them in a waggon ready for the morning. It was a day of strange contrasts.

On leaving the depôt, we went into a small room in the house of Madame de Luigné, which remains in the same state as it was in the time of Henri IV.; the decorations in it are remarkably rich and well preserved, and the massive bed and other furniture are most interesting specimens of wood carving. Later, from the bustling street, full of armed men and military equipages, we entered the exquisitely beautiful cathedral. Some parts of this building, for profuseness and delicacy of carving, surpass anything I have seen anywhere out of Spain, and the windows, taken as a collection, I have never seen equalled. We descended to the crypt. What a change from the noisy world above, wandering through the long vaulted galleries and looking at the altars which have been the objects of the pilgrimages of the faithful for centuries! think our vaunted civilization suffered from comparison with the times when a Faith at least existed. But was Henri IV. still King of France?—was a pilgrimage in preparation?—had we been dreaming? —and were we still in the good old times, when kings gave each other hard blows, and the victory was often to the one who with his own right hand could hit the hardest?

In the long vaulted passages, the walls of which are so elaborately and artistically decorated, and the gloomy perspectives of which were faintly marked out by modest lamps suspended over distant altars, I could see the monks, each with a little candle fixed to his head, and brush and palette in hand, earnestly at work, heedless of what was passing above; thought and persevering industry all concentrated on the repetition of the same design, and all apparently unconscious of the strifes in this cruel upper world of ours. Such was the scene; but I am bound to admit the men were not monks with æsthetic proclivities, but they were house decorators, and perhaps embryo Communists.

Early the next day, De Romanet and I left Chartres for another brief journey. We had a general service waggon with four horses, the phaeton and a pair, and two saddle-horses, of which we made occasional use during the day; these extra horses were also intended to afford a change for the waggon when necessary.

At Courville we remained an hour for breakfast; then continued our journey through very beautiful country, the hills, valleys, trees, and hedgerows forming a most agreeable change to the broad, open, and rich corn-land of the Beauce. Our destination was La Hurie; and after steadily plodding on until it was quite dark we came upon a group of cottages. In reply to our questions, we were informed that the village was a little further on, and then that it was

within portée d'un fusil. After traversing about two thousand yards we arrived at the conclusion that even the chassepôt of a franc-tireur could not carry so far, and that evidently the inhabitants had given us false directions, under the impression that we were Prussians. We afterwards sent a message along the road to the effect, that for such trifles Prussians were in the habit of shooting people, and that proclamations threatening such punishment might be seen posted on the walls.

On arriving at a large farm, with buildings enclosed in a court, we decided that whether it was inhabited or not we must stay there, for it was now past eight o'clock, and we had travelled more than forty miles. After several efforts, we drew signs of life from the house, and at last the door was opened. The farmer and his wife at first were very cautious and reserved; but we exhibited our determination, unharnessed the horses, and put them into the extensive stables. siege operations were next extended to the house, and after the poor housewife had shed a few tears into the marmite in which the supper was being cooked, we succeeded in convincing her that we were not enemies, and that we had no intention to annex anything,—on the contrary that we wished to pay for everything we had. We only asked for shelter and a fire.

This farm was on the estate of M. de la Thulaie,

for whom we had a letter. There had been a fight here a day or two before, and a large building in the yard had been burnt, and the ruins were standing black and desolate at right angles with the house.

Wishing to ascertain if the mansion which stands on the other side of a narrow valley was deserted, and guided by the farmer, we crossed the frozen stream at the bottom of the meadows and soon reached the large Château de la Hurie. Two servants were still in the house; the poor old master, who is over eighty years of age, I am sorry to say, had been driven out with blows. The last of the wounded had left that morning. Everything was in a terrible state of dirt and confusion; but though much mischief had been done to property, and wine, etc., had been carried away, there were no signs of wanton and wilful damage.

The gardener went out with a lantern and found us some vegetables, and each of us being laden with as much wood as he could carry, we returned to the farm.

With the material we had brought with us we were not long before we had made a large cauldron of soup (Liebig and cabbage), and at ten o'clock De Romanet, our three men, and I, sat down to dinner. We had a ham with us, and a loaf, and there was no scarcity of

cider on the premises, the Germans not seeming to care much about this beverage.

Our host and hostess by this time had become convinced of our inoffensive disposition, and they joined us over a brew of hot punch.

From an artistic point of view the group was not without considerable merit, as we sat, under the huge chimney, on three-legged stools before the wood fire, over which a large iron pot was suspended; whilst an earthen pipkin containing steaming punch occupied the place of honour in the midst. In a wooden recess at the side was the bed of the farmer and his wife, and in another corner two children slept in perfect unconsciousness of the intrusion and of the fumes of punch and tobacco which filled the room.

A large straw mattress having been laid in the tile-paved guest chamber, De Romanet and I curled ourselves up in our rugs and were soon sound asleep, notwithstanding the strong currents of freezing wind which came in through the windows that had been broken in the late fight.

The next day we continued our journey, after we made a present to the children (this item is necessary, otherwise it might be supposed we were living at free quarters). We had become excellent friends with our worthy entertainers, and I am sure they were in earnest when they said they should be very happy to

see us again should the fortunes of war carry us back to La Hurie.

We passed through La Fourche, the broken earthworks, battered houses, and torn trees in which village bore evidence to the fight which had just taken place there. A steep cross road led us down into the beautiful valley, and through Condé we moved on to Regmalard. Here we remained for a short time at a little hospice, in which there were two wounded Frenchmen. It was Sunday afternoon, and it was difficult to believe that we were in the midst of war. The servants who had been left in charge of the château of the Count d'Andlan could, however, appreciate this fact, and that a considerable quantity of their master's property had exchanged hands.

Soon after two o'clock we reached the Château de Viantais, the residence of the Baron A. de Beaumont, brother-in-law of my companion. He was not at home, but his father and mother received us in the kindest manner.

Some German troops had been here a few days before, and they had taken away a horse, for which they left a bon for two thousand francs (a useless formality); also a gun, a brace of pistols, and a cask of wine, so that there was not much to complain of.

The little park of Viantais is one of the most beautiful I have seen in France; and it was looking very peaceful, as I saw it this bright winter afternoon, with its placid lake, to which an artist's taste has added many pretty features. From the hall-door a foreground of undulating grass-land, and a vista of fine old cedar and fir trees, lead the eye to the town of Nogent-le-Rotrou, which stands in the midst of a fertile valley.

On the Monday morning we were again en route in good time. We met a German convoy attended by a small escort. Both officers and men were evidently surprised at our appearance, and they made the most minute inquiries as to what we had not seen. Nothing exhibited the moral power of the Germans so much as the manner in which they moved about the country. Here was a convoy which might have been made to vanish from the face of the earth; the inhabitants of a single village might have removed every trace of it from the road without anybody else being the wiser. But no; they were the masters of the country, and they knew it.

We halted at the hospital in Bellême for an hour, and the sisters accompanied us through all the wards, in which there were sixty French soldiers and eight Germans. Of this number there were twenty-five with small-pox. We distributed cigars, and left a supply of medicines, bandages, waterproof sheeting, coffee and sugar with the sœurs, who acted as housekeeper and apothecary.

Leaving this excellent and well-ordered establishment, we were not long in reaching the Château des Feugerets, where the Countess de Semallé again offered us a most cordial welcome, and insisted on extending her hospitality to our formidable cavalry (eight horses)! Only one wounded man (French) was now in the house, and in the absence of a surgeon we dressed his wounds.

We were the same party at dinner as we had been on our previous visit, with the addition of the Curé of the parish.

It was very hard to tear ourselves away from Feugerets so soon, but our work would admit of no delay. At nine o'clock the next morning (24th of January), we went off to La-Ferté-Bernard; De Romanet hurried on in the phaeton, and I rode in charge of the convoy.

We called on the mayor and on the commandant de place, and it was gratifying to learn that our suggestions had been strictly carried out. Between three and four hundred invalids were still scattered through the town; but there were no longer any infectious cases in the same rooms with the wounded. During the few preceding days the German authorities had made strong efforts to remove their wounded from this district.

M. Richard had fourteen beds occupied in his

house, and M. Cazalis and Brother Léon were established here with their little *pharmacie*. This day they were absent, having gone into the country on a special mission, and we made an appointment for them to meet us a few days later at Le Mans. We visited the patients in the communal school, and also three small German hospitals, and, after giving out some drugs to Prussian doctors, we proceeded on our journey towards the south-east.

But before leaving the town we diminished the number of our horses. The owner of "La Commandante" not having been discovered, we left her with M. Richard for ambulance purposes, and "Feugerets," showing signs of sickness, was left for a rest. A journey of four hours and a half brought us to Vibraye, where, from the absence of German troops, we easily found quarters in the Hôtel du Chapeau Rouge. Evidently we were regarded here with a great deal of suspicion; and for a long time a crowd remained near the hotel, and we were quite prepared for a domiciliary visit, perhaps for even stronger measures; but our dinner was not interrupted, and we were allowed to rest in peace.

The night was bitterly cold, and all our rugs were required to curtain windows and doors; snow covered the ground, and a biting wind swept through the numerous crevices in the old 'Red Hat.'

Before I left Versailles I had been recommended by an American to avoid the Forest of Vibraye. He informed me, in the forcible language of his country, that if I ventured into that wood I should find myself in a hotter place than is usually associated in my mind with a forest. This remark was not very encouraging; but the weather was not of a kind to support the belief that we were near to any place that would answer my friend's description. Here we were on the borders of the terrible forest, and the next morning we prepared to judge for ourselves whether its terrors were imaginary or not.

Before starting we were requested to go and see a poor Frenchman, the only wounded man then lying in Vibraye; we afterwards spoke with a man very like a poacher, who, in the absence of the mayor, had taken on himself the duties of that functionary and also those of the commissaire de police; and we insisted on the necessity of his having the poor fellow removed immediately from the café, where he was lying, to the town hospital, as the only doctor in the place was too ill to see any patients except in this building.

There is no doubt that the Forest of Vibraye had, at this time, a very bad reputation amongst Germans; and, in my opinion, it speaks very badly for the discipline and efficiency of the francs-tireurs, that they

did not succeed in holding it. I must not let it be thought, however, that I recognize the francs-tireurs of France as a body of great value. There were, doubtless, special corps that performed good service, but they were few in number, and none of these ever came within my experience. I saw many francstireurs, all of whom were, more or less, an embarrassment and a source of danger to the non-combatant inhabitants of the neighbourhood in which they happened to be, but I can assert that I never saw one in his proper place. As a volunteer of twelve years' standing, and one who has little faith in the present position of the reserve forces of Great Britain, owing to the absence of links to connect them with the regular army, I can honestly say that I believe 5000 volunteers (or even a smaller number), taken from any part of the United Kingdom, would not have allowed any number of hostile troops to go through either the Forest of Vibraye or the Perche without great loss. When the war broke out there was nothing like an existing organization for national defence, and the few landowners who endeavoured to excite the patriotism of the peasants were badly supported: the result was that honest men retired from the defence, whilst every man who had nothing to lose, and saw that, in the inevitable scramble, something might be gained, took up arms, and called himself a franc-tireur. In going

twice through the Perche I had noticed that the Germans recognized the great facilities this district offered for guerilla warfare; the troops kept closely to the main roads, turning neither right nor left to make requisitions, and marched steadily for their aim. But they met with no opposition, and I doubt whether a shot was fired after the French army had retreated.

In our journey this day we observed that the road through the forest offered the most remarkable opportunities for harassing troops and intercepting convoys. It is true that deep trenches were cut across the road, and there were numerous formidable barricades; but of what use were these without men to take advantage of them? We saw men in blouses posted along the road, who, on our approach, generally retired into the wood, and these, doubtless, called themselves francstireurs. As evidence that the Germans did not think them very terrible, we met about a dozen soldiers, leisurely walking along in the middle of the forest.

At the Château de Barre we called on the Marquis de Vaussay, who, for the fourth time, had his château full of foreign troops, while he himself was living in a cottage on the estate; thence to St. Calais, where we arrived at noon.

The town was crowded with troops of the Tenth Army Corps. Every house seemed to be occupied by soldiers, and it was evident, not only that there were large numbers of sick and wounded here, but that there was also a great want of medical necessaries and hospital comforts. A medical practitioner of the town, Dr. Desneux, invited us to his house, whither we also carried our modest breakfast, to add to the little he was able to produce. Later, he accompanied us to the college, where there were many patients.

We might have given out our stores at once, and all might have been well applied, but it seemed more prudent to examine the situation from all sides, and distribute, as far as possible, equally. It was also advisable to economize our goods, some of which were suitable for one place and some for another. Clothing was very much needed, and this, we expected, might arrive in a few hours, as we had left Baron de Bussierre's convoy—which was well provided with woollen and cotton garments—at La Ferté, and it was coming on behind us.

## CHAPTER XXV.

"Art thou stricken in life's battle?

Many wounded round thee moan;

Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,

And that balm shall heal thine own."

HAVING done what we could for that day, we left the waggons in the courtyard of the college. It being impossible to find stables, the Director had two rooms cleared of desks and forms, some straw was found and placed on the floors, the men taking possession of one of these rooms, and the horses being turned into the other.

De Romanet and I then drove on to Bessé, where we met the Count Bernard de Montesquiou, who conducted us to his residence, the beautiful Château de Courtenvaux. This is situated in a quiet valley, at a short distance off the high road, and, owing to its seclusion, it had been spared the visits of the enemy. Our reception was most kind and hospitable.

The party assembled at dinner was a most interesting one, including, as it did, four generations. There were present the Count and Countess Anatole de Montesquiou-Fezensac; the former was aide-de-camp to the First Napoleon in Russia, and the Countess was dame d'honneur of Queen Marie Amélie; their son, Count Vladimir de Montesquiou; their grandson, Count Bernard, whom I have already mentioned, and his wife; and also the Countess Odon de Montesquiou, whose husband was then acting as aide-de-camp to General Trochu in Paris; and at another table in the same hall were this lady's little children, with their bonnes.

When I retired for the night, I found it very difficult to realize the fact that I was living in the nineteenth century. Alone in my room—a large vaulted chamber, with arches of sculptured stone, and all the furniture in keeping with it—and looking out from my massive oak bed, with its panels and posts carved with all sorts of grotesque figures, the firelight playing over everything and increasing the strangeness and multiplying the weird forms around me, I almost brought my mind to the conclusion that, after all, I was only a piece of stage property.

The next morning we drove into St. Calais. Snow had fallen during the night, and travelling was very difficult. We breakfasted with Dr. Desneux; and with us were a French soldier, an invalid en bourgeois, and a German soldier, also on the sick list, both of whom were living in the hospitable doctor's house.

Afterwards, in company with some of the doctors of the town, we called at the Maison Dieu and some of the temporary hospitals in private houses. tunately here, as elsewhere, infectious cases were mingled with the wounded; and we found some of the latter with small-pox patients in beds on each side of them. We strongly protested against this carelessness, and urged upon the commandant the absolute necessity of taking immediate steps to remedy the evil, which he undertook to do. In all the houses we distributed cigars, which were highly appreciated. At the college, where we had left the waggon on the previous night, we formed a depôt of blankets, clothing, meat, and medicines, and handed it over to a small committee, which we then and there nominated. I must not omit to mention that the stores which we had left at Chartres to be forwarded by a direct road, arrived this evening, and we were thus enabled to give important assistance when it was so much needed. In this supplementary convoy were 500 shirts, which were most valuable.

At four o'clock we returned to Bessé, taking the waggon with us. Here we were met by Madame de

Montesquiou's chaplain, who accompanied us to a religious house, in which ten Frenchmen were being nursed by sisters. The last of the Germans had been removed the same morning.

The party at dinner was the same as on the preceding day. It was very strange to find, so near the war-indeed, in the midst of it-a house such as that of Courtenvaux, where, in a handsome hall, decorated with ancestral portraits and heraldic escutcheons, a party of ladies could meet as if no trouble afflicted their country, and no fears of a personal nature were oppressing their hearts. Yet this night no casual and unthinking visitor could have imagined that hostile troops had overrun their country three or four times, and were still in the neighbourhood, and that their near and dear relatives were daily risking their lives in the struggle to drive them out. This state of apparent calm is only intelligible to those who have studied the French character, and what is called légèreté Française often hides a depth of courage as well as of untold woe.

I have already alluded to the fact that a supply of winter clothing, sent out to me from England, was stolen on the road, together with the boots of a friend, whose frequent inquiries for them were sometimes most pathetic. The tone varied according to the weather. It was in the height of the last season that I was hailed in Trafalgar Square with the well-known query. "Where are my boots?" had become a question of habit, that my presence never failed to suggest. Long before my arrival at Courtenvaux I had come to the conclusion that high boots, with any quantity of mud upon them, provided they were garnished with spurs, constituted full dress in the daytime; and the same boots, deprived of mud and spurs, were admissible in any drawing-room during the evening. I often speculated on the chances in favour of finding my portmanteau, with its contents, at the Hôtel Westminster, in the Rue de la Paix, from which I had been separated by circumstances beyond my control.

The next morning (January 27th) we left the château, where we had been so kindly entertained. M. Bernard de Montesquiou accompanied us as far as Bessé: here we visited two houses containing wounded men, and left a supply of medicines and cigars.

Thence we drove to Pont de Braye, and, after an hour's halt, on to Poncé, where we called on Count Henri de Nonant in his ancient château on the banks of the Loir. He amused us very much with a description of the manner in which the Germans had taken him by storm a few days before. They had swarmed over the terraces and down the steep banks at the back of his mansion, whilst every

one was looking out for them in front. Great preparations had been made, and we passed many barricades and trenches; but, as I had so often remarked in these places, and especially at Sedan, of course the Germans were not going to confine themselves to the valleys, especially if the hills were left open to them.

Our next halt was at Rullé. Here, in a most beautifully placed convent, we found many patients, who all seemed very happy. Several of them were amusing themselves over international games of chess. A mile or two further on we arrived at La Gidonière, the handsome château of the Marquise du Prat, who had given us carte blanche to use her property as we pleased, and, if necessary, to convert the whole of the château into a hospital. There had been recent fighting here, and between sixty and seventy sick Frenchmen had been nursed here, but all had now been removed.

Our horses needed rest, but there was nothing to be done here which would occupy more than an hour. However, we did not like to be so near Tours without paying a hasty visit to the respective Committees of the French and English Societies, especially as we could compare work and perhaps give each other mutual assistance.

The régisseur found us a good horse. It was wonderful in these days how horses were discovered when they were wanted by friends. Many a noble

steed, accustomed to the luxury of a warm and luxurious stable, had during this war to make himself comfortable in the middle of a wood.

Late in the evening we started off again, leaving men, horses, and stores in charge of the steward, and a three hours' brisk trot brought us to Beaumont-la-Ronce, where, within the walls of the ancient château, conspicuous by its lofty tower, the Marquis and Madame de Beaumont (cousins of M. de Romanet) gave us a delightful welcome.

French troops had found a home here for some weeks, and now German soldiers were daily visitors; still the master and mistress and their children, and a chaplain, a governess and servants (including an Irish maid) were still at their posts. Several sick and wounded men were also there, all of whom had learnt that charity knows no nationality.

The Marquis de Beaumont lent us a little Bretonne mare, one of the fastest trotters I have ever sat behind, and at nine o'clock in the morning we continued our journey, and speedily accomplished the fifteen miles between Beaumont and Tours, notwithstanding the very decided way in which the road had been cut up and trenched. Acting on the suggestion of M. de Beaumont, we left the carriage at the house of his father-in-law, the Marquis de Mondragon; and De Romanet and I, having much to do in a short time, divided the work and took separate ways.

I called on Colonel Elphinstone, the chief representative of the English Society at Tours, and then went to his depôt, which was rich in clothing, and admirably arranged. Here I saw Mr. Lee, the Acting Secretary, and later Mr. and Mrs. Chater, whom I had left at Douzy a very long time ago, reckoning it by the events which had transpired in the interval.

At luncheon at the Hôtel Mondragon, where there were a few patients, we gathered much useful information as to the district we intended to traverse.

I picked up De Romanet in the afternoon at the Couvent des Dames de la Retraite, which was also a hospital, and where the ladies were delighted to see some one who could tell them of their friends in the sister establishment at Versailles. Arrived at Beaumont between five and six, and notwithstanding the pressing invitation of our friends there, we merely remained to change horses, and light the lamps, and then sped away to La Gidonière, where we arrived at nine.

We were early at work the next day (Sunday, January 29th). We first examined the drugs and medicines which the French doctors had left behind when they retreated, and these we utilized. We also gave out such things as were required by the sœurs de charité of the convent at Rullé, a list of which they had sent to us. A garde de chasse on the estate had injured himself in a frightful way. After the

fight which took place here, he went about collecting the fragments of lead and iron, and, in order to separate the metals, he put all into a great marmite, and as he stood watching the melting, the contents blew up, and carried away the whole surface of his face. He had accidentally put in a live shell. At eleven o'clock we moved off with our convoy.

It is sad to think of the number of gaps that each year makes in one's circle of friends and acquaint-For me, this has been particularly noticeances. able during the last few months. The vacant spots have multiplied at home; but with the rapid extension of my circle of foreign friends, irrespective of those whom the direct effects of war carried off, I have had to grieve over several missing links in the newly formed chain. Looking back at the handsome and recently restored château of La Gidonière, as I saw it on this bright frosty morning, standing in the midst of a pretty park, with the little river Loir beyond, flowing through pleasant fields and under wooded banks, I anticipated the time when, after the restoration of peace, I should again return to see the amiable châtelaine in the midst of her own people. But the wish was not to be realized; La Gidonière was never again to see the mistress who was so much beloved. Amongst those of her sex who behaved so well and nobly throughout the war, the Marquise du

Prat (née De Gramont) will long be remembered by those who had the privilege to know her.

In the middle of the day we reached Grand Lucé, which a few days previously had been the scene of a Leaving the horses to feed in the public square, we made inquiries as to the sanitary condition of the place, and its wants, if any existed. In the public hospital, the patient who attracted most of my sympathy was a poor Spahis who could speak a few words of French. Covered with his white bernous, he sat crouched on the floor, almost under the fireplace, nursing his left arm, which had been shattered by a ball. He formed a most pitiable sight, but he insisted that he only required his horse and To the latter we could help him; but some tobacco. his horse, if it were alive, was probably in a German marketender's cart. At the château there was a large room full of small-pox cases; and here, and in some other private houses, we also found some wounded. Nothing, however, was required, except cigars, and of these we were able to give a considerable quantity.

Thence we drove on through a beautiful pine-forest to Parigné-l'Évêque, where we arrived between four and five o'clock. Hardly a house in this little village had been spared by shot and shell. Dr. Marchand, of the French army, came running after us,

and we very soon opened the waggon, and disposed of blankets, clothing, medicines, wine, and cigars.

It was getting late, and travelling in the dark, over unknown roads, was then very difficult. We therefore accepted an invitation to remain the night. Our men and horses were put up in a farm about half a mile from the village. The waggon was housed, and a very savage dog was fastened with a long chain to one of its wheels, as an additional precaution.

The commandant of the village was very polite, and he first told me of an armistice having been agreed upon, but he could not vouch for the truth of it. However, all the German soldiers believed in it, and looked happy in consequence.

We dined with Dr. Fournier, the resident medical practitioner, who was also the mayor. Besides this family, Dr. Glatigny, a French army surgeon, and Dr. Marchand, both of whom were living in the house, were of the party. It was a most agreeable meeting, and Dr. Fournier expressed sentiments worthy of a patriot, a gentleman, and a philanthropist. Although two shells had made terrible havoc of the back of his little house, and the ceiling and walls of the room we were in were marked with bullets, he treated the matter in a very philosophic manner, and said that it would only compel him to carry out some contemplated additions to his house a little earlier than he had in-

tended. He was on excellent terms with the German doctors, and said he should never forget the sympathy shown by the German soldiers for his poor old mother, who was obliged to be put into a cellar on the day of the fight. Nor must I forget how gratefully he, and the other people in the village, spoke of the prompt manner in which English assistance was brought to the village by Mr. Lewis at the time it was most needed.

A small three-cornered room was found for us in the house of a neighbour, and though there was not room in it for two mattresses to be placed flat on the floor, we managed to sleep in it.

Our host, a very old man, who was not particularly amiable when we were put into his house, made himself more agreeable in the morning, when he found out who we were; and he was evidently gratified to receive a little present of chocolate, his favourite beverage, and of which he had been for some time deprived. It cannot be a pleasant thing for an old gentleman, who has left his business at the bustling port of Havre, and retired with his wife to end his days in a quiet country village, to have a battle fought in his back garden. The old lady and gentleman, with their servant, wisely went out for the day, and called on a friend in the neighbourhood.

The German officers told us that their sick and

wounded were not in need of anything; but the French doctors were very glad of some additional stores, and having concluded the distribution, we left for Le Mans. The pine forest through which we passed bore strong evidence of the recent fighting, and in some parts every tree was marked with shot. The remarks I have already made as to the facilities for defence offered in the Perche and at Vibraye are certainly applicable to the country around Le Mans.

We reached this town about noon, and found it literally blocked with équipages militaires. We left the men in charge of the horses and carriages in the Place des Halles, and then called at the head-quarters of Prince Frederick Charles (the Prefecture), then at the Mairie and on the Etappen-Commando. Nearly the whole afternoon was spent in finding stables. last we succeeded. The waggon was left in the courtyard of the Civil Hospital, and the horses were put into a large building at a considerable distance off. charge of these arrangements, and I was so thoroughly tired out, that I rode through the city mounted on one of the horses and leading another, regardless of the appearance of the waggon-harness by which I was These small incidents are important in surrounded. a description of our work, for in such important trifles we often found the hardest labour. It was quite dark when I had housed the horses. There were no halterrings nor mangers, and it was necessary to see the animals fed, and to hire a room close by, where the harness, etc. could be locked up.

We met Cazalis and Frère Léon, who had arrived from La-Ferté-Bernard. Thanks to them, we obtained a room in the Hôtel du Maine.

We called on Dr. Læffler (Chief of the German Army Medical Staff), whom I had last seen at Gravelotte. He informed us that the Germans had been well looked after and were not in want of anything, and he spoke in high terms of the charity and kindness shown to the sick and wounded by the inhabitants of the town. But he said the French wounded were in great want of assistance, and it would be to their advantage if we were to concentrate our attention on them.

The news of the armistice was to-day confirmed, and this put me in a most anxious state of mind, as I felt my proper place then was Versailles. When I started on this expedition I gave Paris twelve days, and five days more before provisions could be taken in. The prediction was not far wrong.

Coûte qui coûte, I determined to return to my post; my services were no longer necessary to my associates at Le Mans, but I could do more for them by sending additional aid. This being the case, I found myself on the following morning in a railway horse-box,

with fifteen wounded Germans in it. In the middle of the day we reached Chartres, when soup and bread were served out to the invalids from the kitchen of the Johanniter depôt. Several effective soldiers were put into the carriage, and there was not room for all to sit down. Oscillating, bumping, shaking, rattling, sometimes to the music of a fife and a drum, with which two of the party were armed, and which could only be distinguished from the prevailing noise by an occasional shrill squeak, we reached Versailles between six and seven in the evening, after nearly twelve hours' torture. But, if I suffered, what must have been the state of the poor fellows lying around me?

Having tasted nothing since the previous day but a small piece of chocolate, I was glad that the journey terminated close to the house of M. Delaroche, and it being close, as I well knew, to his dinner hour, I did not scruple to avail myself of his hospitality.

What pleasure it was to return again to the English colony, in which the most reliable news was always to be obtained.

In Mr. W. H. Russell's rooms to-night there were Mr. Odo Russell, Lord Adare, Haworth, Hozier, Kingston, and Landells, and everyone rejoiced that the end was at last come, and that Paris, if not quite accessible, would soon be so.

Gleissner, Lord Carnarvon's courier, called on me at eleven, relative to carrying provisions into Paris. I despatched a messenger to my excellent ally, Mr. Young, at St. Germain, who I was quite sure was not standing idle, nor allowing red tape to fetter him. His answer reached me at two in the morning.

I have thus minutely described an expedition which I had undertaken in conjunction with the Vicomte de Romanet. I have already stated the reasons which, independent of my own personal feelings, first prompted me to undertake this extensive tour. results fully satisfied me, and the good effect of a Frenchman and an Englishman working together in one common object, without a thought as to the nationality of those whom they relieved, was very evident, especially in those places which we visited for a second time. The expedition was truly international. It may interest some persons to know that my companion and myself shared all the expenses, and the cost to the British National Society for exactly one month was covered by an expenditure of £20, which, considering the amount of work done, cannot be considered extravagant.

Without wearying the reader with too much detail, I may briefly add, that our system was to have a flying column (if I may be allowed the term), with supports at a few miles in the rear, and this, by taking short cuts only travelled about one-fourth of the distance traversed by De Romanet and myself. Thus our supports arrived just at the right moment at St. Calais, and again at Le Mans, and the time at the disposal of M. Cazalis and Frère Léon was given to the hospitals where they happened to be. Had all of us made the entire journey, we should have spent double the time with no greater results, and the waste of material and money would have been very large.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## PARIS DURING THE ARMISTICE.

I had made a forced march from Le Mans, in order to take the first opportunity to enter Paris with fresh provisions for the hospitals; and on the day after my return to Versailles I made an attempt to do so. On this occasion, I confess, I was curious on another point. I had often remarked that the recognition of the Red Cross Agents was due more to caprice than anything else, but I thought that during the armistice every difficulty would be removed out of the way of those who were acting strictly within their acknowledged province.

In the middle of the day I drove to Sèvres. At the foot of the broken bridge I was obliged to leave the carriage, and an orderly was sent with me to the officer in command of the post, who informed me that no person could pass without a permission signed by General von Blumenthal.

'A numerous group was assembled on the bank of the river, and for many poor people it was a great disadvantage that the major commanding could not speak French, as the mistakes he made would have been ludicrous, had they not been positively cruel.

I returned to Versailles, and called at the headquarters of the Crown Prince. "You come as a member of the International?" was the first question put to me; and on my replying in the affirmative, an officer said, "You cannot enter Paris." I was further informed that it was not the Prussians who objected to Red Cross representatives going into Paris, but it was the French minister of war, who wished to keep out all the "bouches inutiles."

Although the Convention of Geneva was made the excuse for all kinds of eccentric actions and applications, I was never blind to the fact that I had no position, national, international, or personal, which gave me the slightest right to any aid or protection from its Articles. Services, however, which I had been permitted to render, and gifts which, on behalf of the English Society, I had been enabled to make, had perhaps earned for me a title to some consideration.

But beyond this, not a single member of any Society that was not French or German, and these only if recognized by the military authorities of the respective armies, could claim any immunity by virtue of the Articles of the Convention.

After Sedan, I discontinued the use of the Red Cross brassard, as nothing could justify the abuses to which it gave rise, and of which I was a daily witness. My position at Versailles was a recognized one, and I readily accepted any directions which were given to me by those whose duty it was to control the delegates of volunteer societies.

There was now an armistice, and in the absence of anything more satisfactory than an abrupt refusal, I decided to think for myself, and to act accordingly.

I pondered over the reply which I had received to my application to enter Paris. For some months I had worked in the midst of Germans, and I had not once overstepped the rules of the Geneva Convention which had been practically extended to neutral volunteers, but had endeavoured to act up to them in the letter as well as in the spirit. There was now an armistice. Why, then, should I be prevented from going into Paris, especially when I wished to pass in empty-handed, to ascertain the state of the hospitals, and whether it was possible to aid them? With Paris in sight, I could not think of the thousands there who might be in need of relief, without feeling that a strong measure on my part was necessary, and

that I must act with boldness and decision. The end seemed to justify the means.

Having made up my mind to go into Paris, I went.

As I walked across the Champs de Mars, which was a sea of mud surrounded by barracks and empty ammunition waggons, I could not but be struck by the contrast it presented to the time when I had last seen the same ground, covered with treasures culled from every part of the world. And as I looked back in thought, I could see before me that penderous equestrian statue of König Wilhelm, the crowning of which with a wreath of laurel, by patriotic Germans, caused so much dissatisfaction to the Parisians.

My first visit was to the Palais de l'Industrie; but I found that the offices of the French Society had been moved to Baron Rothschild's hôtel, in the Rue Lafitte. Here I met the Count Sérurier and the Count de Beaufort. A French gentleman lent me his phaeton, which was drawn by a beautiful cob. I mention this animal, because a poor man suggested en passant that he would very much like to have a steak from the sleek quadruped.

Paris was still Paris, and I cannot say it looked very miserable, though it was decidedly a little subdued. At night the absence of gas was observable, and petroleum on every other lamp-post was scarcely a good substitute.

At dinner, the man who was serving me made a remark, of which I have since often thought. He said, "Now, sir, the Empire has a right to demand from the Republic what improvement it has made upon its institutions." An item in my bill was also a curiosity: twelve francs for the wing of a fowl.

At the Hôtel Westminster, in the Rue de la Paix, I found the portmanteau from which I had been separated since August; but the contents reminded me, by their uselessness, how rapidly the seasons had succeeded each other since the dogs of war had been worrying the peace of Europe.

There were still plenty of good things to be obtained in Paris for money, and, as I had provided myself with this useful commodity before I went in, I found immediate use for it. I found fresh meat and vegetables were much needed, and also disinfectants.

Having completed my survey, I called with Mr. Auberon Herbert and Dr. Wyatt on the Minister of War, and obtained from him a letter to the effect that the hospitals were in great want of fresh food, and, that he, on his side, would offer every facility to enable the Red Cross agents to enter Paris freely.

Thus fortified, on the afternoon of the 3rd of February, I drove back to Versailles, viá the Pont de Neuilly and Bougival.

At noon on the following day I set off again for Paris, with a general-service waggen filled with fresh meat, vegetables, butter, and white bread, etc., and a fourgon similarly laden. An English Sister accompanied us in a brougham. We went through St. Cloud, and under Mont Valérien to Suresnes and Neuilly. Here on the bridge there was a complete block, as pedestrians and a dense throng of carriages were trying to move in both directions, and the scene, no doubt, was very amusing to the crowd of spectators which thronged the parapet on the German side. Perseverance at last brought us on the bridge, but a lieutenant-colonel of Landwehr, in language more emphatic than polite, assured us that we could not pass, but must return. Imagine a drag turning round on Kew bridge on the evening of a Derby day, and a slight idea may be obtained of our position. We had no passes, for I had experienced the impossibility of obtaining any concession in this respect, and I preferred to follow my usual course. "C'est seulement Monsieur Furley, qui va partout sans jamais demander un laisser-passer," was the compliment once paid me by one of the German magnates.

During the difficulty which arose, owing to our convoy having possession of the middle of the bridge, I exerted an extraordinary amount of polyglotic eloquence, and at last gained my point.

After an hour on the bridge we moved on to the Palais de l'Industrie, and here I left Kleinmann in charge of the convoy, whilst I drove to the Count de Flavigny's house, and as he was presiding at a Council of the Société in the Rue Lafitte, I went on thither, and met all the members of the Executive.

A promise was made to me that the same independence I had preserved at Versailles should be allowed me in Paris, and that the English representatives should have entire control of all stores sent into Paris by the London Committee.

I was very glad to find friends to undertake the immediate distribution of the food I had brought into Paris. The journey had occupied five hours, and I felt little capable of continuing the day's work.

Between seven and eight o'clock I was carried off to the Palais du Corps Législatif, where I was assured of a welcome from Baron Mundy. I cannot omit to mention this dinner, because it was a most interesting meeting, and it impressed me with the advantages arising from good foraging.

The party was made up as follows:—our host, Baron Mundy (of Moravia), Mademoiselle Hocquigny, Count Oxküll (Austrian Military Attaché), M. Mosetij (Austrian), M. Albert Ellissen, M. Alexandre Ellissen, Dr. Arendrup (Dane), Surgeon—Major Wyatt, M. Christens and M. Niessens (Norwegian surgeons at-

tached to Baron Mundy's hospital), M. Grisza (Hungarian), Mr. Landells, and myself.

Permission was given me to use rooms at the British embassy as a depôt for stores, and, assisted by Gleissner, I made a daily distribution here. I fully recognized the justice of the German objection to our bringing in daily more than a certain amount of fresh meat, as otherwise a scarcity would be caused at Versailles, and siege prices would be driven from Paris to that town; but it was different with regard to preserved meats and other things sent out from England. After the first two days, therefore, I confined myself to these. Kleinmann remained at Versailles as storekeeper.

The members of the French Central Committee were most kind in allowing me the use of their carriages and horses, and during the first days of the armistice these, as well as the general assistance afforded me at their depôt, were of great advantage to me. It is quite impossible for me to describe in detail the manner in which I was occupied, independently of my own special work.

The visits I paid, between the different hospitals where I had business to perform, were of the most varied character, and alternated between garrets in the lowest quarters of the city and the magnificent hotels in the Faubourg St. Germain and in the neighbourhood of the Champs Elysées. I was the bearer

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of letters and messages, sums of money, news of absent relatives, and in some cases presents of food. It was interesting work, but sometimes very painful.

Without any pre-arrangement, there was certainly a race into Paris as to who should first carry in assistance, and the representatives of the English Red Cross Society were the first to pass the post. Dr. Innes was the next, and I am sure he will allow me to remark that I had long before come to consider him as one of ourselves. It was often with me a subject of congratulation that Dr. Innes, putting aside official and professional etiquette, so fully and kindly gave us the benefit of his advice and active co-operation.

It must be remembered that the gates of Paris were not yet open to everybody and everything, and much time was left to us in which we could assist communication between sick and wounded persons and their relatives. Frequently I carried in fifty or sixty simple family messages written on cards, and whereever I could do so, I delivered them in person and took back replies.

Our duties, for a time at least, being no longer necessary, Mr. Young and I agreed to break up our establishment at Versailles and St. Germain; during the armistice it was very costly to maintain this, and there was little necessity for it. The French committee having promised to lend me any fourgons I might

require, there was no use in keeping our waggons. Another reason why these should not be used in Paris was the excitement which their too military appearance occasioned. Everything not French was then looked upon as German by the excited population, and on more than one occasion we were surrounded by a menacing mob.

The difficulty, too, about passes was not removed, and our Woolwich waggons had an irritating effect on certain German officials.

"Fresh food!" was the cry in Paris, and medicines and hospital requisites were quite secondary. Convoys of food were now on their way from London, and the knowledge of this helped us to a decision.

The French undoubtedly possess most extraordinary recuperative power. I thought this as I was going over the Grand Hotel with Dr. Chenu. Appearance and comfort were strongly in favour of this ambulance, but it had the great fault of massive furniture and heavy draperies, and to this, at the time of my visit (6th of February), was added that of new paint; and the enterprising company was having its house put in order, in anticipation of an influx of tourists. In this respect it struck me that faith and hope were stronger than charity.

On the 7th of February I met the Honourable Alan Herbert, and I told him that until I was assured that hospital stores would be allowed into Paris in sufficient quantities to authorize me to establish an English depôt, I should leave the distribution to Dr. Wyatt, Dr. Gordon, and himself, as having more knowledge of the actual wants there than any I could pretend to possess.

The same morning, at eleven o'clock, I left the Palais de l'Industrie with a private omnibus, and accompanied by Dr. Arendrup and another Danish gentleman, drove to Versailles. At the Pont de Neuilly there was the usual block. Vehicles of all descriptions were pressing out and pressing in, and the queue was of great length. There was also a great throng of pedestrians, all equally bent on carrying out some article of furniture to the houses they had left in the neighbourhood, or to bring in provisions for the hungry mouths that remained within the city. Thence we drove through the ruins of St. Cloud. which looked as complete as powder, shot, shell, and fire could make them, and by the park and Ville d'Avray to Versailles.

The most capricious orders existed at the gate of Versailles. The farce of a general election of deputies was being played; electors were admitted to go to the poll, and I rather imagine I was supposed to be one, and permission was given to me to pass. My companions were allowed to go through on foot, but

not in any other way, and the reason could not be explained. Having walked one hundred yards, and thus complied with ordained ceremonial, they again joined me.

I had a double object in my journey; one was to see General Walker, and ask his aid in procuring official information as to whether or not authority would be given to convey English aid to the Paris hospitals,\* a request with which, as on all occasions when I had to ask his assistance, he most promptly complied.

This and other business being concluded, I devoted myself to the painful duty on which my Danish friends had come from Paris. The Baroness R—— had made a journey from Denmark in order to reach her husband, an attaché of the Danish Legation in Paris, who was said to be seriously ill. The Minister of the North German Confederation at Brussels had given her letters of recommendation, and she was promised immediate admittance to Paris. But the days went by and obstacles were placed in the way. This afternoon the poor young lady was informed that her husband was dead, and at four o'clock she and her maid

<sup>\*</sup> Although I was personally doing all that I could do amongst the hospitals, I must remind the reader that I had no authority for acting, and I was liable at any moment to be stopped on the way to or from Paris This inconvenience was even greater in the case of those who were working with or under me, as their position was less clearly defined than my own.

accompanied us to Paris. Two sœurs de charité, one English, the other French, followed in a brougham.

I might fill volumes simply by relating examples of the sorrowful indirect consequences of this war: but it is quite unnecessary to do so, though the representative cases I occasionally mention, of which this is one, may, in some measure, help those readers who have never experienced the troubles incidental to war, to realize them.

Rain was falling and the roads were heavy, and we did not arrive at the Pont de Neuilly until a quarter to six, six being the hour for shutting the bridge. But the way was already closed, and a large number of conveyances were shut out, and many of them would have to remain the whole night there. I called the attention of the officer on duty to the hour; his reply was worth noting, it was so purely Prussian. He said, "Berlin time is kept here." I could not find words to express my opinion of this cruelty. I was too disgusted to speak. We tried every means to pass; but we were rudely repulsed, notwithstanding the papers which had been given to the Baroness Rain was falling, and the mud ploughed up by the horses and pedestrians, who filled every part of the roadway, seemed inclined to go upwards to meet it.

The officers had gone to dinner in a cabaret near

at hand; and we deemed it advisable not to disturb After waiting in the dark for an hour and a half, one of the Danish gentlemen and myself sought out the commandant, who had finished his meal. A letter recommending the baroness to the consideration of all Prussian authorities and a few polite words produced the desired effect, and a lieutenant was sent out to open the way. Had the custodians of the bridge been able to look into our carriage, I am sure their hearts would have been melted long before. The poor young widow was almost in a fainting state and quite incapable of speech, and to those whose eyes had become accustomed to the darkness and the thick moist vapour, which enveloped everybody and everything, an agony of grief was visible.

We crossed the bridge, and passed through the narrow opening left by the barricades, and the long train of waggons which was to remain there for the night. But our difficulties were not over. On arriving at the ramparts we found the bridge up and the gates closed; and half an hour elapsed before the French lieutenant in charge, who was in a very muddled state of semi-intoxication, would allow the bridge to be lowered.

Seeing that a brougham had passed over the bridge of Neuilly close behind us, I quite thought the coachman had attended to my instructions, and I was grieved when I found that the poor sisters of mercy had been left behind.\* It was nine o'clock when we arrived, after a journey of five hours.

I had arranged to dine with hospitable friends on the Boulevard Haussmann at half-past seven, but an hour or two sooner or later at this time was of little consequence in the opinion of those who always had a place for me at table; and I was not disposed to lose my dinner through an excess of ceremony. However, I was always on the safe side in these expeditions, and I made it a rule, and enjoined it on others, never to go into Paris without provisions for two days. It was unfair to consume the food of the inhabitants, who had been shut up so many months and who could not now leave.

One day Dr. Wyatt received an application for fresh meat for some wounded Breton soldiers, recommended by Madame Trochu, but we could not ascertain where the hospital was. We therefore put half a sheep and a good supply of white bread in a brougham, and Dr. Wyatt and I went out to endeavour to find the place. After going to several houses without success, I persuaded my companion to adopt

<sup>\*</sup> I was afterwards informed that they had to pass the night in a room at a *cubaret*, the lower part of which was filled with German soldiers. Here, with one bottomless chair between them, they passed the night nursing a sick baby.

the plan which I had so often found to succeed—namely, to go straight to the fountain-head. We drove to the Louvre, and asked for Madame Trochu, whom we found in a magnificent apartment in the palace, and she undertook to have the meat and bread conveyed to its destination. A little page, a boy of about ten years, dressed in the uniform of the National Guard, amused us immensely. The stately hall-porter entered a protest against the raw meat and bread being left on the marble floor of the vestibule. The boy, in the most authoritative manner, pointing to the food, and, at the same time, looking up at the portly servant, said, "Jusqu'à nouvelle ordre," and the great man smilingly yielded.

Meanwhile we were almost daily sending stores in the direction of Le Mans and Connerré.

Lime juice was very much needed in Paris, and of this the London Committee sent us out several thousands of rations.

It was quite unnecessary, and indeed it would have been impossible, to keep an English depôt in Paris similar to that which we had at Versailles. In the first place, the Central Committee and the large magazines of the French Society offered more complete advantages in respect of administration than we could attempt; and, secondly, there were now no means of transport to be procured, except from the French

Society. Under these circumstances, after consulting with Mr. Alan Herbert, Dr. Wyatt, and Dr. Gordon, I decided that only a portion of stores should be retained, for our own distribution to those establishments and private houses in which there were sick and wounded soldiers, and which were independent of the control of the French Society, whilst the remainder should be handed over to the French Committee, to be given out to all hospitals affiliated to the Central Society.

The rule now laid down at Versailles was, that only three waggons should be allowed to enter Paris daily for the Society, and that these were not to contain stores of a value above 500 fr. But who was to estimate this, and how far would the contents of such a convoy extend amongst 30,000 sufferers, which was the actual number of invalid soldiers then in Paris? English consignments were subsequently allowed to be made direct to Paris viá Dieppe, but it was impossible to stand by and wait.

Twenty-seven wounded German soldiers were still in Paris, and, as far as their comfort and happiness were concerned, I think they could not have desired any removal, unless it were to their own homes. A great deal of unpleasant discussion had arisen on the subject of their detention; and I ventured to express a strong opinion to the effect that,

whether the concession demanded by the Germans were formal or informal, and whether reciprocity in the arrangement were promised or not, they were bound, for the sake of the thousands of wounded soldiers still in Paris, to give up their wounded prisoners, in order that their detention might not remain an excuse to prohibit the importation of food.

It was settled that these men should be given up on the 9th of February, and I was invited to accompany them. The invalids were put into four ambulance carriages, and at ten o'clock we started. I may here remark, that the manner in which these carriages are built and painted, marks them out at once, and renders it impossible that they should be mistaken for what they are not, even on the battlefield. A private omnibus and a phaeton formed part of the little procession, which was turned out in the best possible style; the horses were of good quality, and showed no signs of starvation.

At Neuilly the bridge was cleared to let us pass, and, on the other side, Count Sérurier and Count de Beaufort, who had accompanied us so far, having handed over the Germans to Count Furstenberg, returned to Paris. We continued our way to the château of Versailles, where the remaining formalities were completed, and Count Malzan and Dr. Kirchner received the invalids, and superintended the

removal to their beds. The French representatives, I may add, gave to each German a little gift in money and tobacco as a parting present.

Rain fell uninterruptedly during the night, and the next morning the streets were muddy and miserable. Drums and trumpets were sounding in every direction. Indeed, in the course of six hours in Paris one heard more of this kind of music than during six months with the German army.

Gardes Nationaux are running to answer the rollcall, and their uniforms are hidden under a variety of disguise: some have capotes, some have not; there are greatcoats of all shades of colour, and mackintosh paletots of every shape. The men fall in at inattention, and strictly preserve this attitude. Some are smoking, and the majority have their ration of bread conveniently arranged for transport on the point of the bayonet. "Garde à vous-L'arme sur l'épaule -droite-Pelotons à gauche-Marche-En avant -guide à droite." Rub a dub-dub-dub, and away they go at a swinging pace, laughing and talking as if there had been no siege, heedless of the enemy at the gate, and regardless of the weight of troubles which are afflicting France.

The railway being now in working order, I returned to Versailles in a train from the St. Lazare Station, in which also were MM. Jules Favre and Picard. There

was some delay at the Bridge of Asnières, where Germans, on both sides, were keeping back an anxious crowd. On arriving at Versailles I rather apprehended difficulties, when I saw that General was examining passes and excluding a good many persons. We stood in the rain, filing through by slow degrees, and, after half-an-hour, it came to my turn. The general, whom it was not the first time I had met, looked at my pass, which was in every respect en règle, and signed by the Préfet de Police of Paris. He said, "You must go back to Paris." The order was shouted from soldier to soldier. "Links!" and I was turned into a pen on the left, where the goats were awaiting a return train to Paris, whilst the sheep were allowed to go into Versailles by a door on the right. Declining to be so treated, I made a rush at Lieutenant ----, the general's aidede-camp, and explained my position, and he conducted me again to his chief. This potentate said, "To what society do you belong?" "The English Society," I replied. "Then you may go back immediately to Paris, for we have already too many English at Versailles," was the polite rejoinder.

During the preceding six months I had been too often in the presence of Prussian difficulties and obstructions to be defeated in this manner by General—, or to be surprised that he should ignore my

position as representative of a National Society, whose agents had invariably received courtesy and consideration from the rank and file of the army in which he held high rank. I told him I had already come out of Paris with wounded Germans. He said, "But how did you get in?" "In the same carriage that brought me out," I replied. Not waiting for more questions, I produced a passport, signed by Lord Granville, and my Legitimations Karte. These documents having no effect, I brought out a letter from Count Sérurier to Prince Pless, relative to the convention to be signed on the following day for the evacuation of the sick and wounded from Paris. This succeeded, and the general ungraciously said, "Well, you may go." I had never deluded myself with the idea that the agents of neutral Red Cross Societies had any defined position which was not subject to the caprice of every officer in the belligerent armies. Under the circumstances, I still acted according to what I believed to be the spirit of that little read and much abused document, the Convention of Geneva; and I think I may be pardoned if I admit that, during the armistice, I gave the benefit of my numerous doubts to the sufferers in Paris hospitals.

In the absence of express directions, I claimed the right to act sometimes on my own discretion, and at this particular time it was especially necessary that I

should do so. There was now unbroken communication on all sides for the German army, and there were no material needs which could not be supplied. My attention, therefore, was more especially directed to the hospitals of Paris, which were threatened with exclusion from the advantages of the armistice.

It was about this time that Mr. Young returned to England with the Woolwich ambulance. I have already briefly alluded to his services, and I feel that whatever words of praise I might add would feebly express my appreciation of the assistance he rendered. He was in a very difficult position, and he fulfilled his duties with energy and administrative ability. In my estimation, he was not second to any agent sent out by the English Society. On the 11th of February I wrote to Colonel Loyd-Lindsay:— "Should I still continue to act for the Society, or should I, at some future period, be called upon again to be one of your representatives, I can only hope that Mr. Young may be even more closely associated with me."

On the 12th of February, Mr. Sutherland, Captain Norman, and other gentlemen from the Meaux depôt, came in with six well-laden waggons, and these, with the numerous cases which had arrived direct from London, considerably increased the importance of our work at the Embassy.

Here, at the same time, there was a double work going on; on the morning of the 14th might have been seen a long queue of poor English residents, anxiously waiting for their share of the good things sent out by the Lord Mayor of London's Committee, and a portion of which had been sent to the Embassy for distribution. Mr. Alan Herbert presided here, assisted by Gleissner and others, and during a few hours they were busily occupied giving out bacon, cheese, biscuit, coffee, flour, salt, and sugar, all of which had previously been arranged in convenient packets. Of this distribution, I can personally testify to the benefits conferred on the recipients, and to the practical manner in which it was carried out.

My depôt this day was quite subordinate to "The Lord Mayor's Larder," so, after I had spent a little time there, I drove with a friend to the hotel of the Princesse Mathilde in the Rue de Courcelles. Here was the *lingerie*, over which Mdlle. Hocquigny was the presiding spirit.

Whatever may be said of the work of the French Central Society, there cannot be two opinions as to the manner in which this lady conducted her department throughout the war. As I had seen her in August, so I now found her in February, active, energetic, persevering. Her books, which were models of order and neatness, bore testimony to the labour she had

experienced. From the Palais de l'Industrie, she was compelled to move to the Palais de l'Élysée, and thence she had to remove to the Rue de Courcelles, where she had only just completed the arrangement of her linen. One item alone will show the extent of work: 43,000 linen and cotton shirts had been received by her; one of the principal blanchisseurs of Paris had given his gratuitous assistance to Mdlle. Hocquigny, and twice a week he placed sixty girls and women at her disposal, and this day they were unpacking bales, sorting linen, mending shirts, making compresses, etc. There was no work connected with French administration during the war which was more complete, practical and thorough; and there was nothing more decidedly French than the tasteful manner in which the shelves were arranged, and hidden by chintz draperies.

What a contrast the saloons now presented to the time,—not so long ago, and yet how far distant, measuring it by events,—when, under the second empire, these same saloons were open to all that was most brilliant in Parisian society, and the magnificent hospitality of the Princess Mathilde was offered to all who were highest in art, science and literature, and in social and political rank!

From the Rue de Courcelles, we drove to the Palais du Corps Législatif. This, during the siege,

was an important hospital, under the direction of Baron Mundy, one of the few men who really understand the Convention of Geneva, and have assisted to carry its objects from theory into practice.

Here, again, whenever I walked through the magnificent galleries, now filled with beds and surgical appliances, and saw sœurs de charité gliding about noiselessly over the polished floors, I could not but be struck by the comparison between the present and the past. Not long ago, I remember the same gilded saloons, when the Count de Morny lived in them. This palace then rivalled the Tuileries in the splendour of its hospitality; and the walls were covered with treasures of art, now scattered far and wide.

I had breakfast this day with Mr. Alan Herbert in a restaurant, the shutters of which were still up, and the door of which was only opened to a few highly-favoured habitués. On this occasion, no objection could be raised to an extra guest, as my entertainer had received his own provisions from Dieppe. In a corner of the room was a very fine white hen, which for some weeks had been sadly conducive to breaches of the tenth commandment; eighty francs were offered for it, then one hundred; now its intrinsic value was, probably, considerably lessened.

In oscillating between Paris and Versailles, I noted innumerable circumstances, most interesting in them-

selves, but I should weary the reader were I to attempt to reproduce them. I can only here and there mention facts which serve as a clue to the rest of my story.

The Parisians were beginning to recover their normal condition, and, although very many shops remained closed, the streets were putting on a gaver and busier appearance; yet one could not but remark that nearly all the ladies were in mourning. At every church door, and at every cemetery gate, there was one constantly recurring scene, varied only according to the grade of the person whose funeral was being The poor French soldier's death was performed. deprived of all the circumstances that in life gild a glorious perspective, and afterwards hallow the retro-Mutilated and fever-stricken spect of survivors. bodies followed one another in rapid succession to the France was watered by tears as she had grave. been deluged by blood. Still she paraded her smiles, and laughing Paris concealed an infinity of woe.

The roads between Paris and Versailles were becoming every day more crowded and lively. Near Paris they were covered with French people, anxiously bent on seeing how their properties outside the city walls had fared during their absence, and with others who had come out to make purchases by the wayside, where regular fairs were established. On the German

side, carriages and horses of all kinds were pressed into a new service, and were employed in carrying men of all ranks to the scenes of their own exploits, or to the graves of comrades.

I visited civil and military hospitals in every part of Paris, public establishments, and private houses, theatres and hotels, all of which were used for the wounded, but these have been so often described that I need not further allude to them

In one of my rounds (Sunday, 19th of February), I went into the church of St. Étienne du Mont, attracted by the music which poured in rich volumes through the porch. It was the hour of vespers, and a large congregation filled the building. Strange contrast to the pomp and ceremonial before the high altar, in a side chapel was a child's coffin lying on a tiny bier with a bouquet of white flowers upon it; at one end was a crucifix, at the other stood a priest performing the service; around was a sorrowfu group of parents and children kneeling. The voices of the choristers rose in joyous strains, then sank and were merged in the monotonous chant of the officiating priest, whilst the notes of the organ now wailed through the building in petitions of plaintive sweetness, and now seemed to shake the very stones with bursts of triumphant jubilation. Two circumstances recurred to my memory. The first, while I was standing in a

church at Versailles, I heard two old women groaning over the terrible war, and one said "Le bon Dieu nous a abandonné." The second scene was in a convent at Beaugency, where, as I stood beside a dying soldier, an almoner uttered the words, "Courage, mon ami, Dieu vous aidera."

On the evening of the same day, the extremes of Paris life were again made evident to me. We had quite an English party at Véfour's: our navy was represented by an admiral, our army by a colonel, and Deputy Inspector-General Innes, and the volunteers by a captain; and the English Press by Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, Mr. Marshall, and Mr. Landells.

Just before dinner I was sauntering in the Palais Royal. It is difficult now to imagine the appearance this attractive place then presented. The square is lighted by a few lamps of petroleum, assisted here and there by a brilliant café or a restaurant, which nothing seems to extinguish. The jewellers' shops, which were closed during the siege, are open with few exceptions, and in some of the ornaments it is easy to recognize old familiar friends. The purveyors of food already offer most attractive pictures to hungry eyes. At Chevet's, eager and demonstrative groups look down on Strasburg pies, York hams, dainties from Marseilles, salmon from Holland, game of all kinds, and Ostend oysters, and at the doors crouch

beggars who piteously plead for alms. At the upper end of the colonnade is a harpist with talent of a superior order, and as he plays one of Gungl's valses, couples detach themselves from the crowd and dancing becomes general. Two small boys, with voices of stentorian precocity, are amassing a fortune in sous as they sing against each other, and render life intolerable within a radius of one hundred yards. noticed a lady pass me two or three times; at last she came up to me and said "You are an Englishman, will you relieve the distress of a lady?" English was very pure, with a slightly foreign accent, and she appealed to me hysterically as she clutched her veil over her face. I explained to her that, in the present exceptional state of France, it was mistaken pride for any one, no matter what their social position might be, not to apply for help at those sources where it was being daily offered. She replied that she was in a starving state, but could not give her name. I rendered such small assistance as I could afford, and she promised to consider whether she might not make an application through me for aid from a fund which was then being administered.

My greatest trouble at this time was caused by the news that the Germans intended to occupy a part of Paris. I will not, however, allow myself to enter into the question as to whether this step was or was not necessary; it is better that I should not be drawn aside from my personal narrative into the expression of an opinion which cannot possess any value. At the time I felt very strongly on the subject, for I knew that a single indiscreet act on either side might cause a frightful loss of life.

One day I was at the Prefecture of Police, and I saw specimens of infernal machines of the Orsini type, which it was said had been prepared for the Prussians, and I heard of many other things which boded mischief. Almost daily I went to Versailles, and, as far as a man in my humble position could do, I exerted my endeavours to enlighten men of power and authority as to the imminent danger which menaced Paris and all who might be within it, both French and German, should a triumphal entry be made. What I said and wrote at this time (and some of my correspondents must have thought that I was suffering from monomania) might have appeared idle and exaggerated statements, but I expressed fears which were well founded.

The government of M. Thiers was placed in a most critical position, and that the worst apprehensions were not realized was due to the excellent precautions taken by the French military and police authorities, and the sincere wish of the Germans to avoid a collision.

I was in a position which enabled me to see below the surface, but the existence of that spirit which was so soon to overwhelm order and patriotism was very apparent, and, if excited, it was evident that neither French nor German arms would subdue it without a sacrifice of life which it was too horrible to contemplate. Paris was ripe for anything; a woman might excite the rage of the conquerors or the vengeance of the conquered.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

"Saying Peace, Peace, when there is no Peace."

THE war was over, and the preliminaries of peace were signed; but another humiliation was required. The inhabitants of every part of France which had been trodden by hostile troops, had drunk deeply of the cup of bitterness; but Paris, hitherto excepted from this, must be made to bear the yoke, if only for a day.

A grand review at Longchamps, and the march of of a portion of the German army into the capital, were fixed for Wednesday, the 1st of March. On the afternoon of Tuesday I went into Paris with this information for a select few.

Having finished my day's work, I met De Romanet by appointment, and we agreed to dine together, and afterwards to visit the disaffected quarters. We selected a restaurant on the Boulevards, with a balcony which commands an extensive view. We had made up our minds that Paris to-night would be worthy of study. The streets were very full of people, and stump orators were numerous.

At ten o'clock we went to the Vaudeville, where a mixed musical and theatrical entertainment, of small merit, was given for the benefit of the wounded Breton soldiers. Popular addresses were delivered, and a very pretty woman carried round a bag for subscriptions.

Towards midnight we drove in an open phaeton along the Boulevards on an expedition of doubtful prudence. Thin drizzling rain was falling, and the watery moon only partially succeeded in assisting the petroleum with which the streets were still lighted. Groups of more or less excited men stood at the corners of the streets; and soldiers, mobiles and nationals, were wandering about, some with, but the majority without arms. Passing the Hôtel de Ville it was evident we were watched, and that we should not get back without an adventure. One man drew attention to us by pointing at us and calling, "Voila Bismarck." As it would have been injudicious to retreat, we continued our way at a walking pace. At the Place de la Bastille, around the base of the July column, which was profusely decorated with flags and garlands, the crowds were larger and more animated. Seeing a man running from group to group I remarked to my friend that this time we should have to give an account of ourselves. A mob bore down on each side of us, and armed men stood at the horse's head, whilst we were interrogated in a most irregular manner. We were told that we had insulted the Social Republic by driving in a carriage. We expressed our willingness to descend and walk round the column, in order to atone for any apparent want of respect; and we added a hope that, as Paris was a very large place, we should not be compelled to walk home. (A prison, or the river, seemed, for the moment, a more likely destination.)

It was suggested that De Romanet might be a Frenchman, but certainly I was a German. I denied this, and told them I was an Englishman; to which they replied, "We love the English, but at such times as this we are suspicious of everybody." My companion expatiated in flattering terms on the services on which I had been engaged during the war. The leader, who was evidently not at all a bad sort of fellow, as long as he did not attempt to talk politics, then made a little speech, in which he said, "We have been so often robbed, deceived, and sold, that we now intend, with our own hands, to defend, and save the last remaining twig of the tree of liberty." I could not imagine where this was going to lead to, but, as an amen, I responded, "Messieurs, you are perfectly

justified in endeavouring to do so." De Romanet added some diplomatic remarks, and it was a most gratifying termination when the man in command shook hands with us; others followed his example, and the two *citoyens* were allowed to go on in possession of their carriage. One incautious word might have led to a less satisfactory result.

At the end of the Rue de Rivoli we found that troops were constructing barriers with caissons d'artillerie, and forming a line of demarcation, beyond which the German troops were not to tread. Here we dismissed our carriage, and reached the Hôtel Westminster at two A.M.

I rose in the morning (March 1) in no degree reassured by what I had seen during the night. However, I made up my mind to remain for the last Scene of the Act. At nine o'clock I went to the Embassy, and made arrangements for our work to be continued as far as the interruption of traffic made it possible, and this was to a very limited extent.

De Romanet came for me, and we walked up to the Arc de Triomphe. The weather was as brilliant as the Germans could desire, and even the absence of foliage could not lessen the beauty of Paris, as we saw it on this bright and memorable day. At an early hour, a regiment of hussars and a few companies of infantry had entered and taken up a posi-

tion on the Place de la Concorde, where the statues representing the principal cities of France sat immovable on their pedestals, with bandages of crape over The lines separating the part of the city their eyes. abandoned to the Germans were well defined and maintained; and I saw a mobile in one of the streets, near the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, bring his bayonet down very smartly to the charge to oppose the progress of a Prussian Staff officer, who was anxious to enter the Palace of the Élysée from the other side. The German appealed, and then commanded, but the sentinel encouraged by a serjeant who said, "Très bien, continuez, mon garçon," preserved his defensive attitude, and the officer was obliged to go back.

The gamins de Paris mustered in force, and no person escaped their observation. Two of these remarked that De Romanet and myself were "mouchards, agents de police," and they flattered us by a promise that they would not lose sight of us. On the Boulevards, in the Rue Royale, and throughout the whole of the quarter given up to the Germans, all the houses were closed. I only saw one shop open, and this was in the Rue de Matignon.

At the Arc de Triomphe the groups were very large, excitable, and demonstrative, and any person who gave directions to Germans was roughly han-

dled. I made up my mind not to recognize anyone in the German uniform.

In truth, the interval between the entry of the avant garde and the main army was a most critical period: now and then the attitude of the crowd was sufficient to exasperate any troops, and my experience of the Germans convinced me that they would show little consideration for a Parisian mob. A few harmless charges were made, and two or three times I retreated into an angle of the Arc de l'Étoile. This was rather compromising to one's dignity; so, as a messenger informed me that the entry would not take place before two o'clock, I returned to my work at the Embassy.

At half-past one we witnessed the entry of the German troops.

I need not give a minute description of the sight, the subject has been so well treated by others. It was like almost everything accomplished by the Germans since the commencement of the war—a complete success. The Bavarians had the place of honour, and well they deserved it. When the first band played down the avenue of the Champs Elysées, not a note could be heard, so overwhelming were the discordant sounds produced by the men and boys on each side. Every prominent figure, who was in any way remarkable in dress or general appearance, was immediately

the object of a shower of observations, witty and disagreeable, in which the women were conspicuous. But two or three of the fair sex, on the contrary, appeared a little too amiably disposed towards the foreign invader, and this excited so much indignation, that they were immediately caught and whipped, and one had nearly all her clothes torn off her.

Mr. Forbes paid the penalty of taking the proffered hand of the Crown Prince of Saxony: he was considerably knocked about, and would have suffered more, but for his own strength and pluck. The troops speedily settled down in the quarters allotted to them, notwithstanding the remonstrances made by servants; and the horses were stabled in the Palais de l'Industrie,\* Cirque and other places, whilst some were picketed in the avenues.

At night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, I went to the Place de la Concorde. The cordon of French sentries was very strictly kept; thence I walked along the Boulevards. I had never before seen Paris so deserted at this hour; there was not a sound to be heard, except at the numerous postes of the National Guard.

General Vinoy's arrangements were excellent, and Paris seemed well in hand. But this was only in appearance. Belleville and Montmartre were in open

<sup>\*</sup> The Société de Secours had been obliged to relinquish this building-

insurrection against the Government, and the insurgents had more than one hundred pieces of artillery, whilst Vinoy had only six, a disparity which I then thought he could afford.

But it was necessary to get rid of the Germans from the Champs Élysées before thinking about such distant places as Montmartre and Belleville.

On the following day things were to all appearance in statu quo. The shops all remained closed, black flags were hanging out in some places; those people, mostly of the poorer class, who did come out, were all moving in the same direction, with the intention of looking at the Germans from the barricade at the end of the Rue Royale, or from the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré.

I confess that to me this German triumph was a very humiliating spectacle, as far as the Germans were concerned. They were like animals in a Zoological Garden, to be looked at and jeered at by a Paris mob. They were hemmed in by artificial barriers, and by armed sentries, who looked on all their movements with suspicion; and behind these, hour after hour, a curious crowd was watching them from all the streets which open on the Champs Elysées and the Place de la Concorde. Le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle. No French person, without business in the occupied quarter, or who had any respect for himself,

would be seen there. I could not at the time, nor can I now see any justification for this semi-triumph. Either the Germans should have gone through Paris coûte qui coûte, or they should not have entered the city.

Strong detachments of chasseurs d'Afrique and gendarmes à cheval patrolled the streets, and the National Guard was on duty at all points. I went round to some of the hospitals, and did as much work as the state of Paris would allow me to do.

During the afternoon, with Mr. Wombwell, who had lately been with the Anglo-American ambulance at Orleans, I walked through the French lines into the German. How strange it all seemed then; how much stranger it seems now that I look back upon the scene! The Champs Élysées were crowded with people, who certainly did not appear to look with disfavour on their conquerors. Bavarian bands were performing, much to the delight of the pleasure-loving people of Detachments of men were being taken to see the Tuileries, and I saw a body of Landwehr men returning, decorated with laurels which they had plucked in the gardens. Some men had penetrated as far as the extreme eastern end of the Louvre; but the excitement caused amongst the French, who saw the hated uniform in a balcony opposite the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, was so great, that the experiment was not repeated. On the whole, the behaviour of the German troops was excellent, and I heard very few complaints.

On the evening of the 1st of March a telegram had been received from Bordeaux, stating that the preliminaries of peace had been ratified; there was therefore no excuse for the German troops to remain in Paris.

On the morning of the 3rd, after a stay of a little over forty hours, they took their departure.

I arrived at the Arc de Triomphe to see the last battalion passing through, they having since their arrival removed the barricades and made good the road. Their shouts were most exultant, and swords, helmets, and chakos were waved in the air as they turned their backs on Paris. They certainly were not able to boast of an excess of hospitality on the part of the Parisians.

Not a moment was lost; the tramp of the Germans had hardly ceased, when an army of scavengers was occupied in sweeping away every trace of them, and large bonfires were made of the débris.

Soon another army, less peacefully disposed, appeared upon the scene, and the windows of those *cafés* and *restaurants*, where anything had been sold to the Germans, were smashed with stones.

The Parisians had not had the same experience of war as the Versaillais. Fortunately in "la ville du Roi

Soleil," the people were wise in their generation, and soon learnt the value of thalers. Some, I know, made fortunes out of the enemy, without having their windows broken.

On the next day, after giving over everything which remained in the depôt at the Embassy to Mr. Alan Herbert and Dr. Wyatt, and leaving Kleinmann in charge of the depôt at Versailles, I returned to England for a rest; but this was only to be of short duration: as I had many matters of business to settle in Paris, and as the sequel will show, I speedily embarked on a fresh undertaking.

THE END.

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